



JON  
SCANS!

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





ZERO



DUSTY  
DANE



POISON IVY



REYNOLDS  
OF THE  
MOUNTED



BIG TOP



FARGO KID



BRUCE  
BLACKBURN

SM  
8

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

# FEATURE

COMICS

AUGUST



THE DOLL MAN



SAMAR



MICKEY FINN



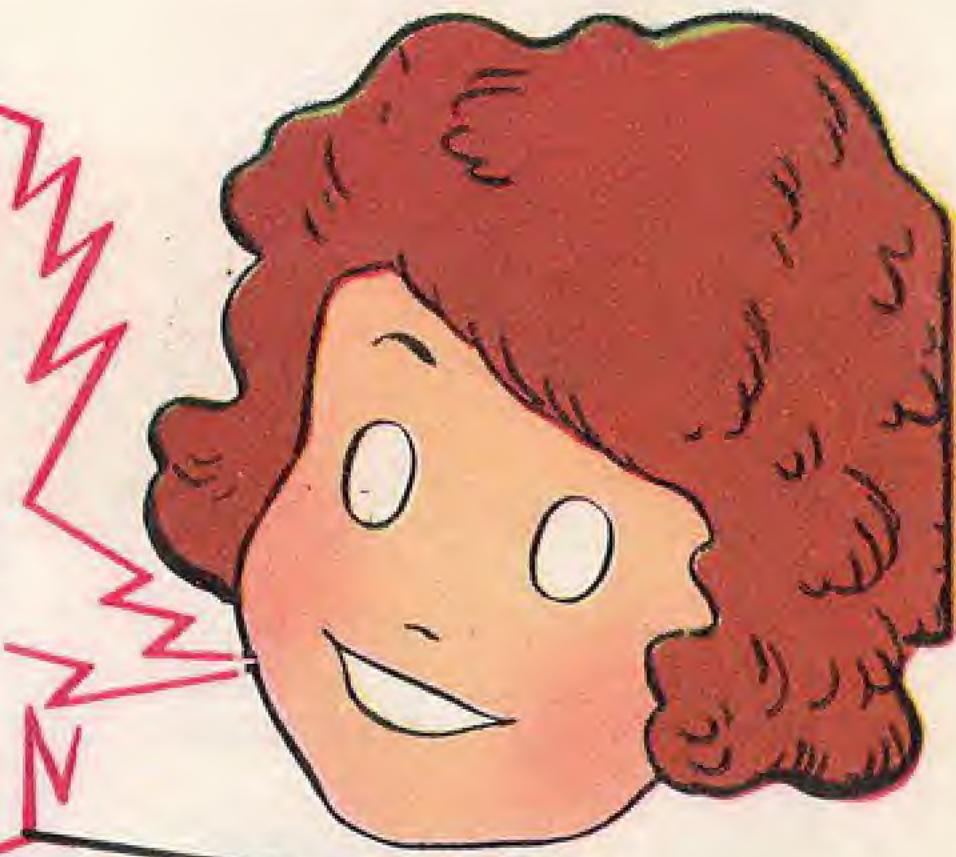
SPIN SHAW



**BOYS! GIRLS!**  
SO EASY TO GET EXCITING THINGS

**FREE**

WITH GUARANTEE SEALS FROM  
THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT  
AND RICE "SPARKIES"



Yes, you can get any, or all, of these wonderful things by just sending GUARANTEE SEALS, from the package tops of new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice "Sparkies," to: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 52, Chicago, Illinois. Be sure to put enough postage on your envelope. Tear out the coupon now and send your GUARANTEE SEALS today!

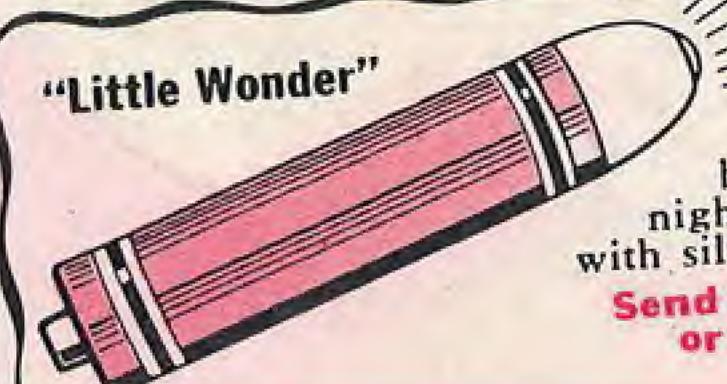


**LOOK!**  
Magic-Secret  
DETECTO-KIT

Make Secret Messages in Invisible Writing! Detect Fingerprints! Make Real Pictures from Old Snapshot Negatives! Learn Many Detecting Secrets!

Big complete outfit consists of Secret Formula S-10, enough to print 144 photos from old negatives of your family, friends and pets. Secret Detecting Instruction Book. Stylus for Secret Writing. Package of Hypo-Fixative. Special printing glass. Set of 4 printing frames (3 different shapes and 1 plain, so you can cut it to suit yourself). Blotting pad. (Be careful not to spill formula S-10 on the rug or it will stain.)

**Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone**



**FLASHLIGHT**

Only 3 in. long, yet casts bright beam a long way. Use it for hiking, night signalling, etc. Colored metal, with silver and black bands, white head.

**Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone**

**MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!**

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 52, Chicago, Ill.  
Dear Annie: Please send me the things checked below, for which I enclose.....Guarantee Seals from the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice, or.....Seals and.....in coin.

- Detecto-kit, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- Magnifying Ring, 5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- Univex Camera, 12 Seals (or 2 Seals and 25c)
- Flashlight, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- Telescope, 10 Seals (or 2 Seals and 20c)

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

**MAGNIFYING RING**

Heavy gold-color metal with insignia on sides. On the top, a picture of Orphan Annie and a framed glass that sparkles brightly! And here's the secret! That framed glass is a magnifying glass! It swings away from the top and you use it to examine secret messages, read small printing, etc. Ring fits you automatically.

**Send 2 Guarantee Seals or 5 Guarantee Seals and 10c**



**GENUINE UNIVEX SNAPSHOT CAMERA**



Takes real pictures of your family, friends, pets, etc., on size 00 Ultrachrome film you get from the drugstore. Takes long shots or close-ups either horizontal or vertical. Easy to use. Just the thing to use in taking pictures of parties, races, down on the beach, etc.

Boys and girls will use it for making picture-records of friends, etc.

**Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 25c or 12 Guarantee Seals Alone**



**3-POWER Leatherette FOCUSING TELESCOPE**

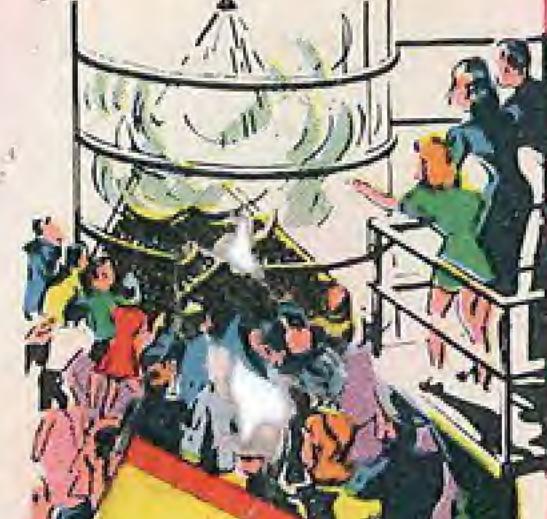
Not a toy—but a genuine focusing pocket-size collapsible telescope, with ground and polished lenses! Gives 3-power magnification—brings faraway objects closer to you. Barrel covered with rich grain leatherette.

**Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 20c or 10 Guarantee Seals Alone**

**"Sparkies"\*\* Give Vitamin Bonus to Boys and Girls**

A new wonder process, "Vitamin Rain,"\*\* actually showers vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G on new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice "Sparkies"! With the additional vitamins in your glass of milk and fruit, you thus get almost half your minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G! The vitamins fellows and girls must have to be strong, fast and peppy! So ask your Mother to get "Sparkies" today.

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

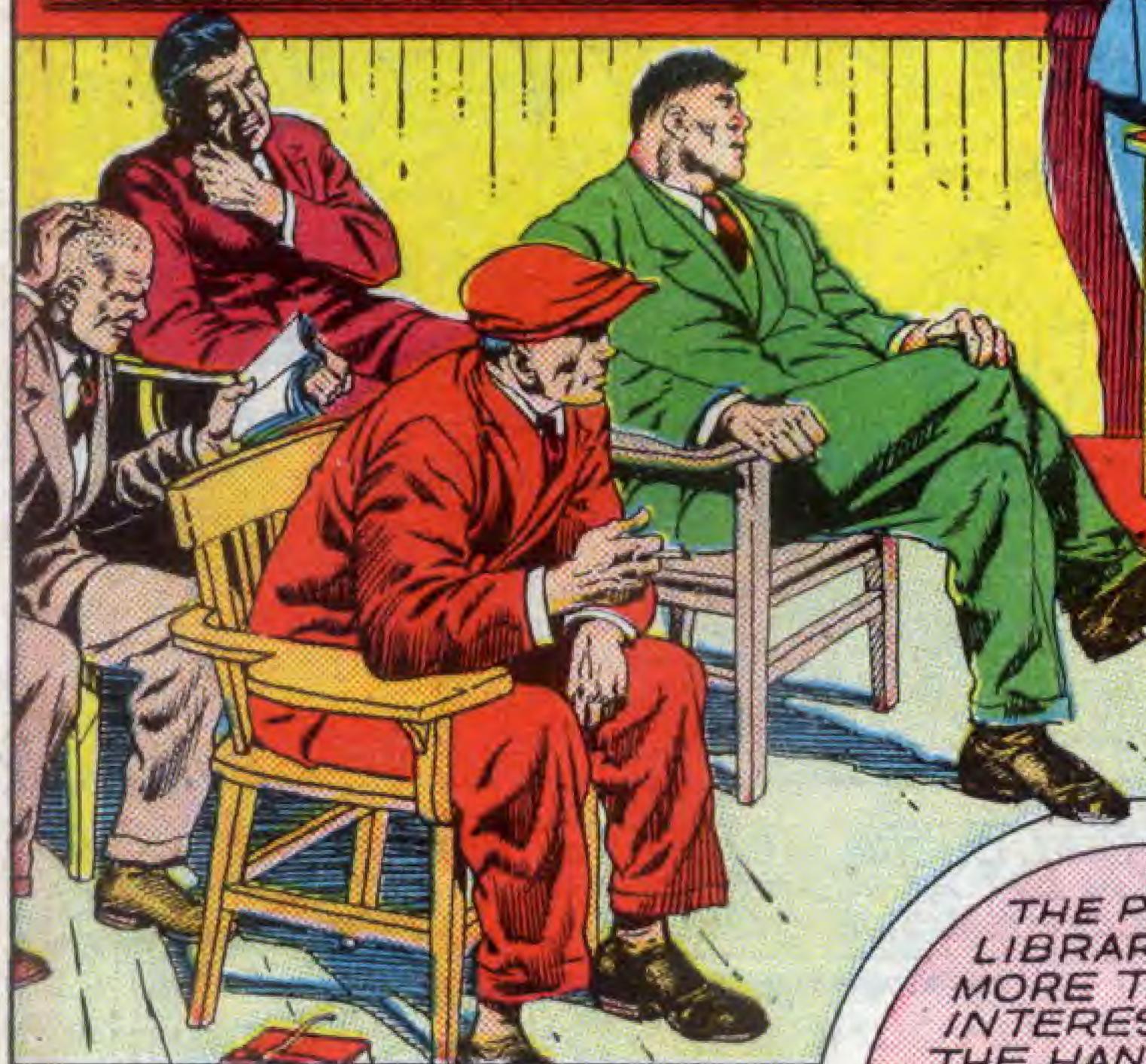


# The DOLL MAN

By William Ervin  
Maxwell



TIMES HAVE  
CHANGED, BOYS. DE  
COPS ARE WISE T'US  
NOW 'CAUSE THEY GO  
TO SCHOOL, SO WE  
GOTTA DO THE  
SAME THING..OUR  
GUN-TOTIN' DAYS  
ARE OVER..WE  
GOTTA GET  
TECHNIQUE!



PROFESSOR COFFIN NALE.  
SCHOOL OF CRIME

DARREL DANE,  
YOUNG SCIENTIST,  
FRIEND OF DOCTOR  
ROBERTS, CAN  
TRANSFORM HIM-  
SELF INTO A MINI-  
ATURE DYNAMO,  
THE DOLL MAN.  
PACKING SIZZLING  
PUNCHES WITH  
LIGHTNING SPEED,  
THE DOLL MAN  
IS THE SCOURGE  
OF CRIME.

THE PRETTY  
LIBRARIAN IS  
MORE THAN  
INTERESTED IN  
THE HANDSOME  
READER.

IT'S A QUIET DAY IN TOWN...  
DARREL DANE SITS IN THE  
LIBRARY IN COMPANY WITH  
THE LATEST BOOKS.



I MUST SAY  
HE DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE A  
BOOKWORM  
THOUGH...  
HE'S TOO  
ATHLETIC  
LOOKING.



SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF THE READING ROOM IS SHATTERED.



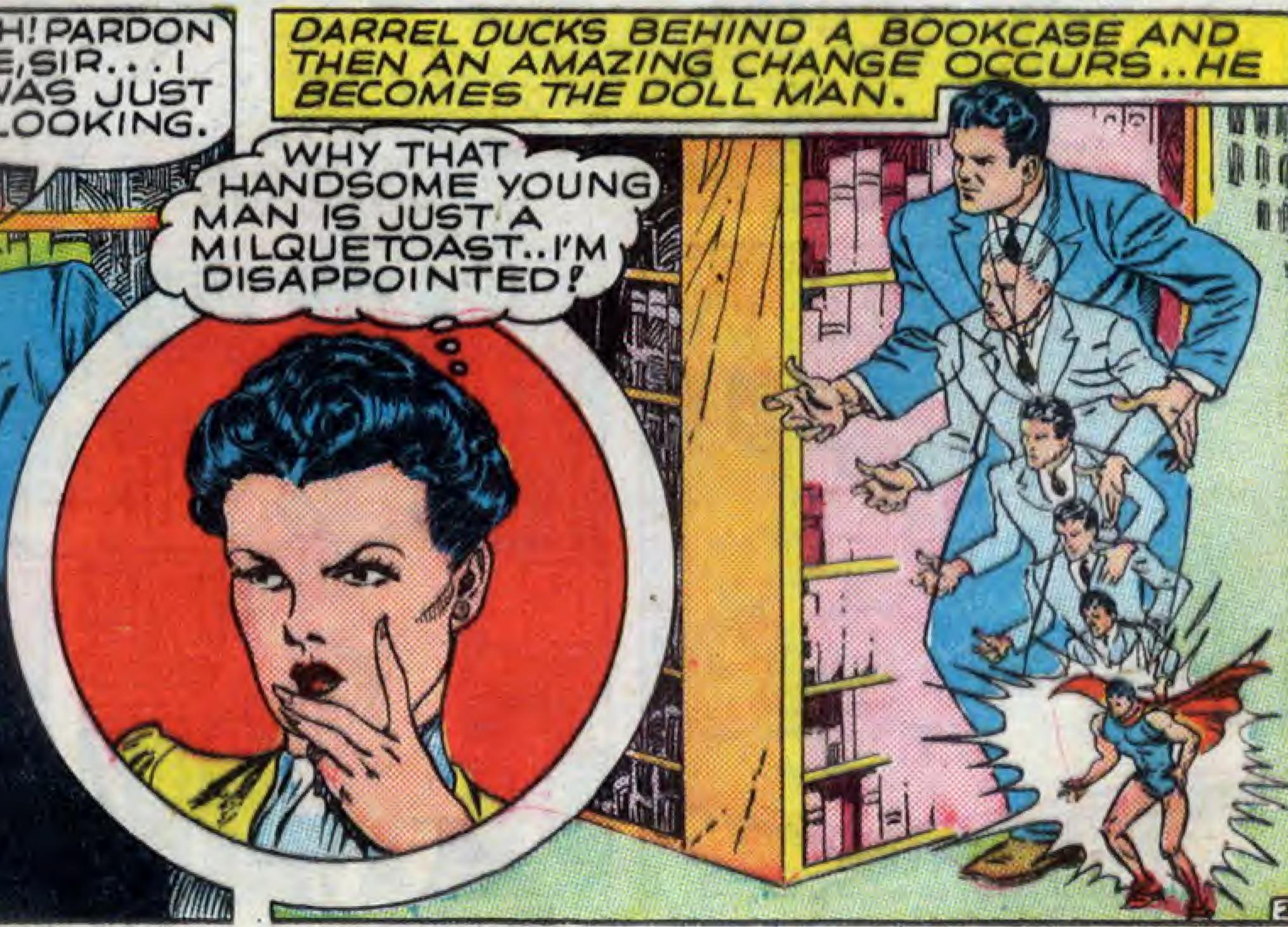
FROM HIS TABLE, DARREL WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS.



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE READERS NOTICES DANE.



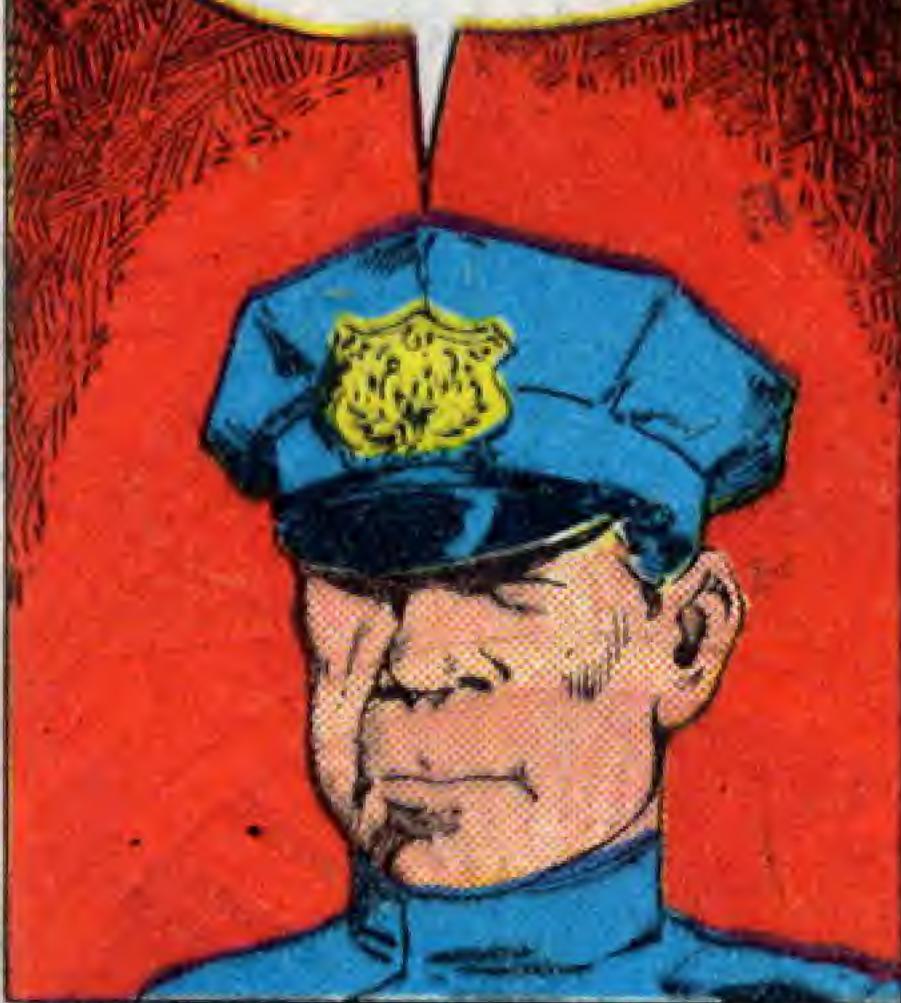
OH! PARDON ME, SIR... I WAS JUST LOOKING.



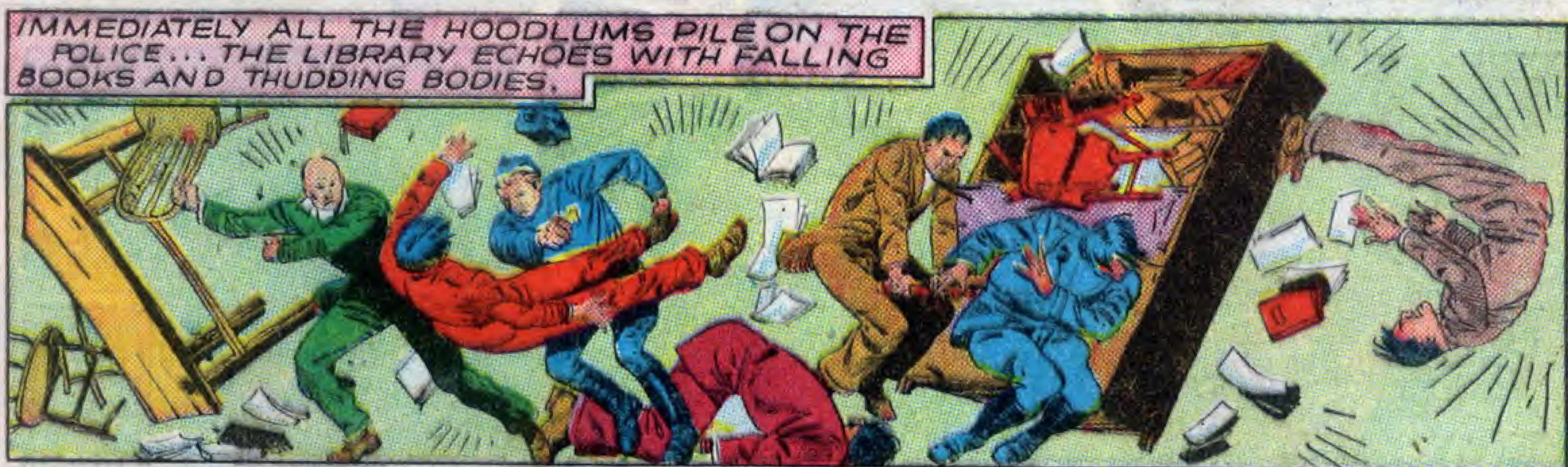
ONCE AGAIN, THE LIBRARY DOOR OPENS.



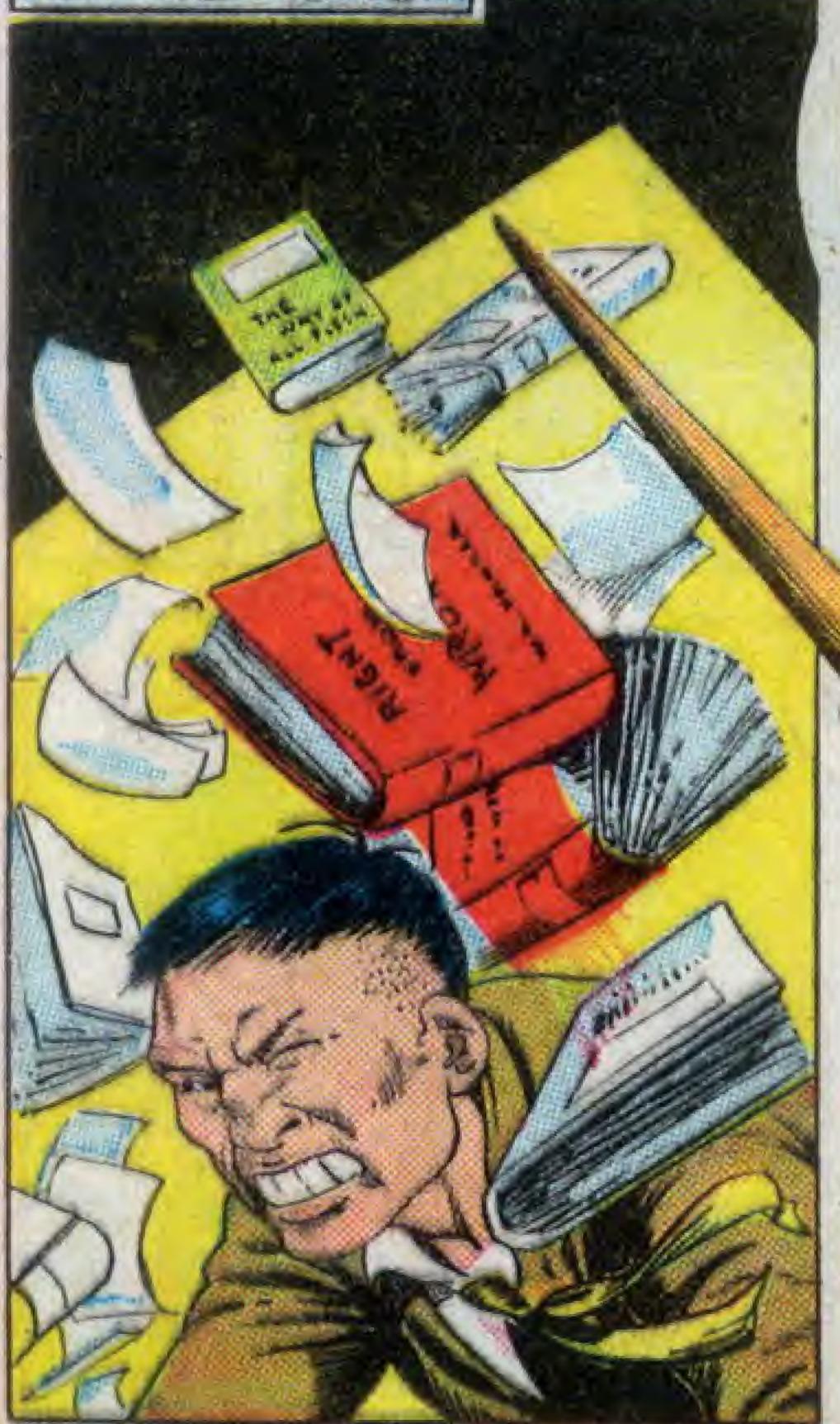
SURE AN' YE BETTER COME WIT' US PEACEFUL LIKE.. THE BOYS DOWN AT TH' STATION HOUSE ARE AFTER HAVIN' A TALK WIT' YE?



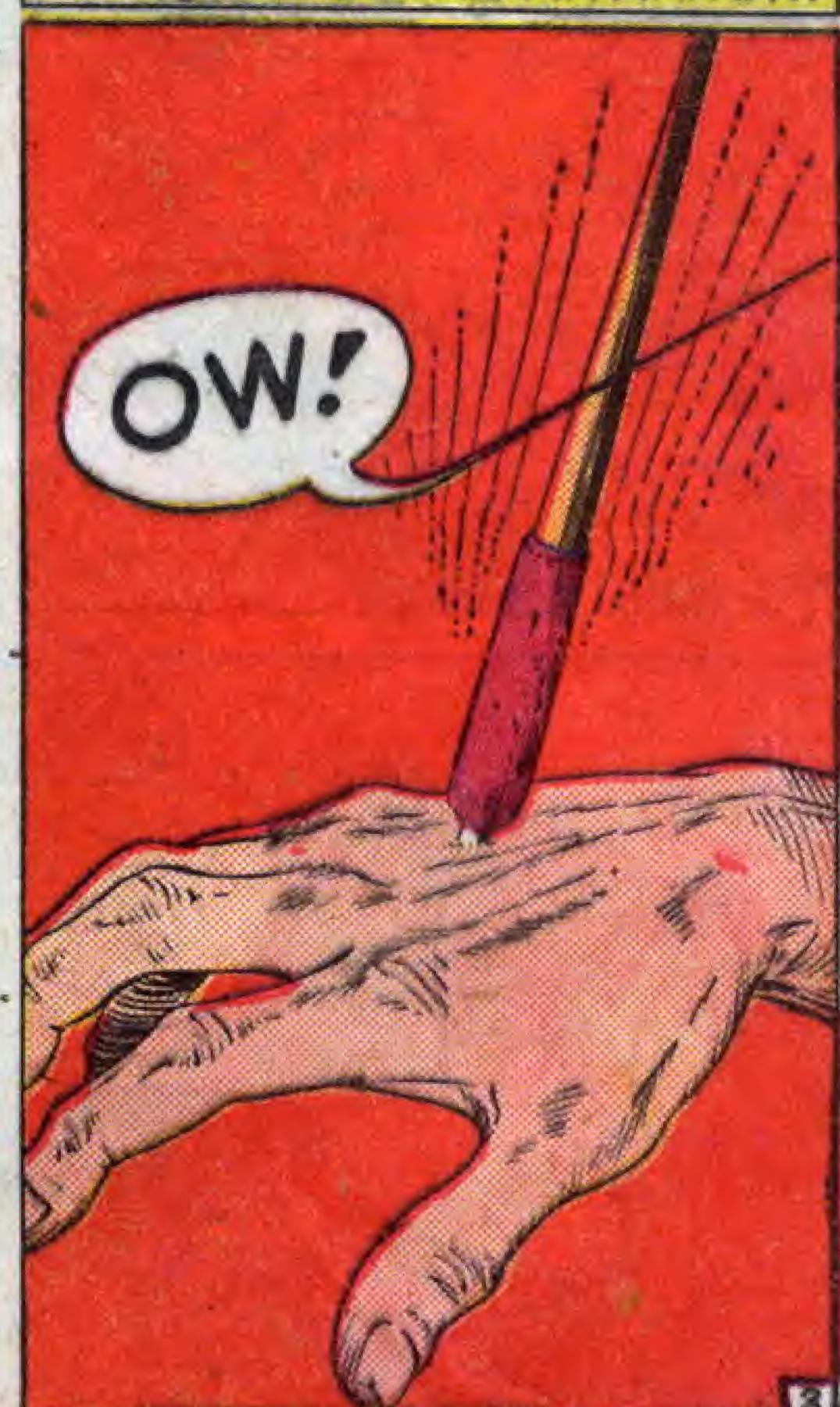
IMMEDIATELY ALL THE HOODLUMS PILE ON THE POLICE... THE LIBRARY ECHOES WITH FALLING BOOKS AND THUDDING BODIES.



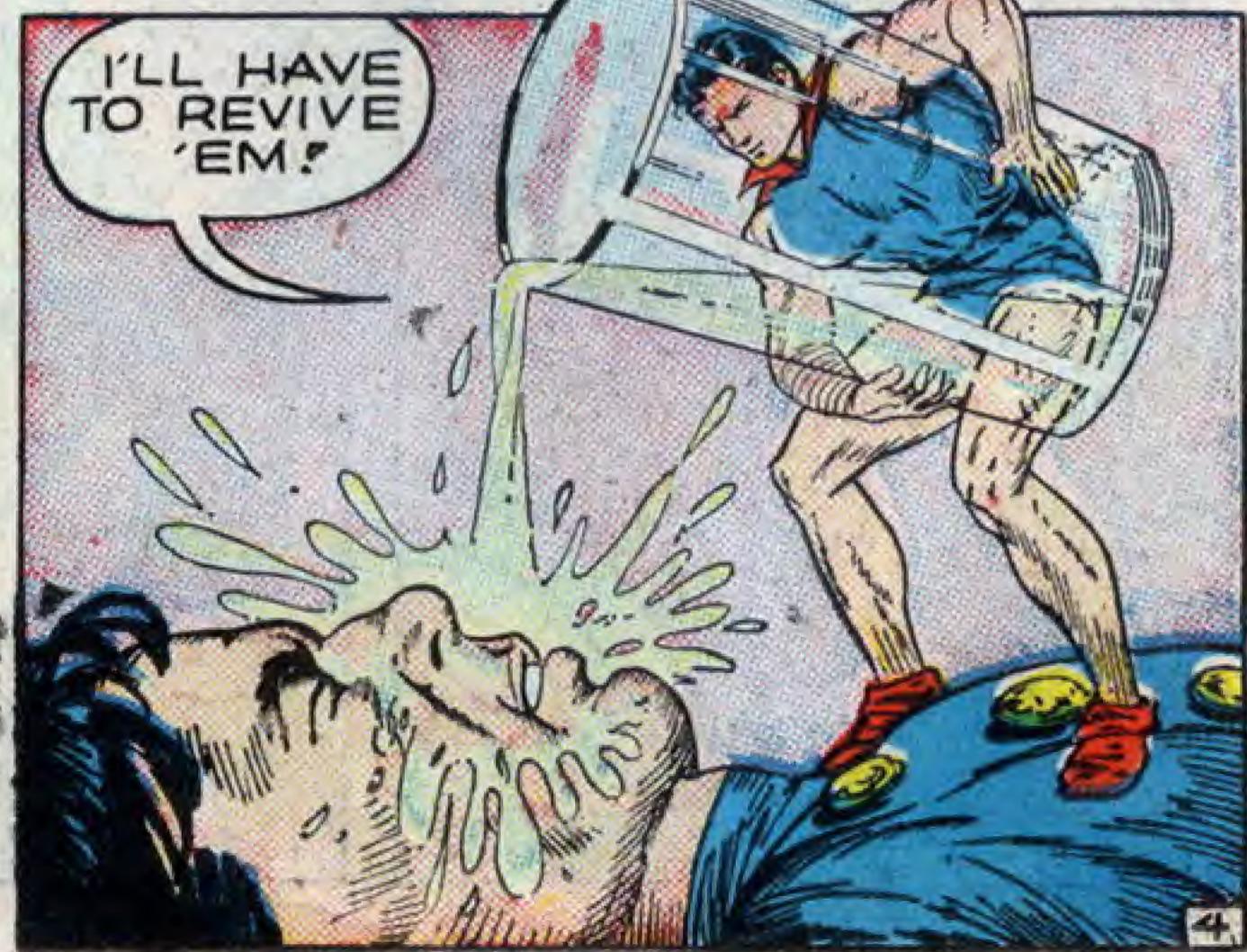
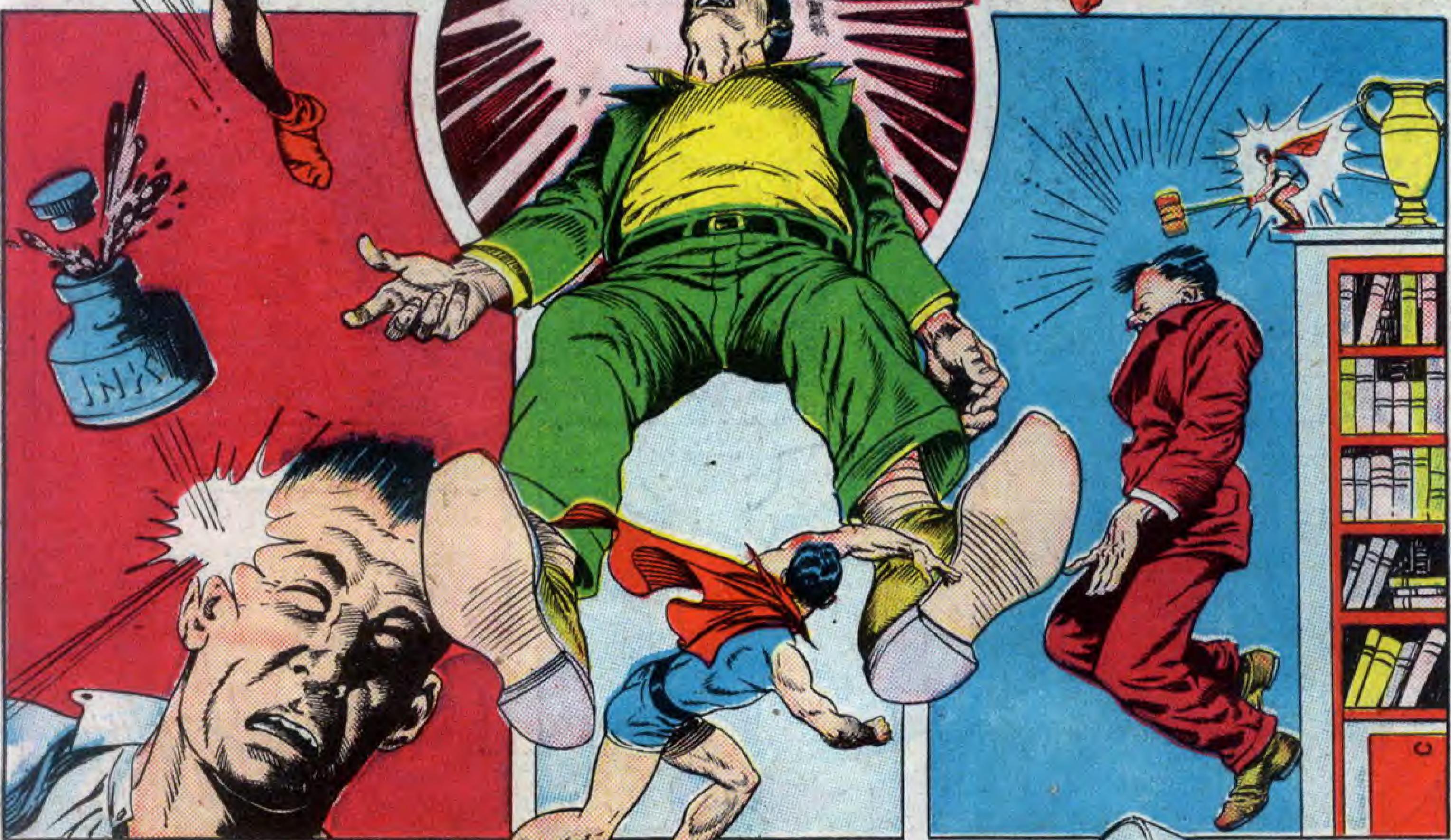
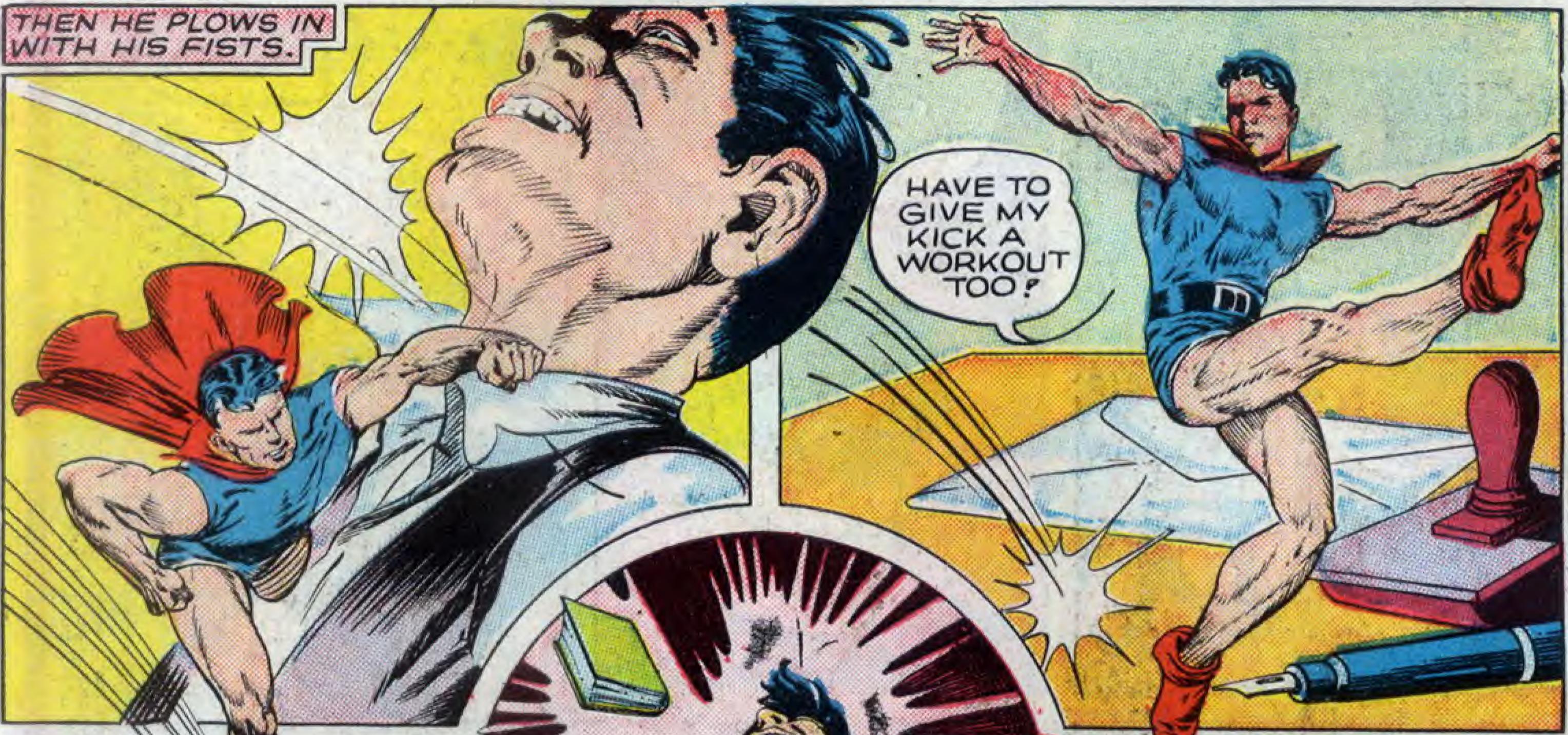
THE DOLL MAN FIGHTS FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT ON THE BOOKCASE, USING BOOKS FOR WEAPONS.

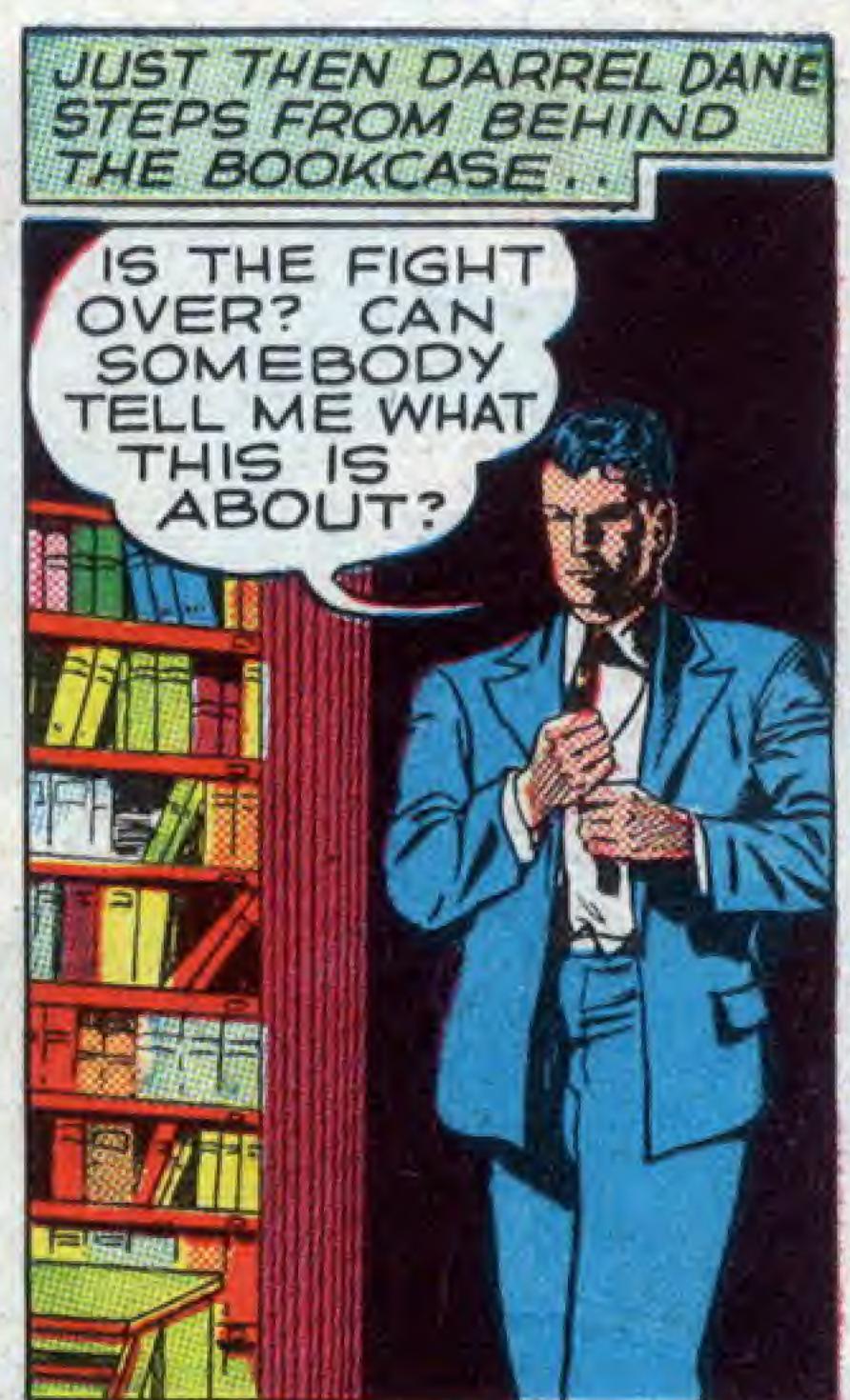
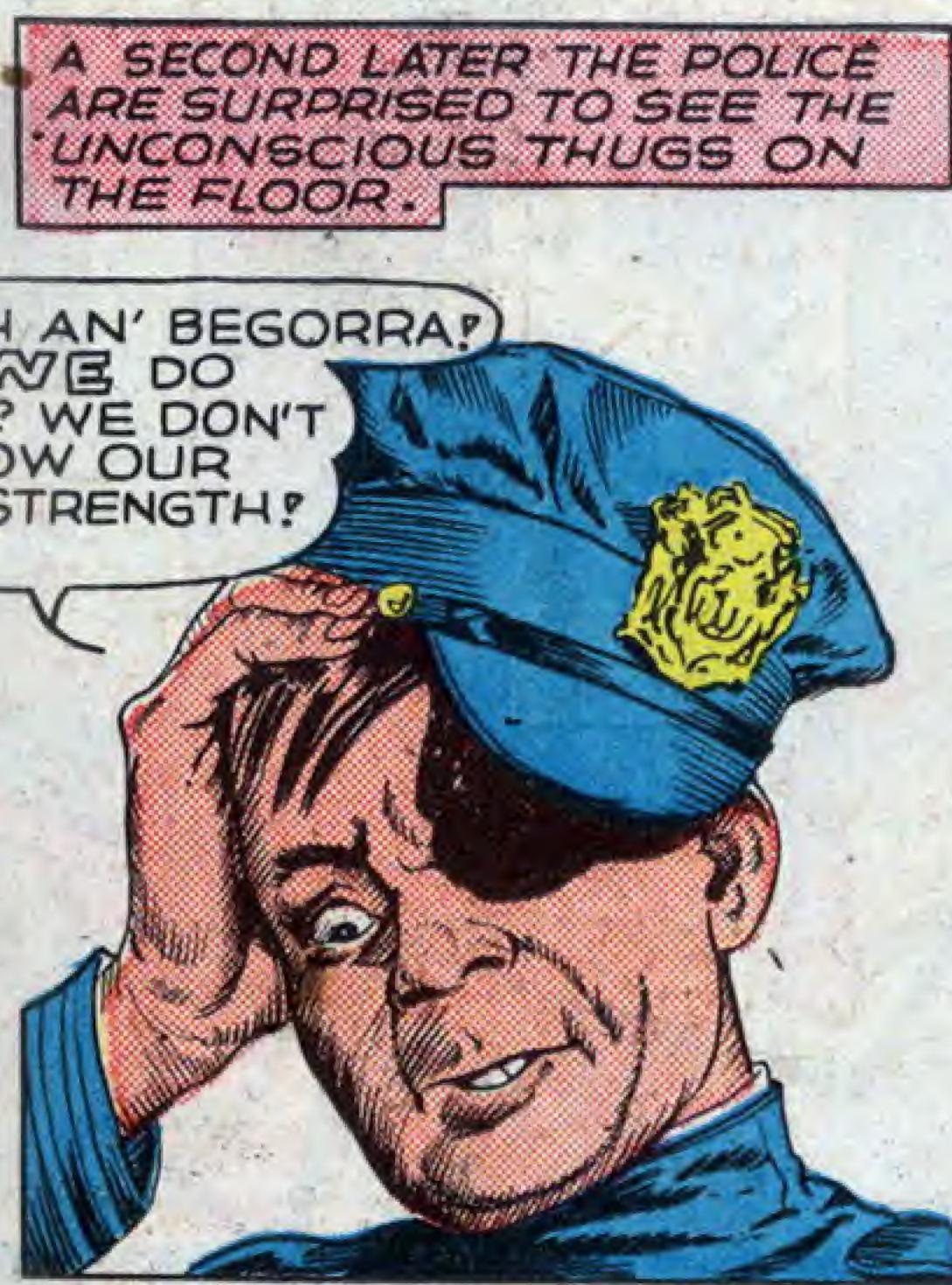
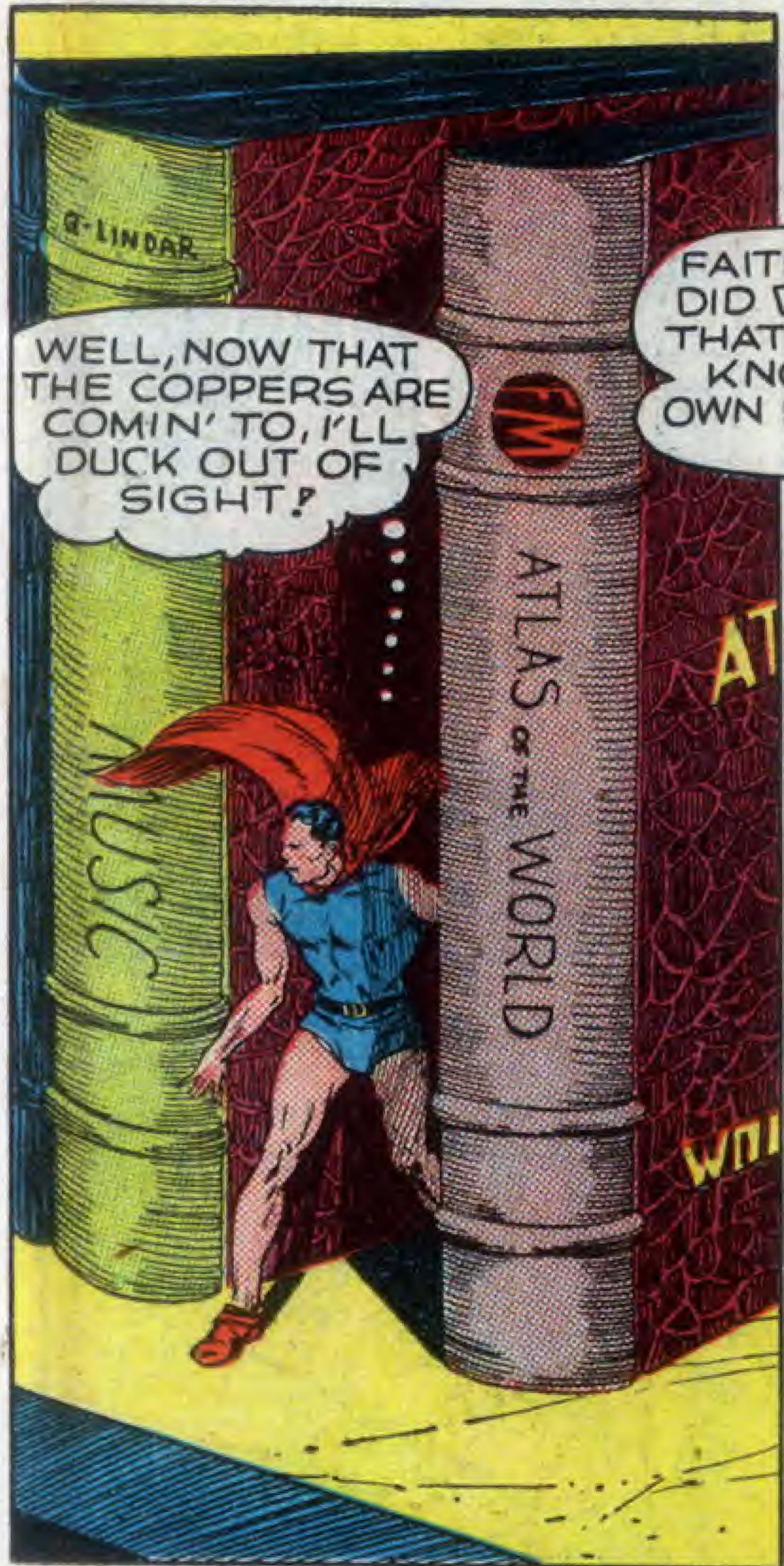


THE DOLL MAN SENDS A PEN FLYING LIKE AN ARROW.

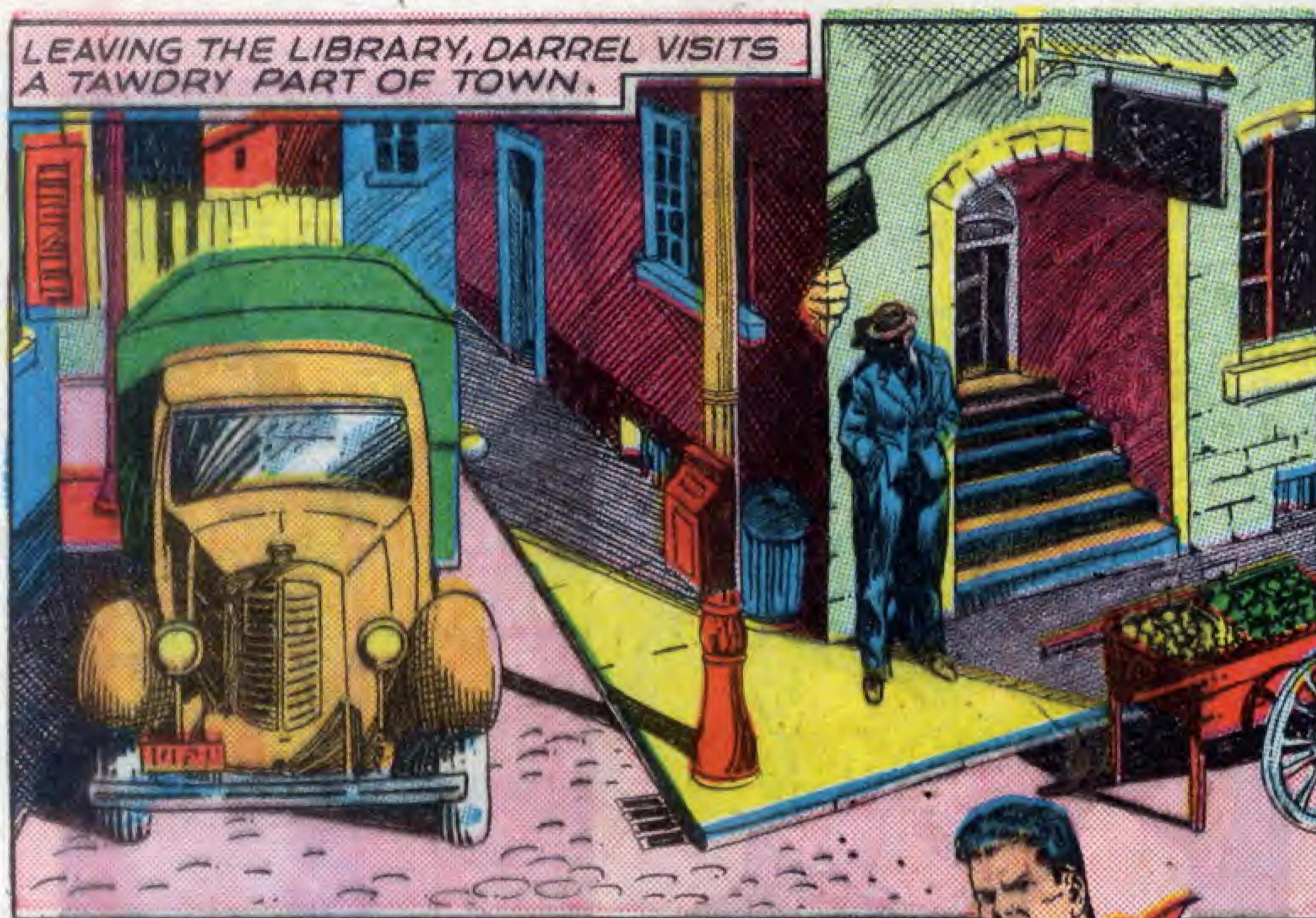


THEN HE PLOWS IN  
WITH HIS FISTS.

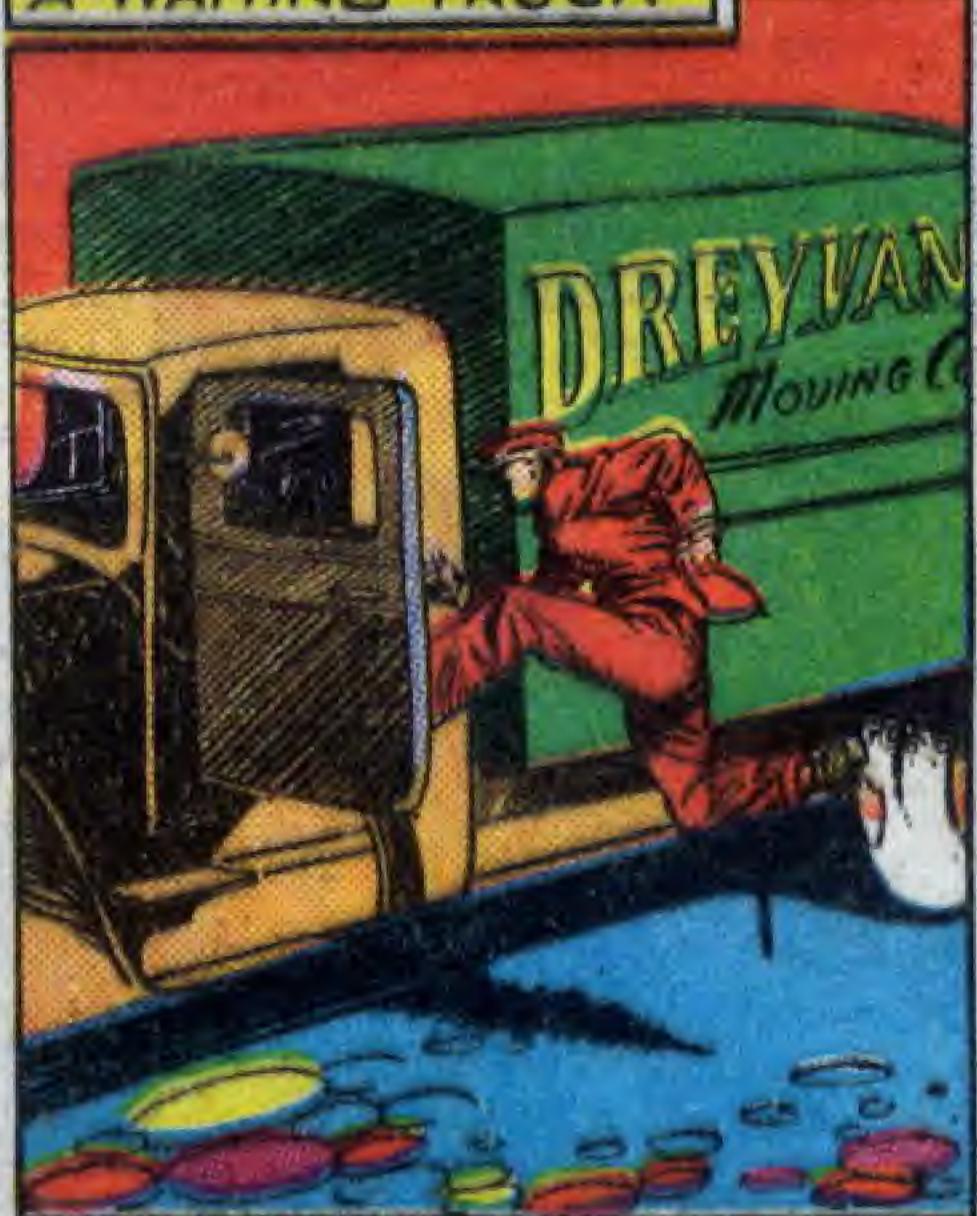




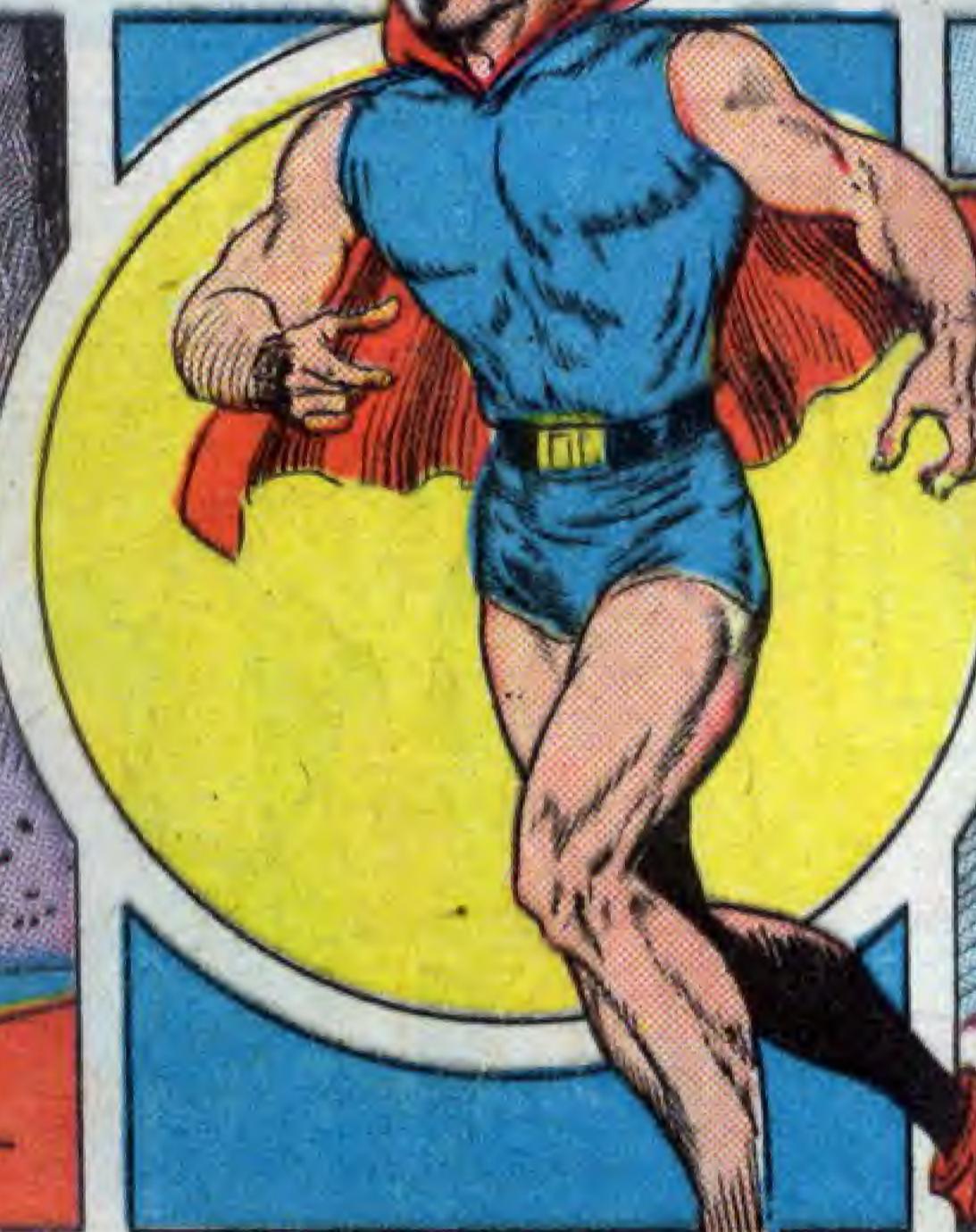
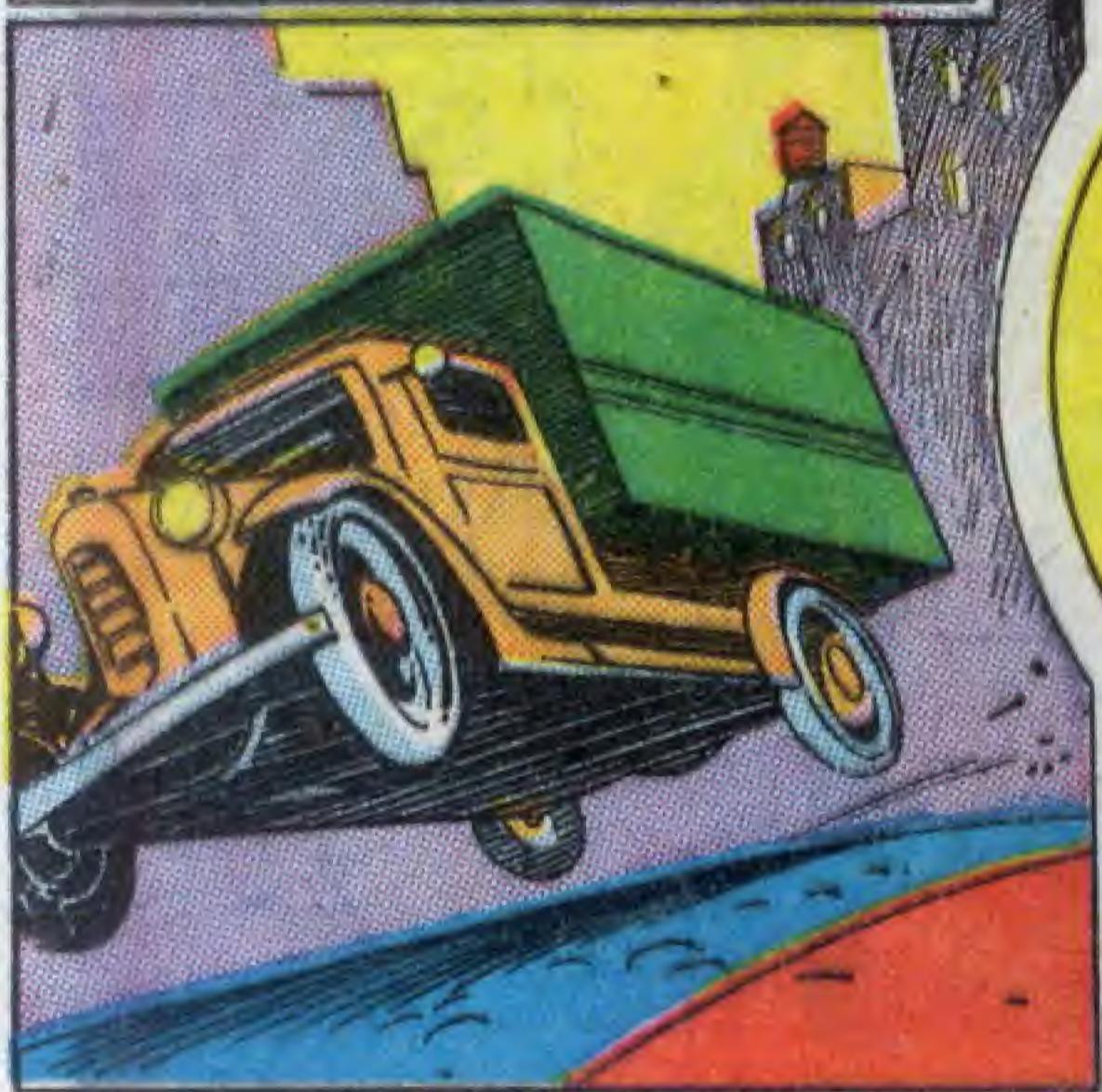
LEAVING THE LIBRARY, DARREL VISITS  
A TAWDRY PART OF TOWN.



SUDDENLY A BURGLAR ALARM  
SOUNDS.. TWO HOODLUMS  
DASH FROM A STORE TO  
A WAITING TRUCK



PIVOTING DANGEROUSLY ON  
TWO WHEELS, THE TRUCK  
HURTELS DOWN THE STREET.



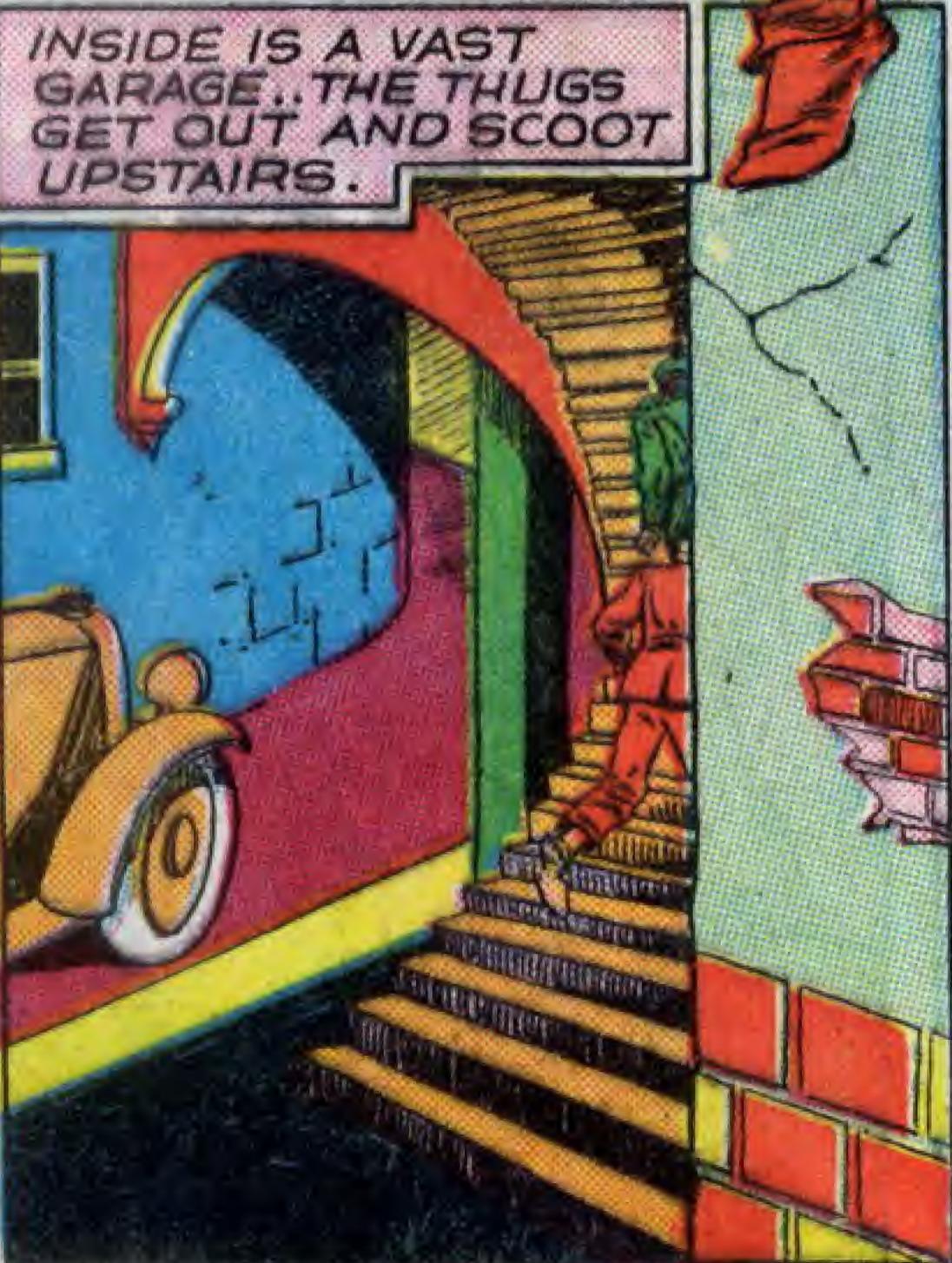
QUICKLY BECOMING THE  
DOLL MAN, DARREL HOPS  
INTO THE TRUCK.



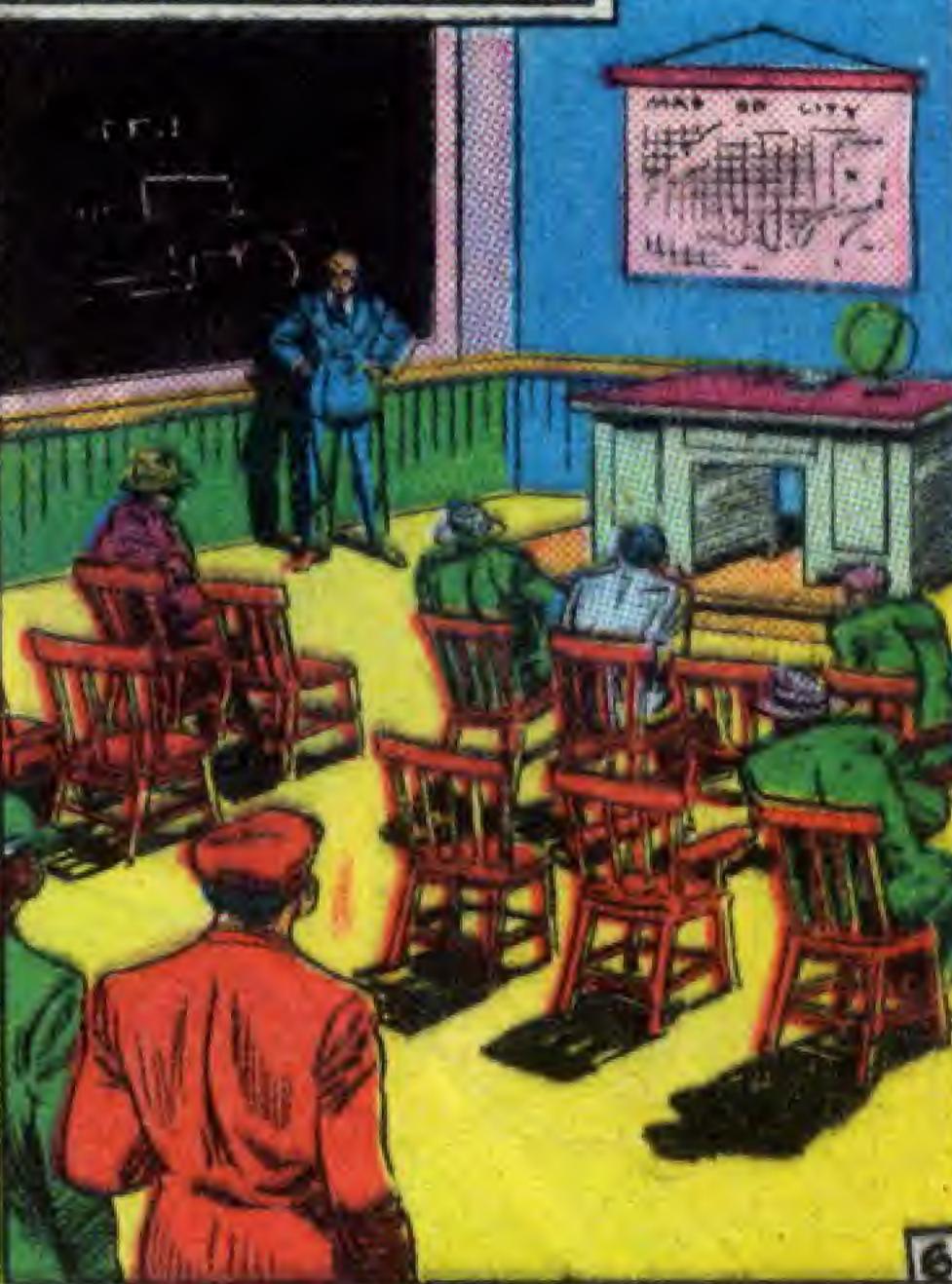
THEY SPEED TO THE END  
OF A DEAD END STREET.  
SUDDENLY A BLANK  
BRICK WALL OPENS..



INSIDE IS A VAST  
GARAGE.. THE THUGS  
GET OUT AND SCOOT  
UPSTAIRS.



WHERE THEY ENTER A  
LARGE ROOM..



WHAT'RE YOU CONS  
LATE TO CLASS AGAIN  
FER? THINK THIS IS  
A KINDERGARTEN?  
WHERE'S YER  
EXCUSE?

BUT PROFESSOR, WE  
HADDA GET SOME DOUGH  
TO PAY OUR SCHOOL  
FEE.. IT TOOK A  
LITTLE TIME.

THAT'S BETTER, YER  
BEGINNIN' TO MAKE  
GOOD ALIBIS..  
LESSON ONE..  
HOW MUCH YA  
GOT?

PROFESSOR COFFIN NALE OPENS  
THE MONEY BAG AND..

HOW MUCH  
DO YOU  
WANT?

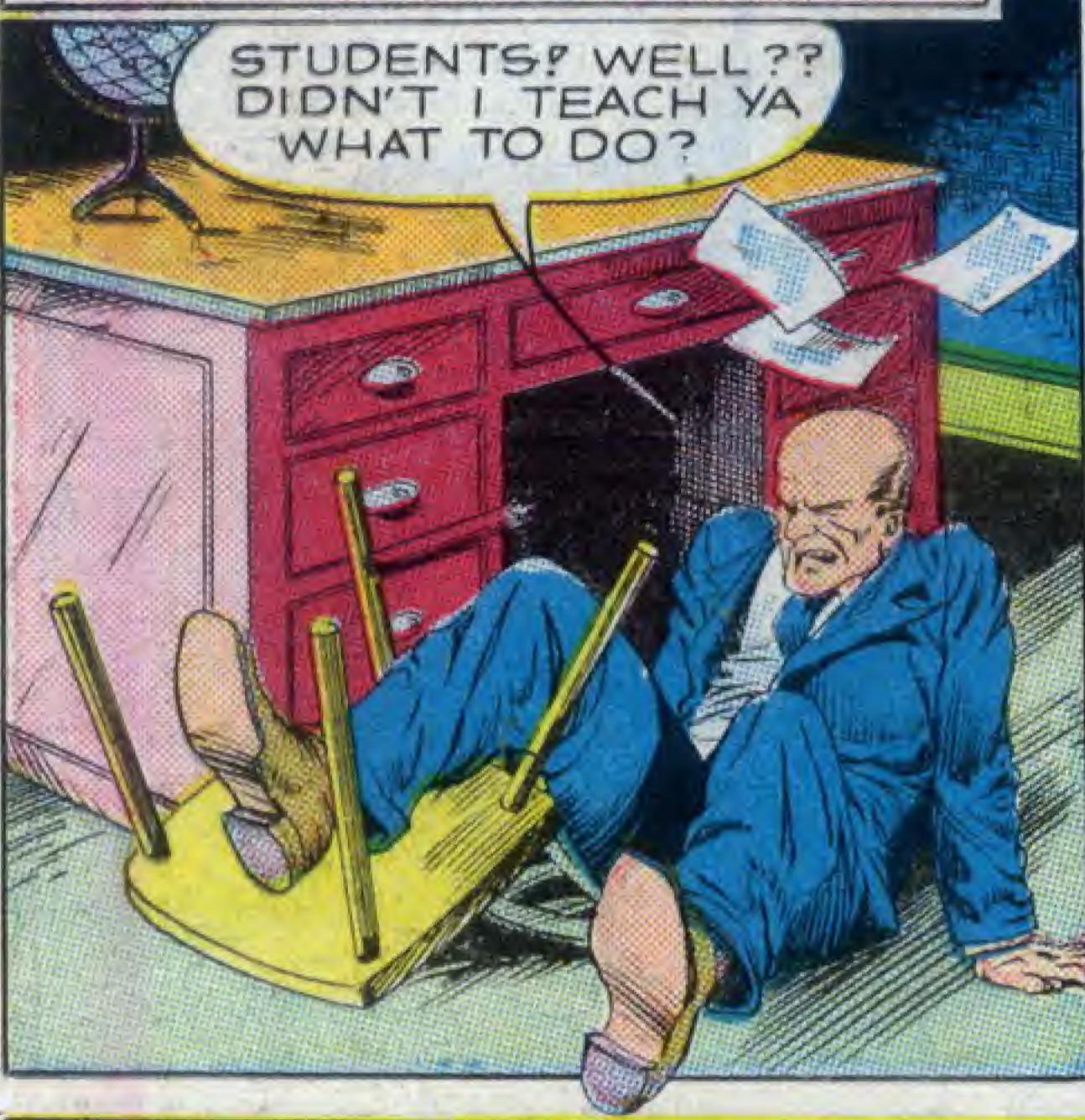
WE'LL  
START  
WITH  
THIS!

KEEP YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
THAT GUN!

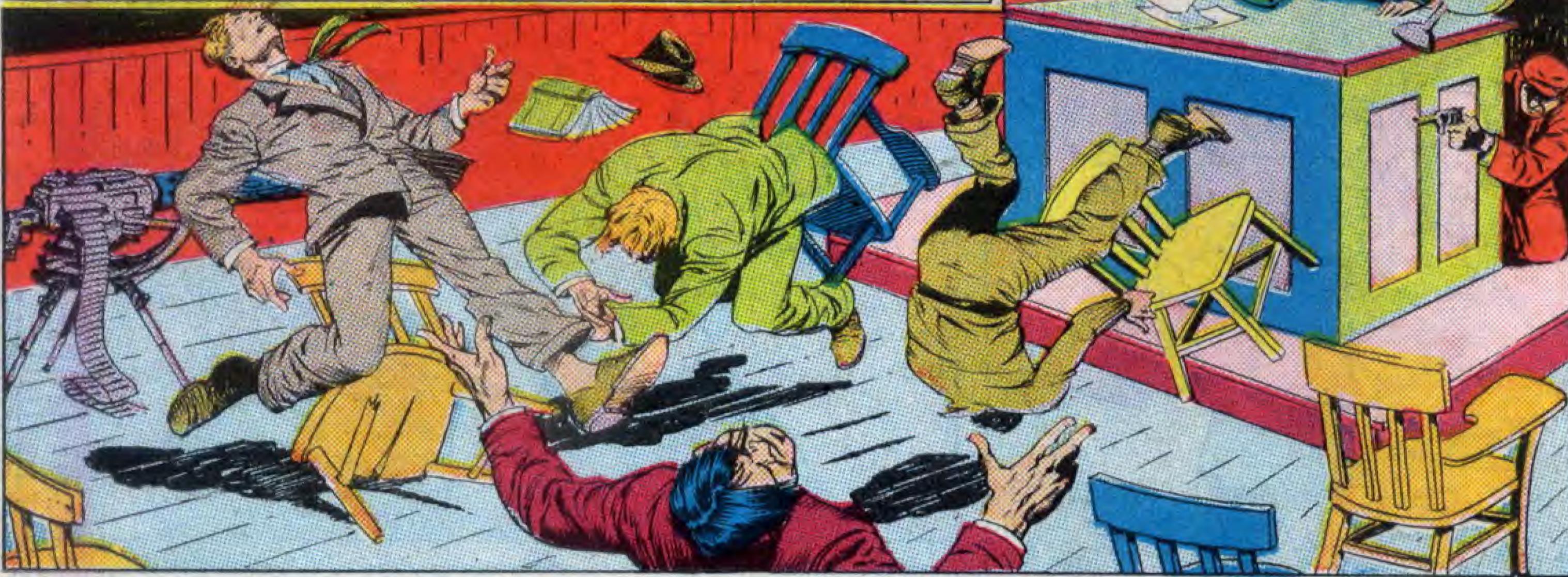
OW!

ANGRILY, THE PROFESSOR INSTRUCTS FROM THE FLOOR.

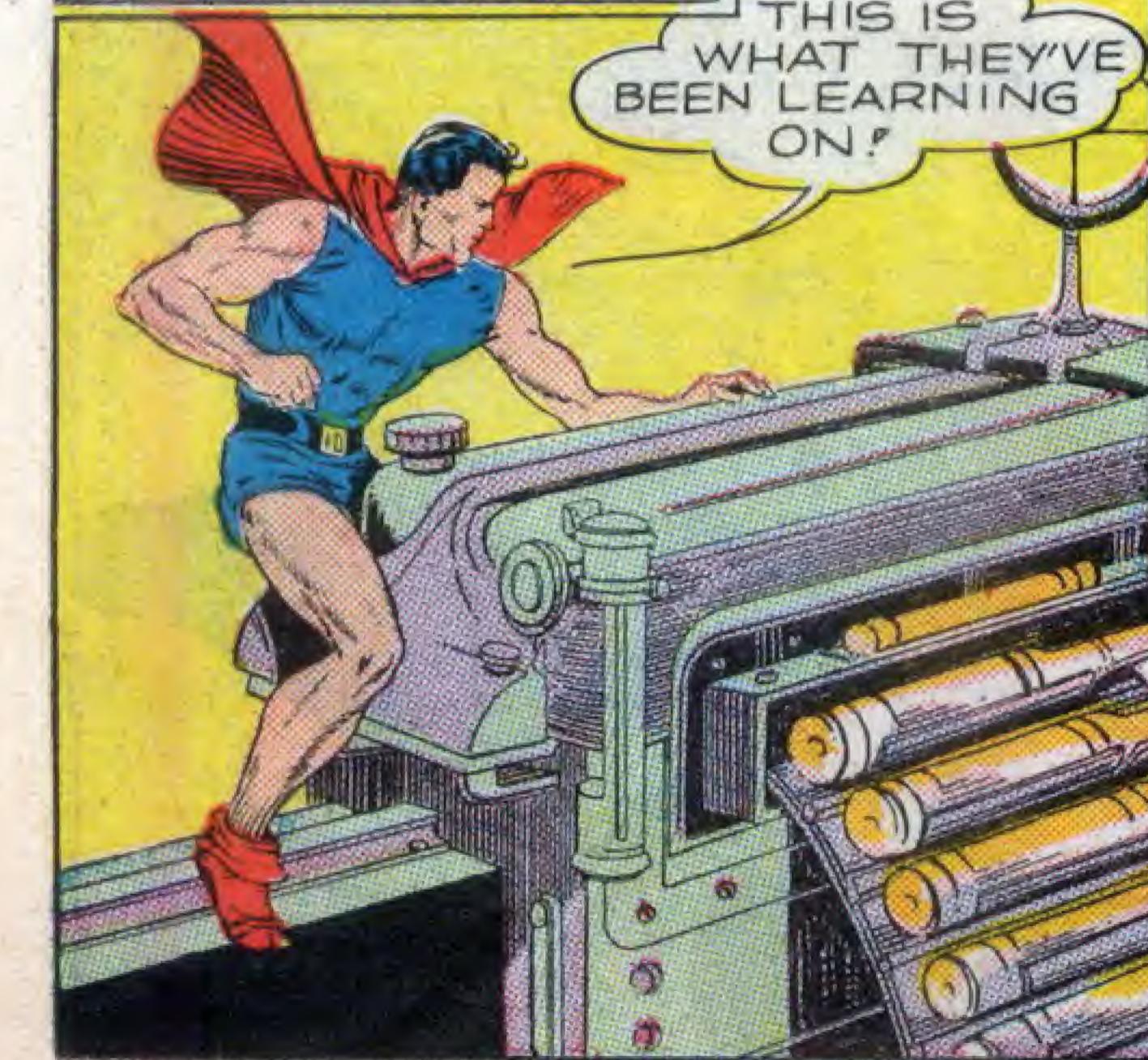
STUDENTS? WELL ?? DIDN'T I TEACH YA WHAT TO DO?



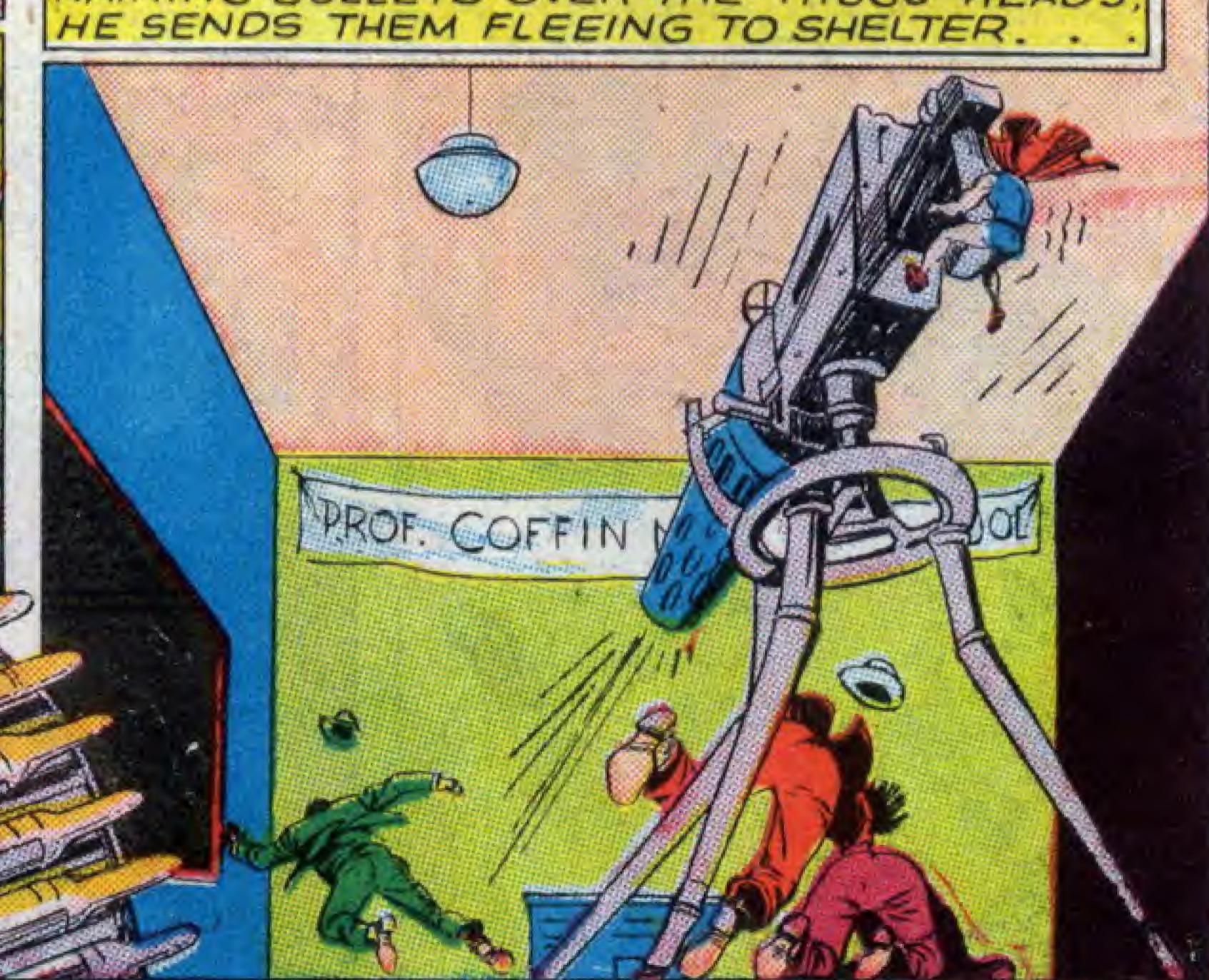
BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE IN THE SCHOOLROOM AS THE DOLL MAN STREAKS THROUGH THE STUDENTS..THEY STRUGGLE IN VAIN TO CATCH THE TINY DYNAMO AND FALL OVER EACH OTHER IN THE WILD ATTEMPT.

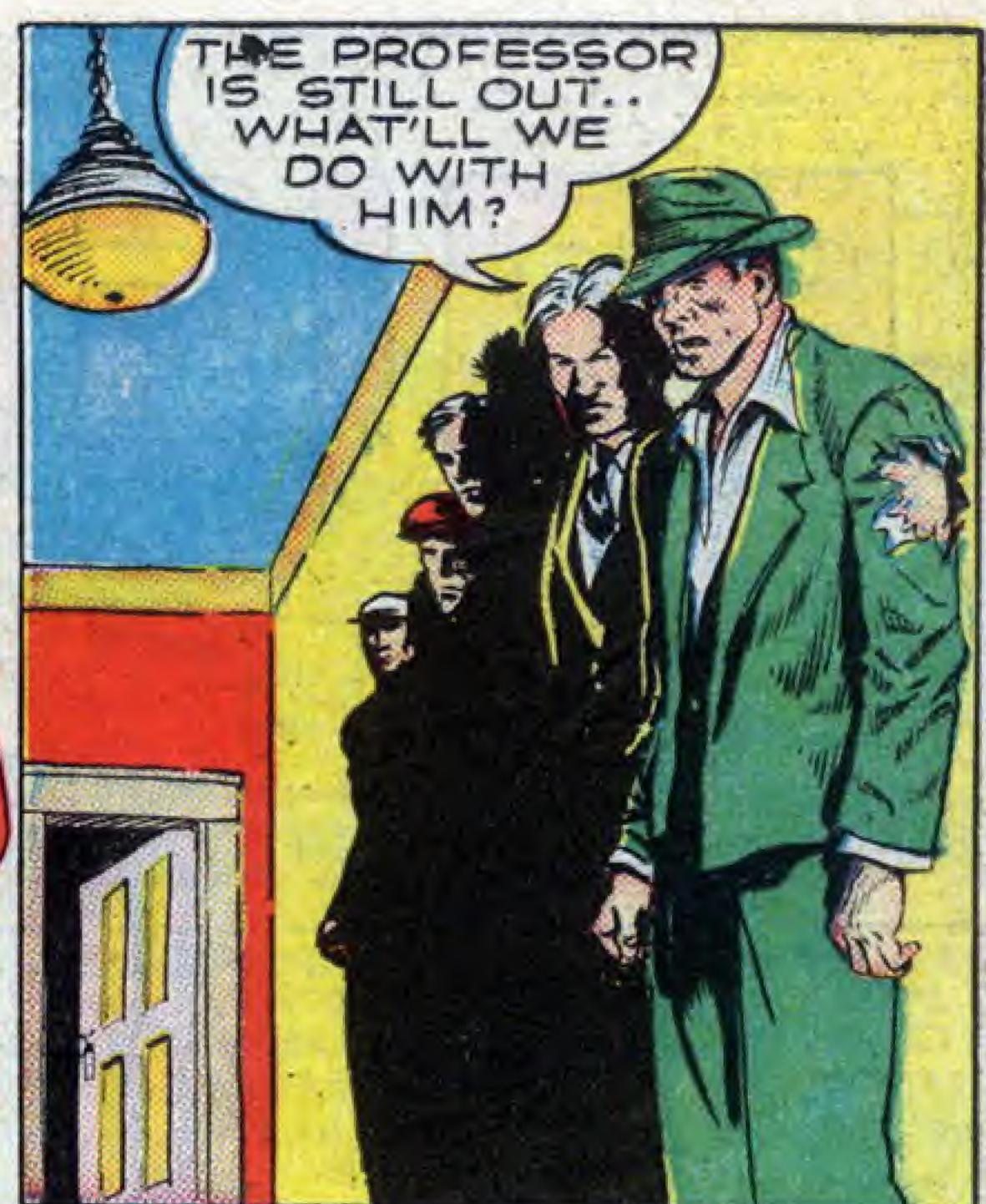
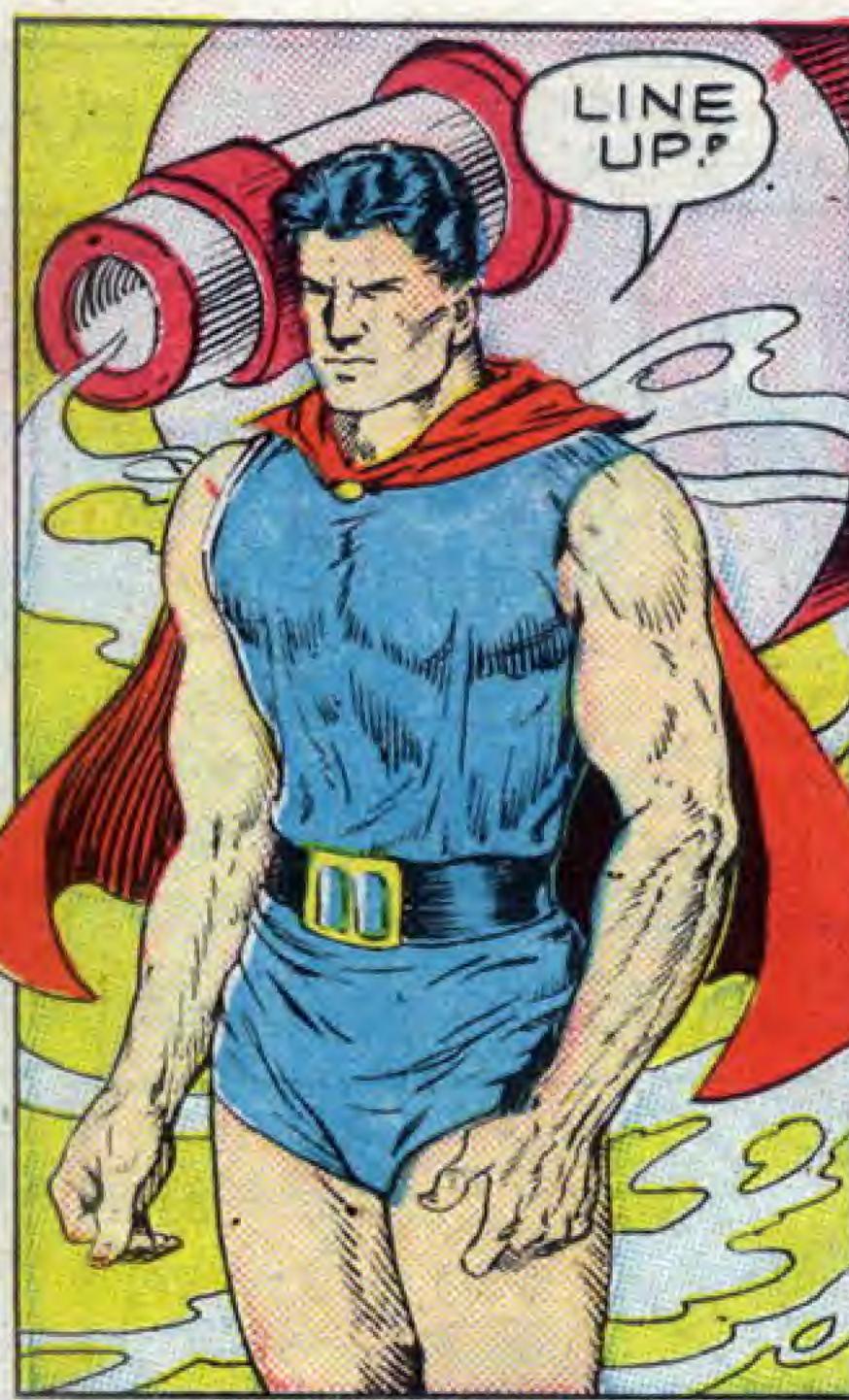


THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO THE BREECH OF A MACHINE GUN.



RAINING BULLETS OVER THE THUGS' HEADS, HE SENDS THEM FLEEING TO SHELTER.





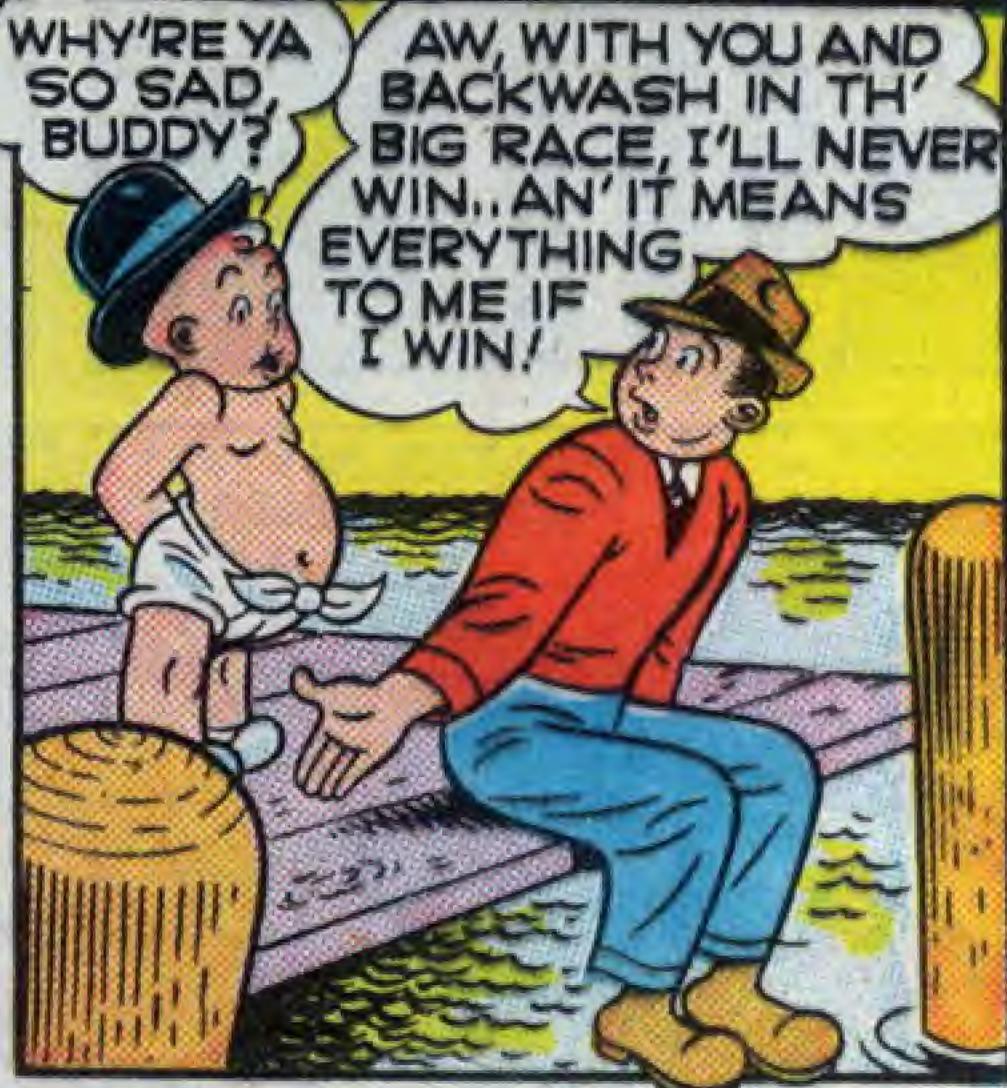
Following the sensational adventures of The Doll Man each month in **FEATURE COMICS**.

BY - GILL FOX -

# POISON IVY

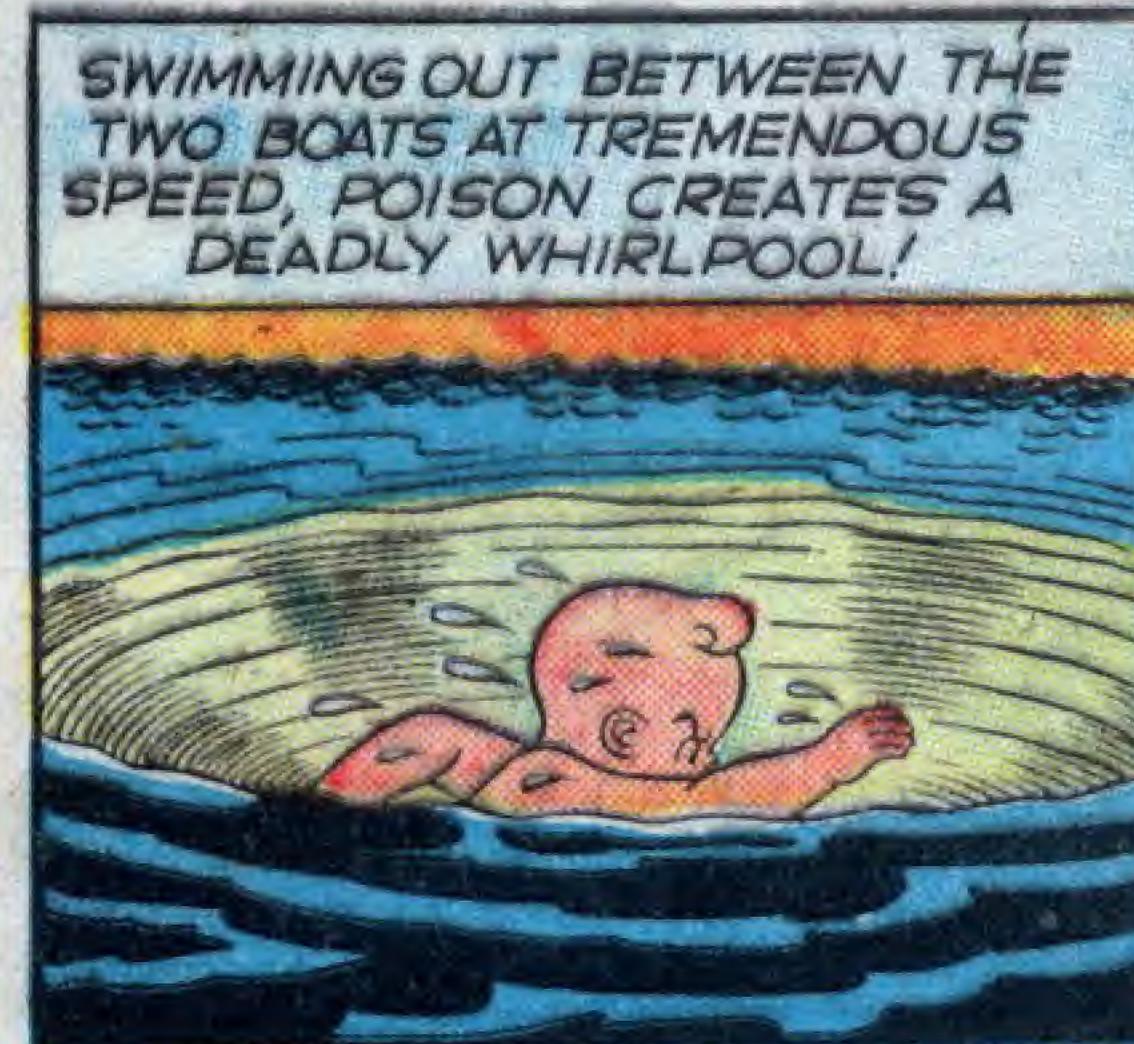
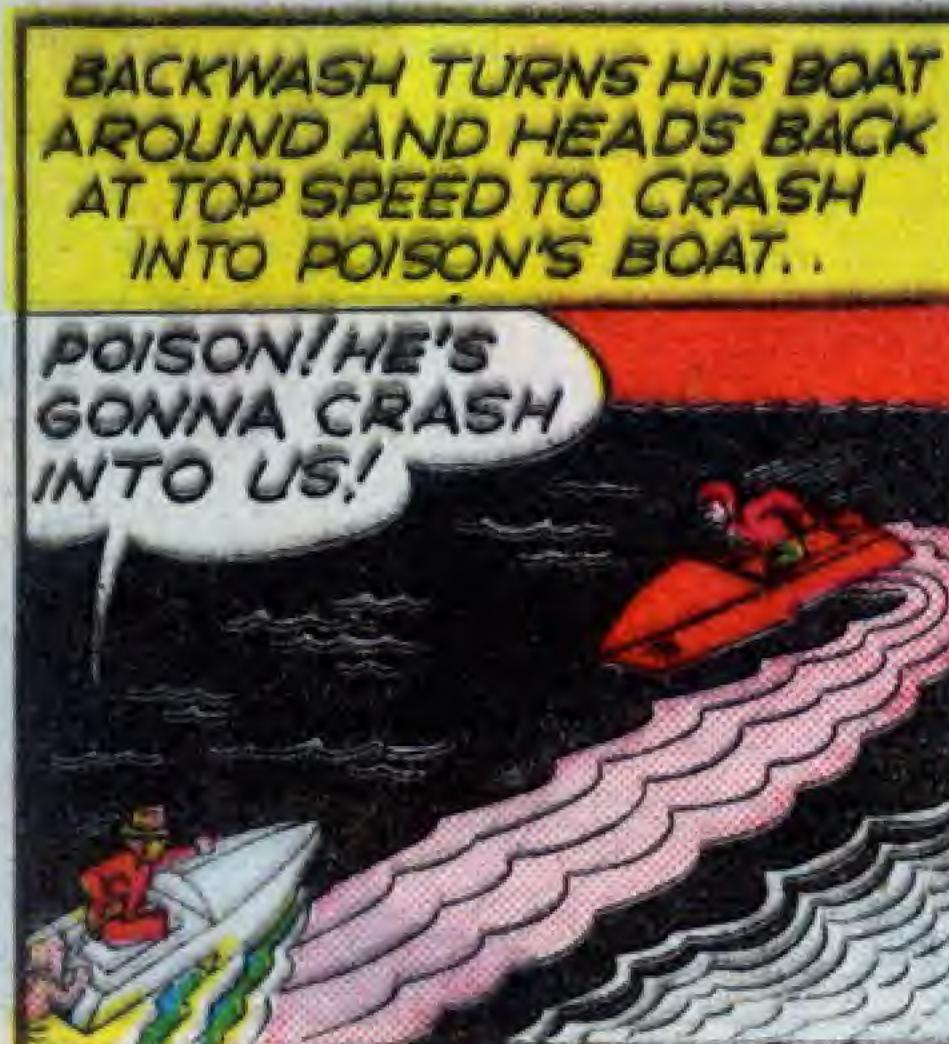
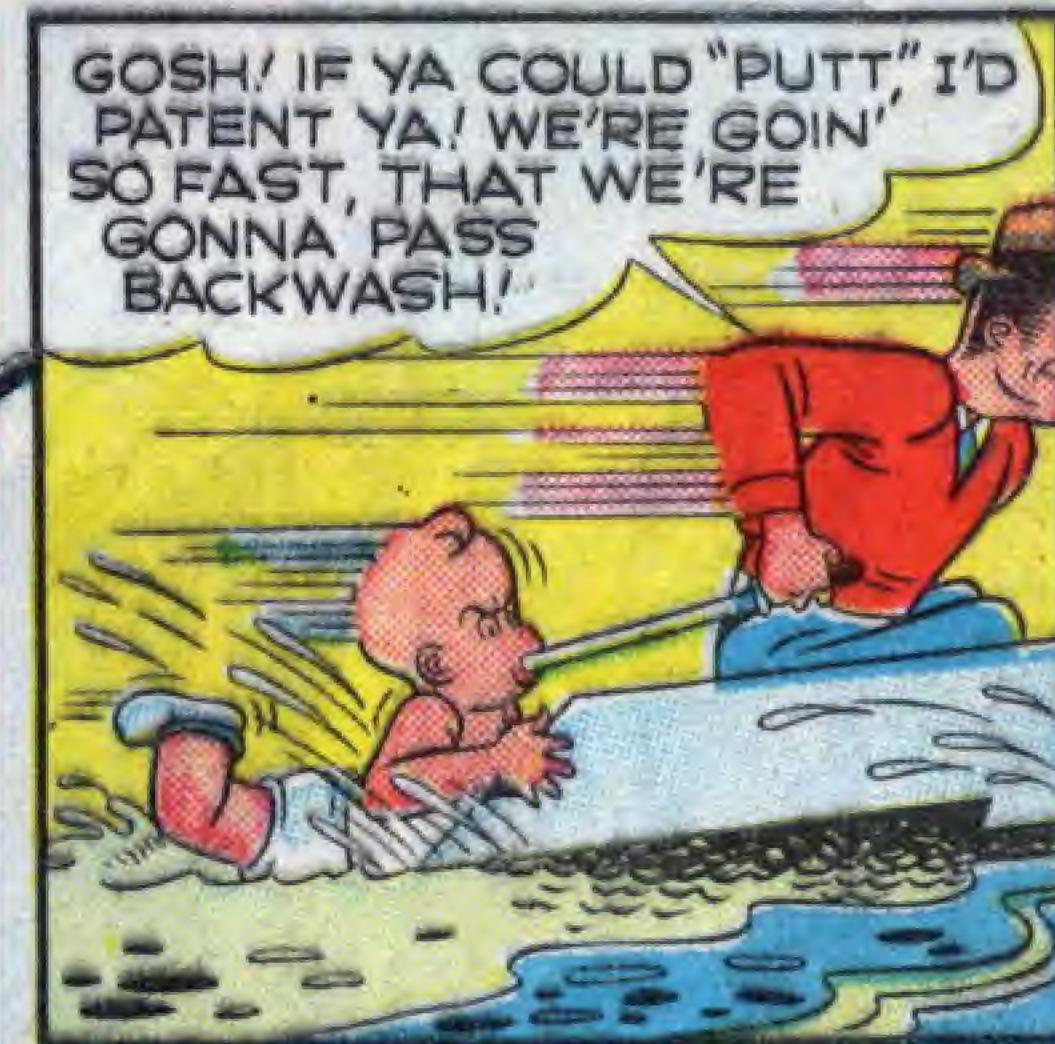
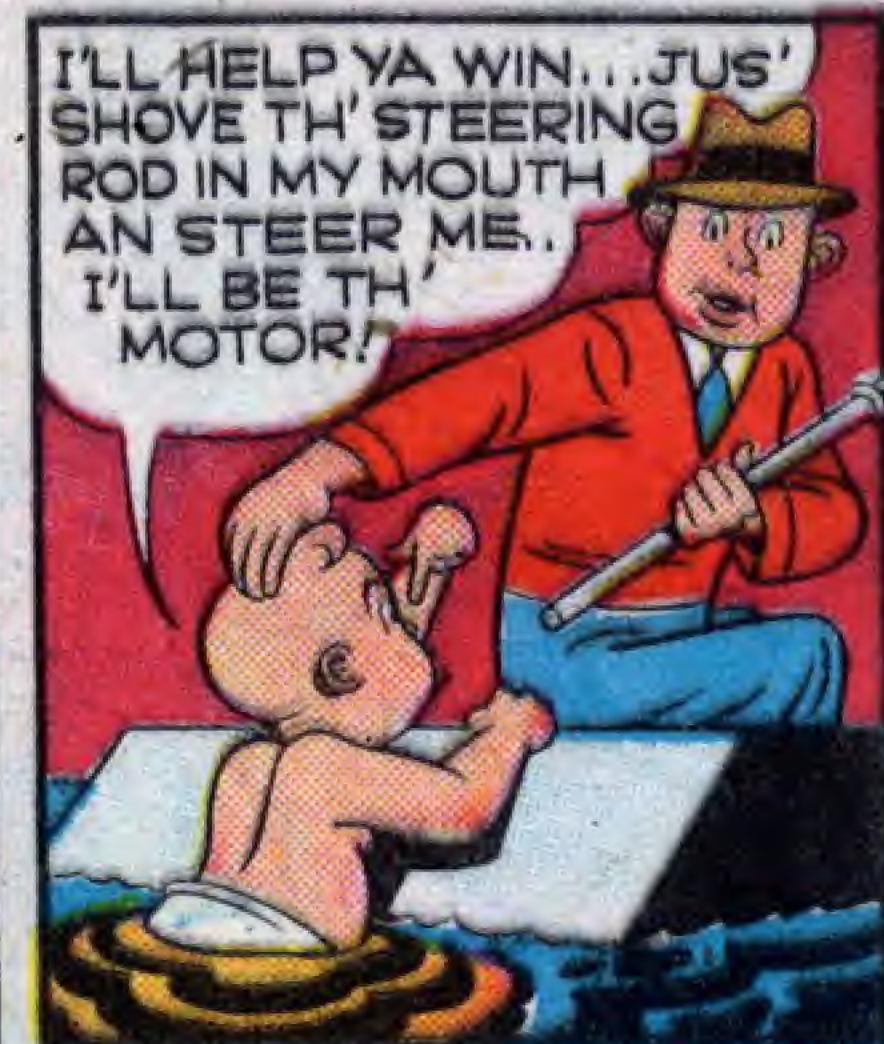
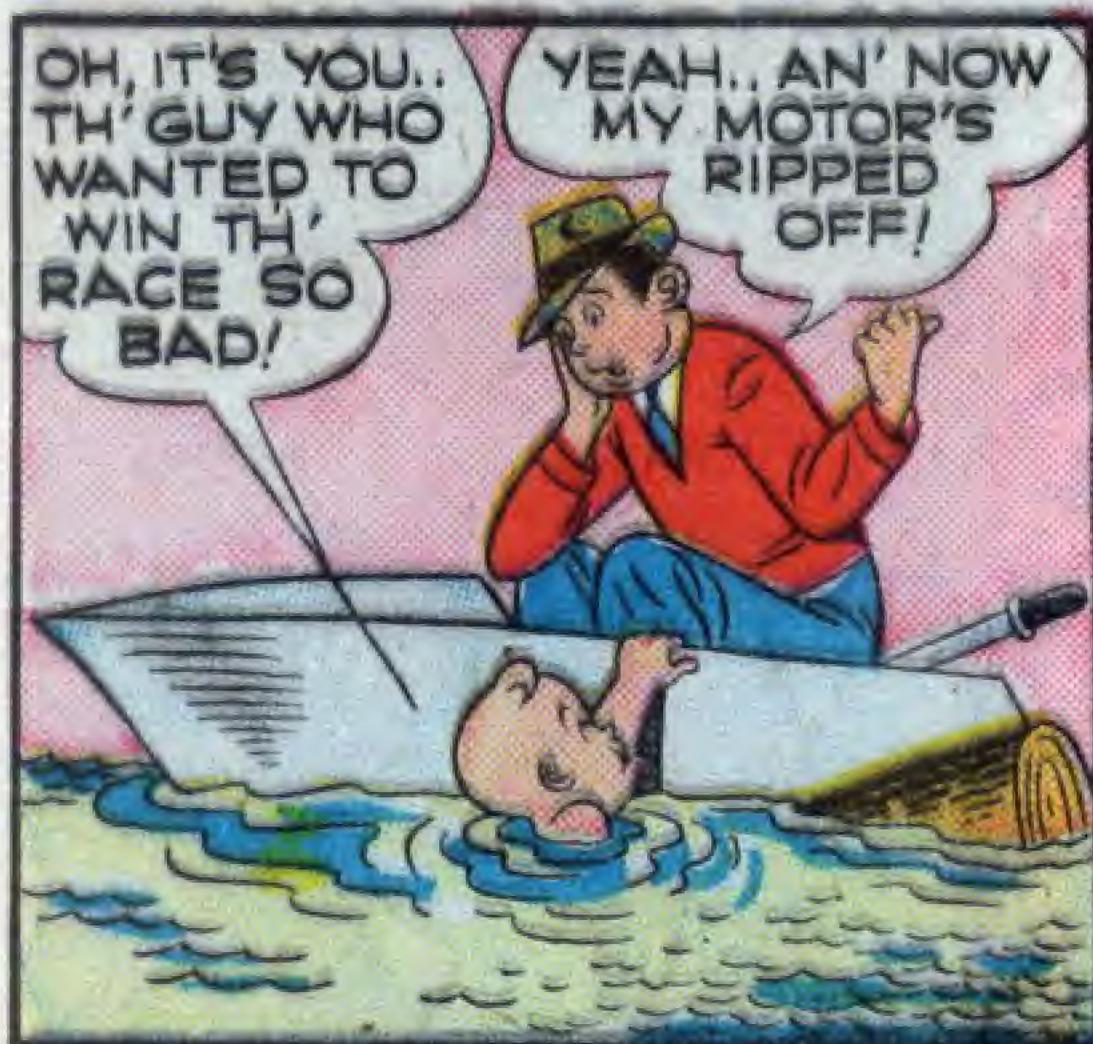
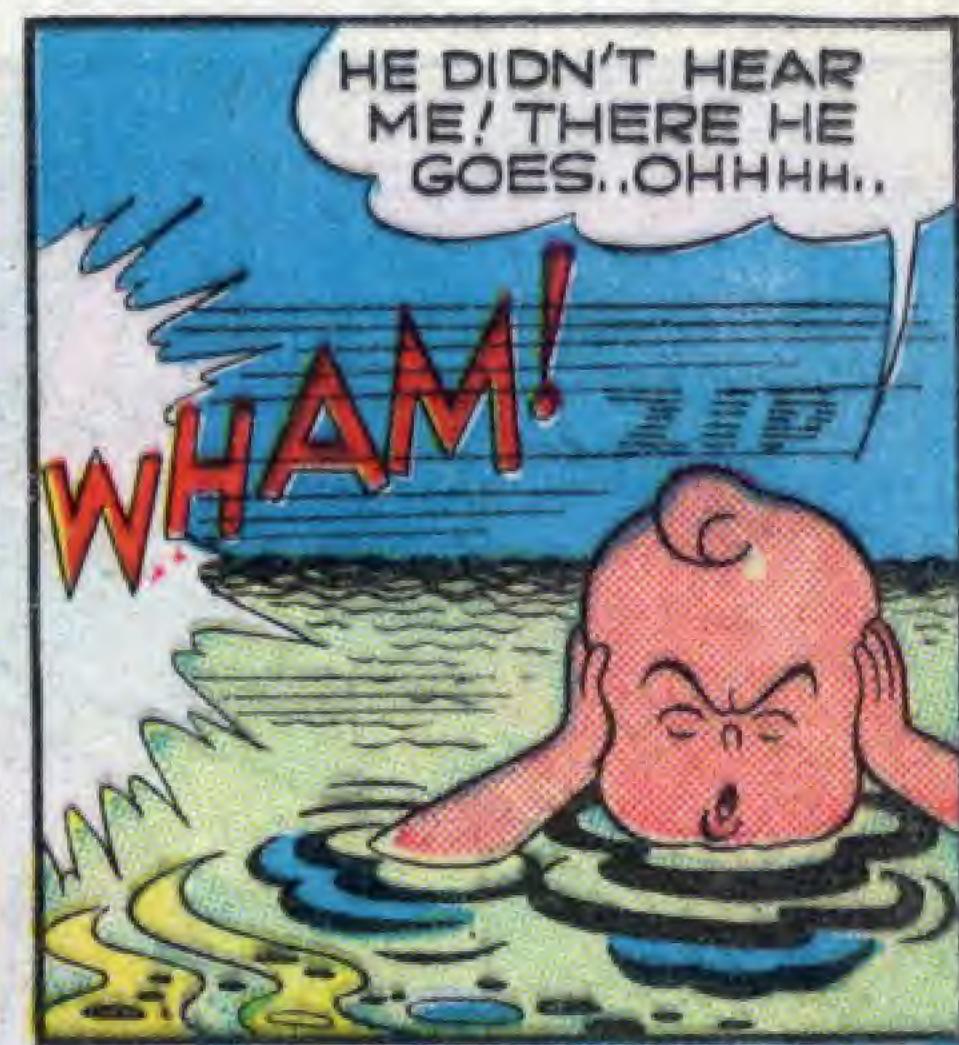
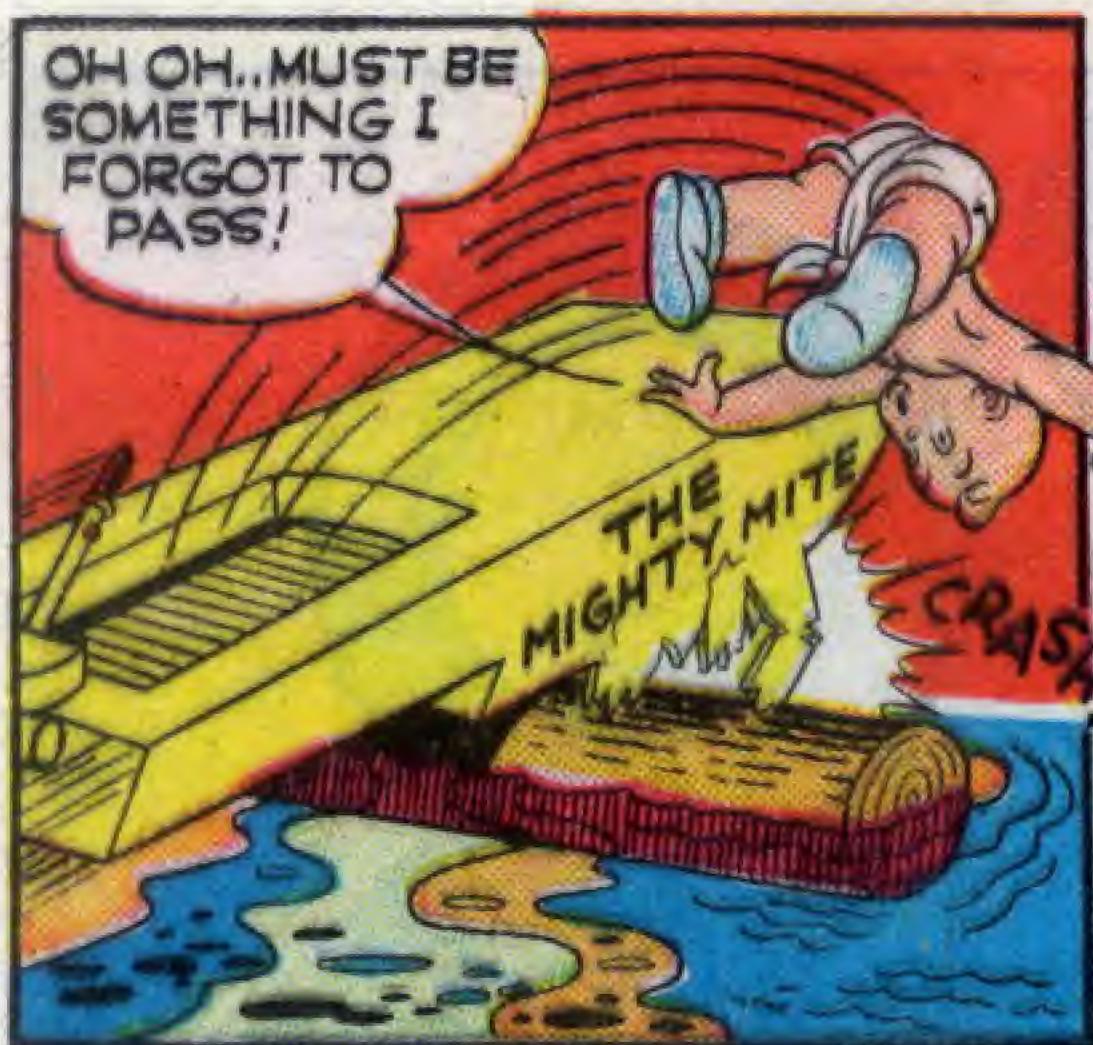


POISON IS TRYING OUT THE OUTBOARD RACING BOAT HE INTENDS TO USE IN THE ANNUAL 100 MILE RACE...



THE NEXT MORNING THE RACE STARTS... BACKWASH LEADS THE WHOLE GROUP.. AFTER ROUNDING THE FIRST TURN, HE STOPS...





HEY! I HELPED YA'CAUSE I THOUGHT YA NEEDED THAT MONEY!



Enjoy Poison Ivy in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

# ZERO

## GHOST DETECTIVE

By  
NOEL FOWLER

THE SPIRIT OF DOOM  
STALKS THE HIGHWAYS,  
CASTING TERROR  
AND DESTRUCTION  
UPON ALL WHO PASS.  
BUT ALONE, ZERO  
TRAVELS THIS  
ROAD TO MEET  
DEATH, FACE  
TO FACE...

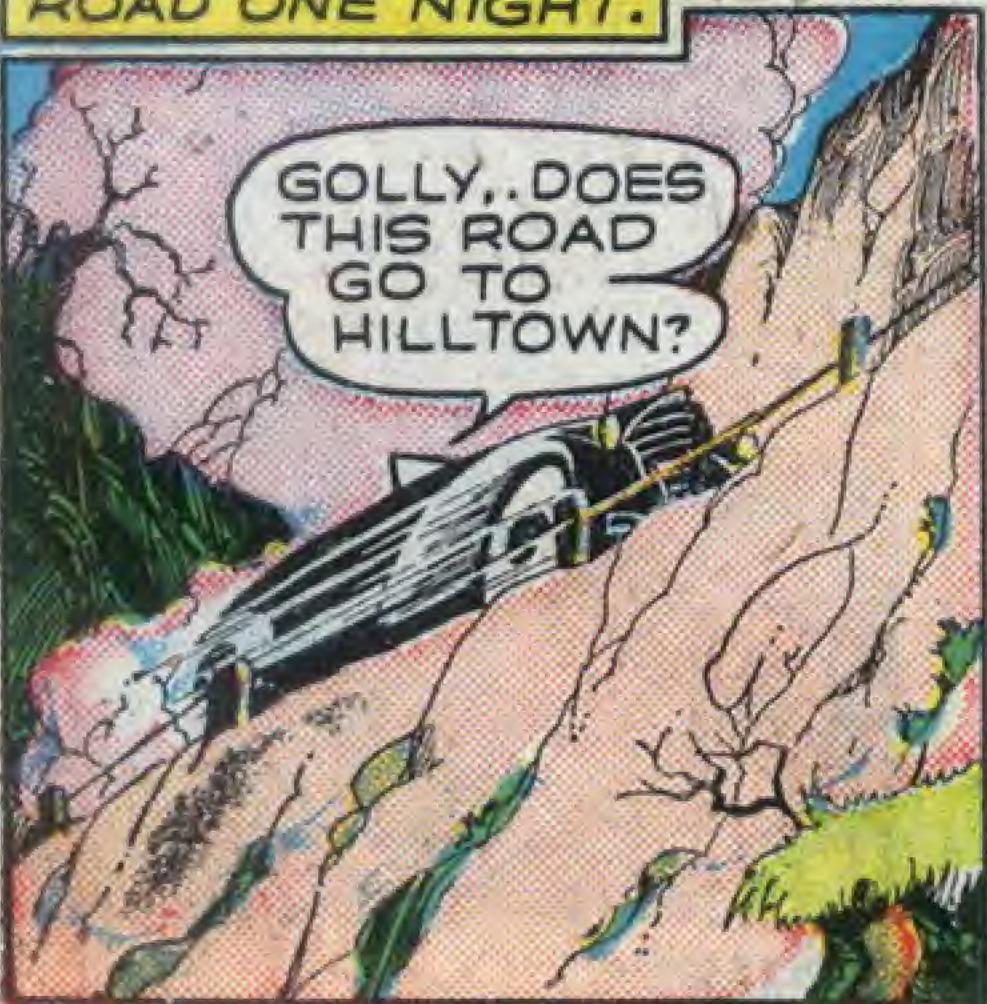


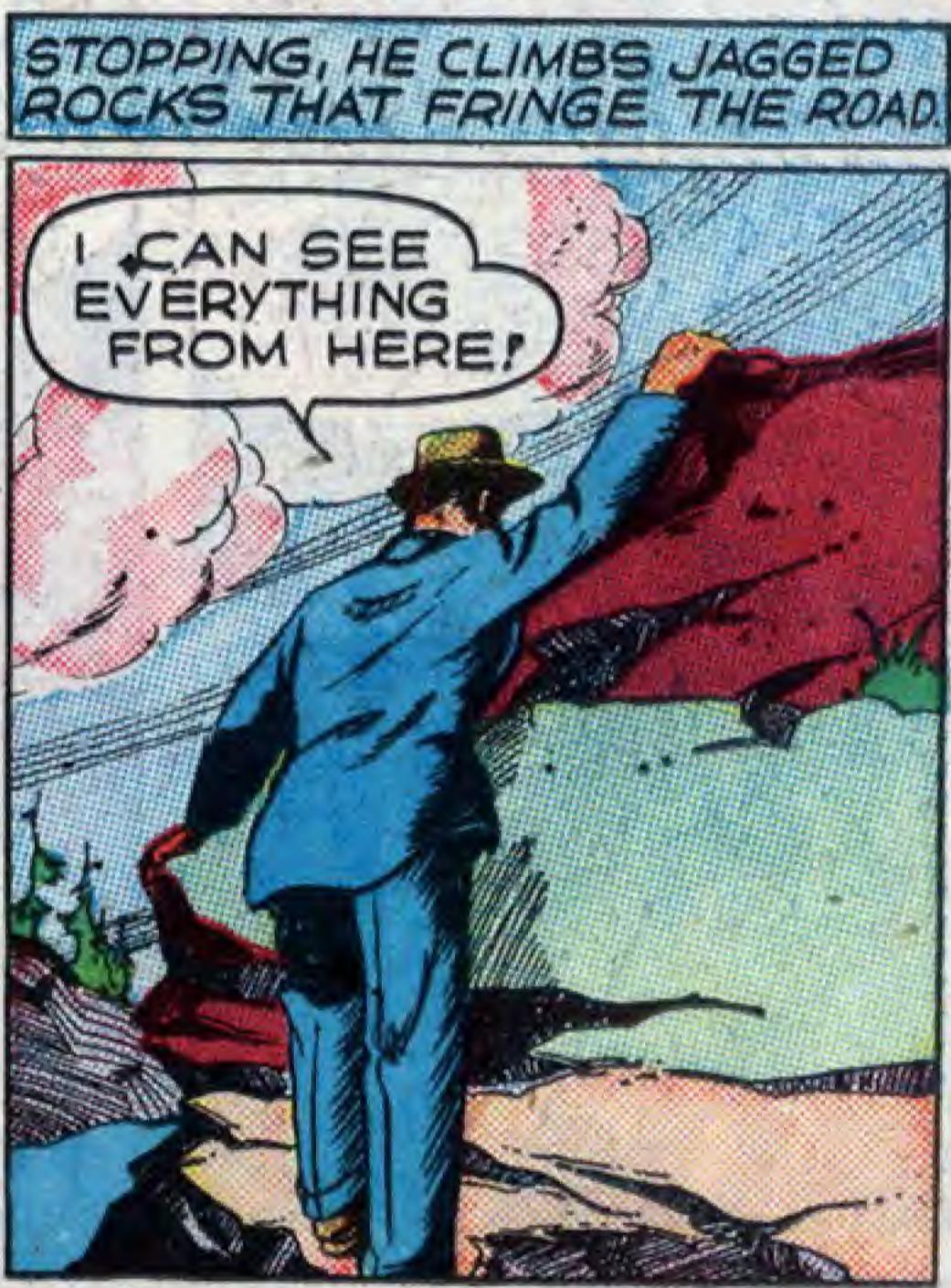
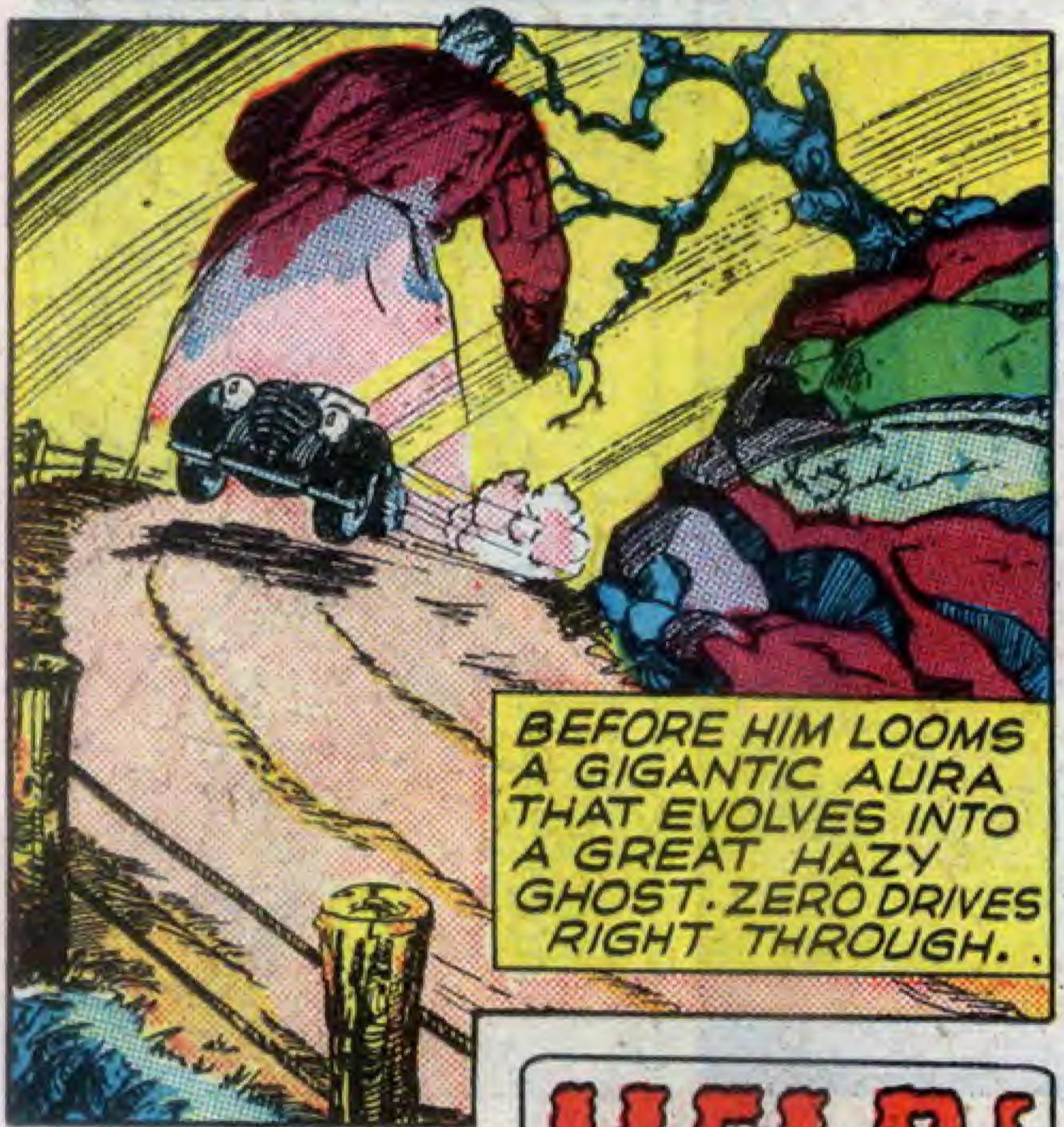
THE GHOST DETECTIVE DRIVES  
UP A NARROW MOUNTAIN  
ROAD ONE NIGHT.

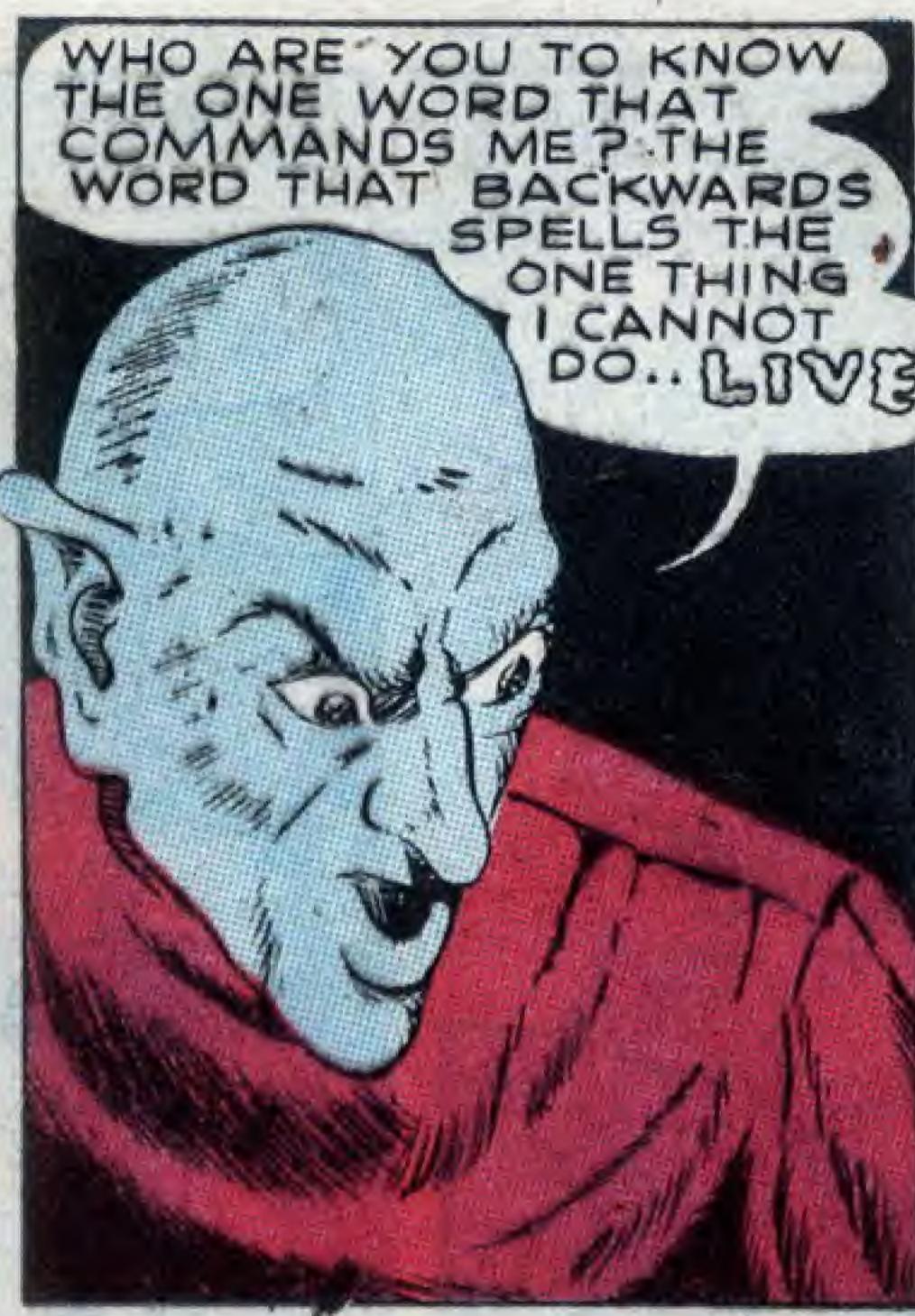
AT THE FIRST STATION, ZERO  
PULLS UP TO ASK DIRECTIONS.

HILLTOWN? STRAIGHT  
AHEAD, MISTER.. BUT  
DON'T GO THERE!

WHY?  
HILLTOWN ROAD'S  
HAUNTED.. I AIN'T  
KIDDIN'! A GHOST  
WRECKS EVERY  
CAR THAT  
PASSES!





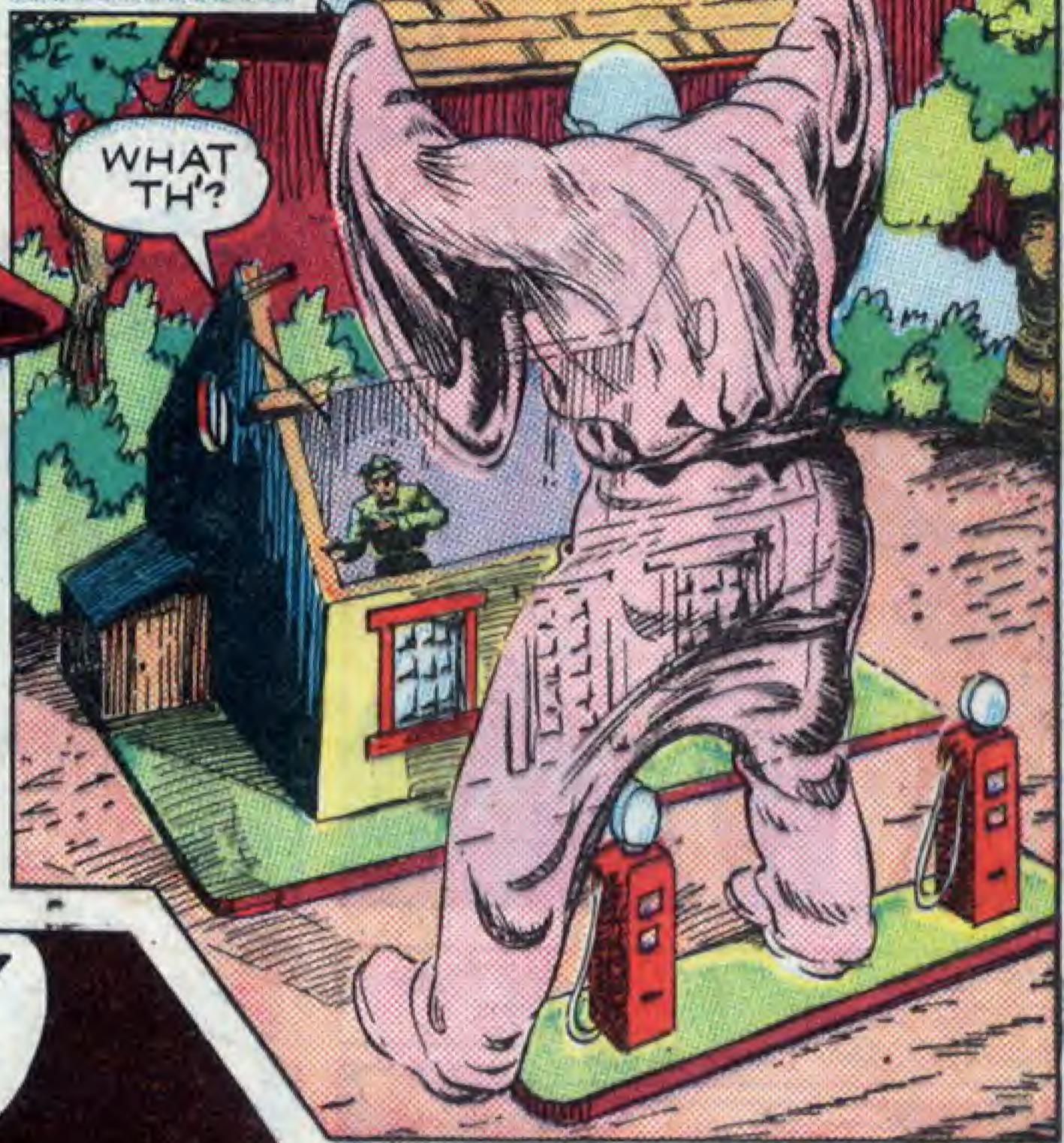


THE GREAT PHANTOM SCURRIES  
OVER THE HILLS . . .

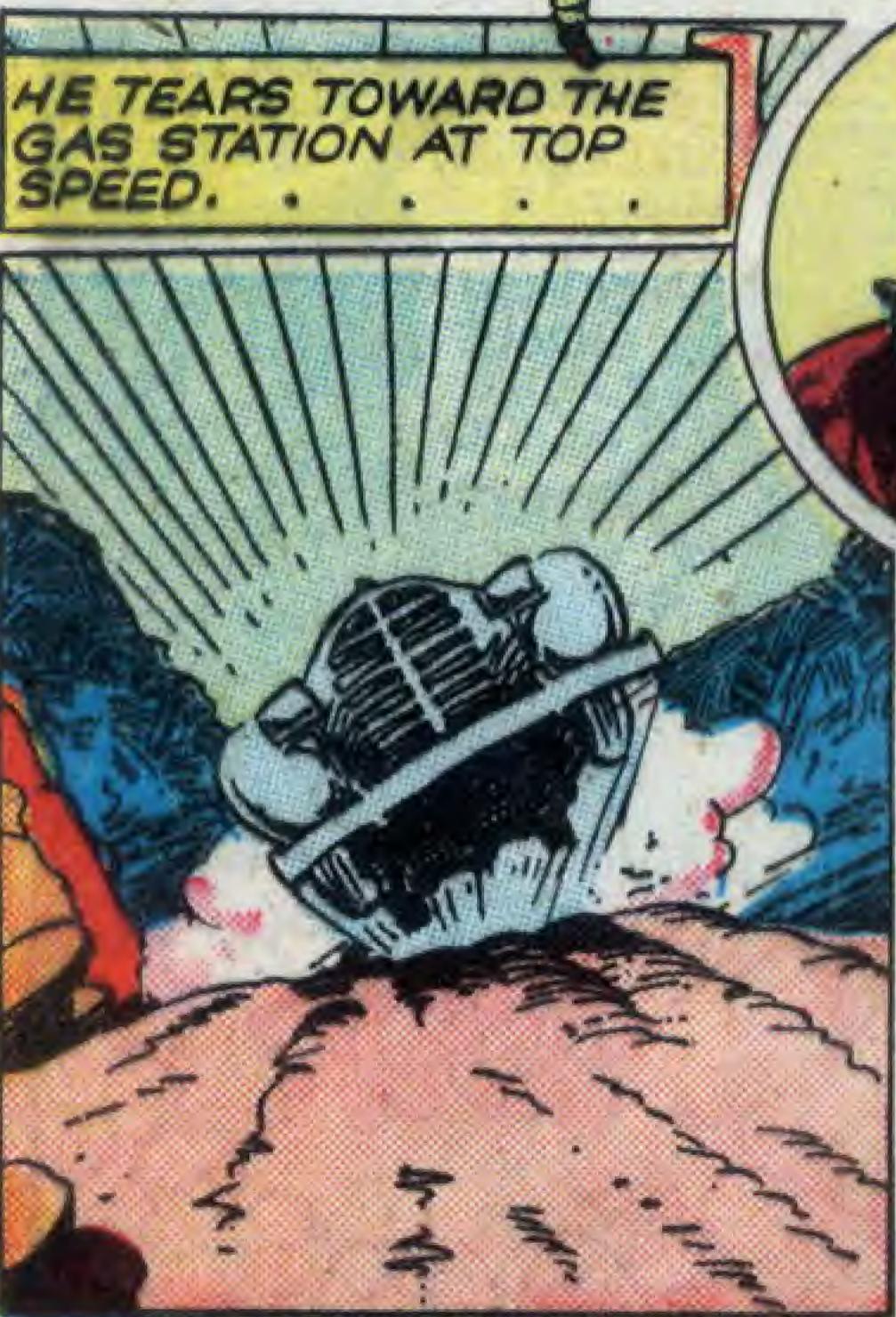
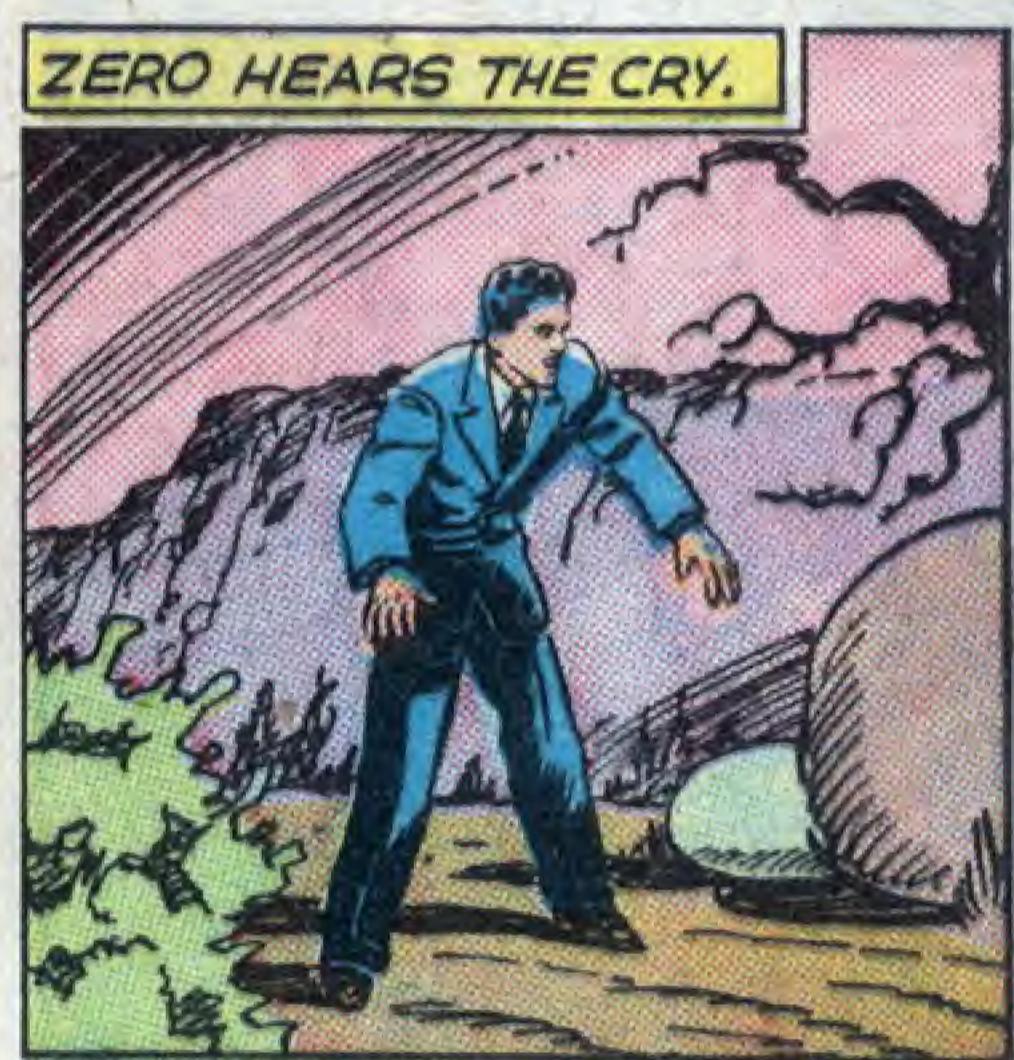
THE MORTAL IS SMART,  
BUT NO MORE THAN  
I AM. HA! HA!

HE RACES TO THE  
SAME GAS STATION  
WHERE ZERO HAD  
STOPPED BEFORE.

AND RIPS  
THE ROOF  
RIGHT OFF  
THE HOUSE.



ZERO HEARS THE CRY.

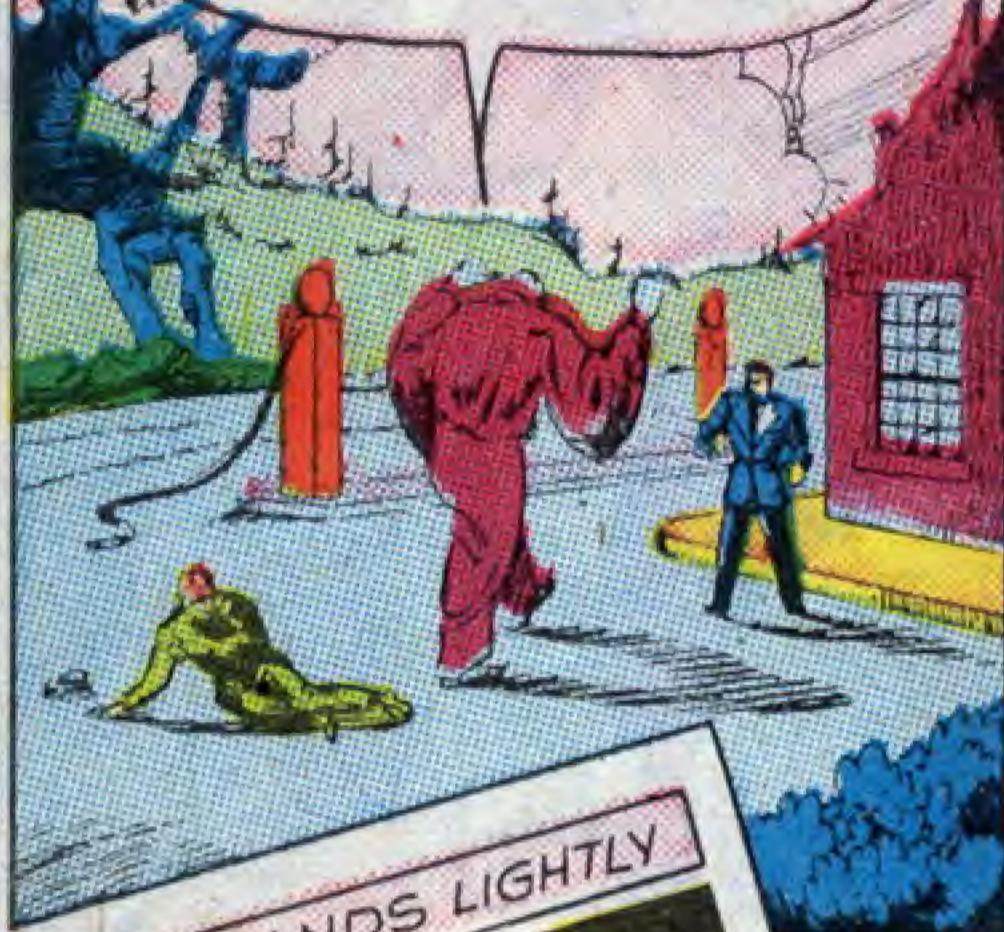


HA! HA!  
YOU'VE SAID  
THAT WORD  
ONCE TOO  
OFTEN. NOW  
IT IS USELESS  
AGAINST  
ME!

THE JOKE IS ON YOU! YOU NO LONGER HAVE POWER OVER ME AND I CAN BE AVENGED UPON YOU FOR MY PRESENT STATE.



YOU ARE MORTAL .. AND I HATE MORTALS BECAUSE I CAN NEVER BE ONE! I WAS ONCE, BUT I WAS KILLED ON THIS ROAD.. SINCE THEN I'VE SWORN TO KILL EVERY HUMAN WHO PASSES.. AND NOW I KILL YOU!



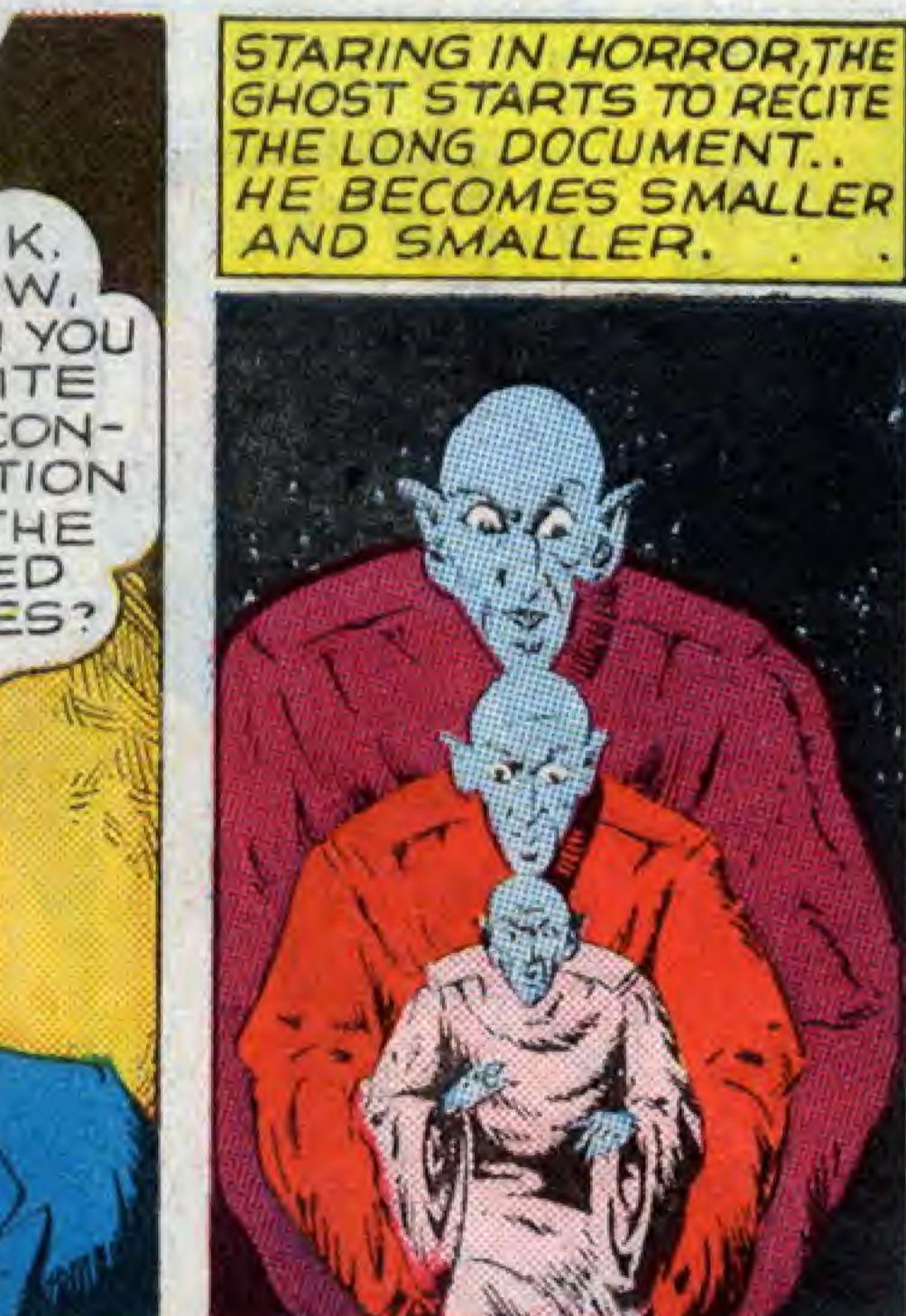
BUT ZERO IS TOO SWIFT FOR THE GHOST.



THE GIANT SPECTRE RETALIATES AND ZERO FLIES THROUGH THE AIR.



WHAT WAS YOUR NAME? WHERE DID YOU LIVE?

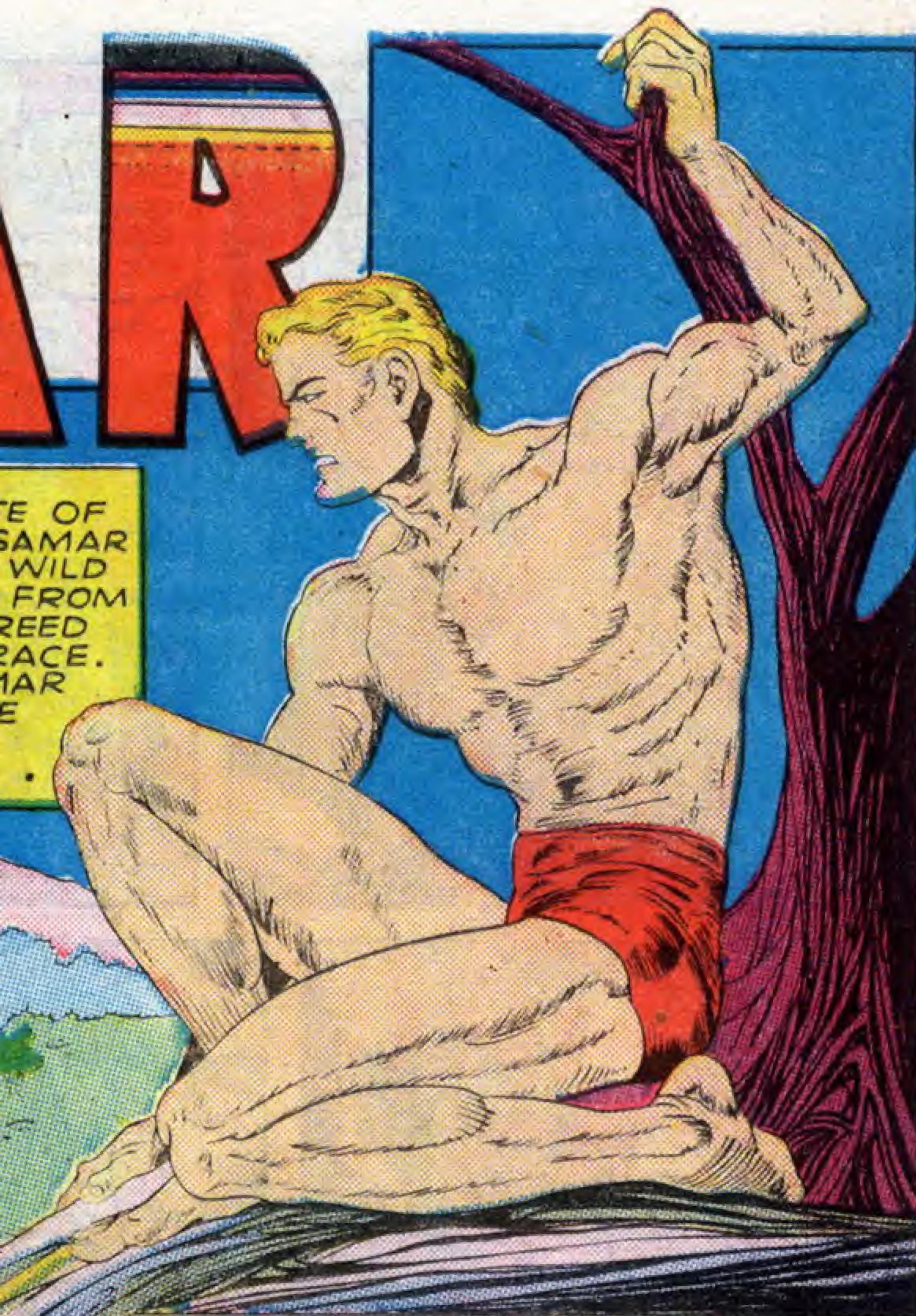


More mysterious deeds of Zero, Ghost Detective, in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

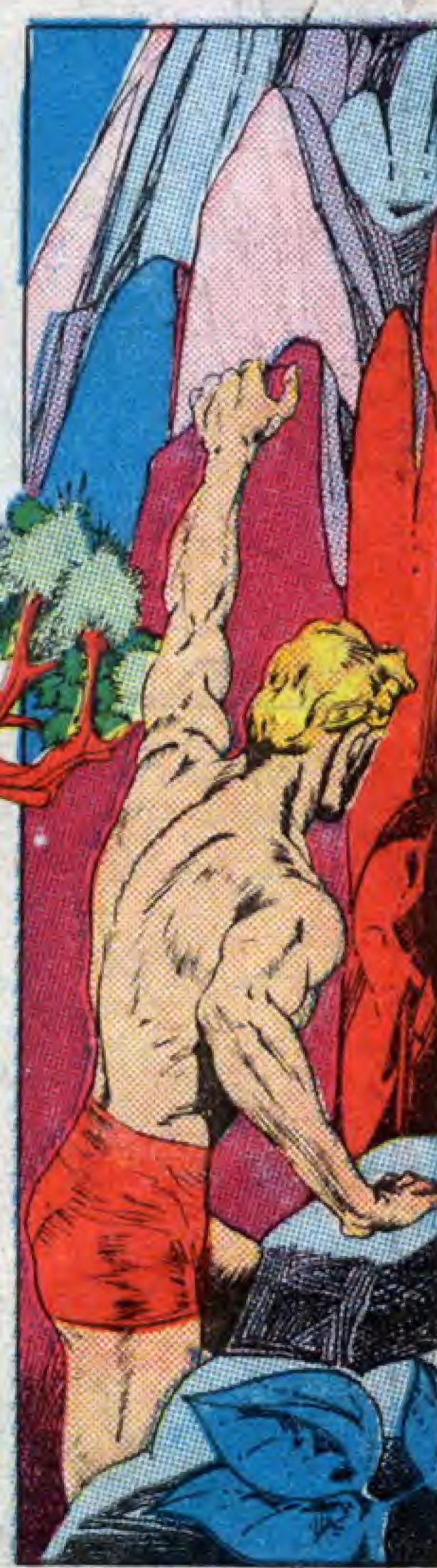
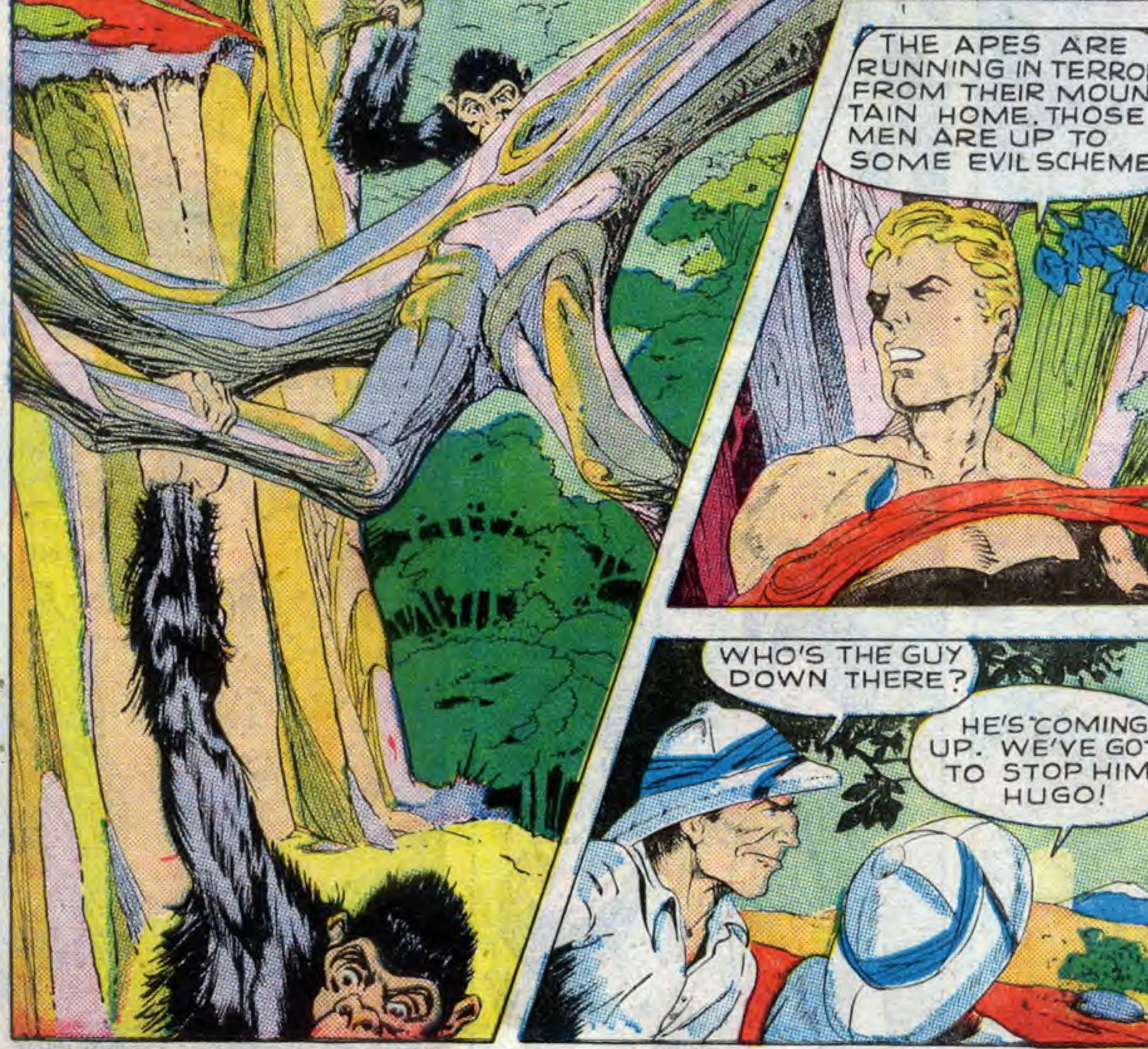
# SAMAR

By John Charles

ONE VIGILANTE OF THE JUNGLE, SAMAR DEFENDS ITS WILD CREATURES FROM THE CRUEL GREED OF HIS OWN RACE. ONE DAY SAMAR FINDS HIS APE FRIENDS IN TROUBLE . . .



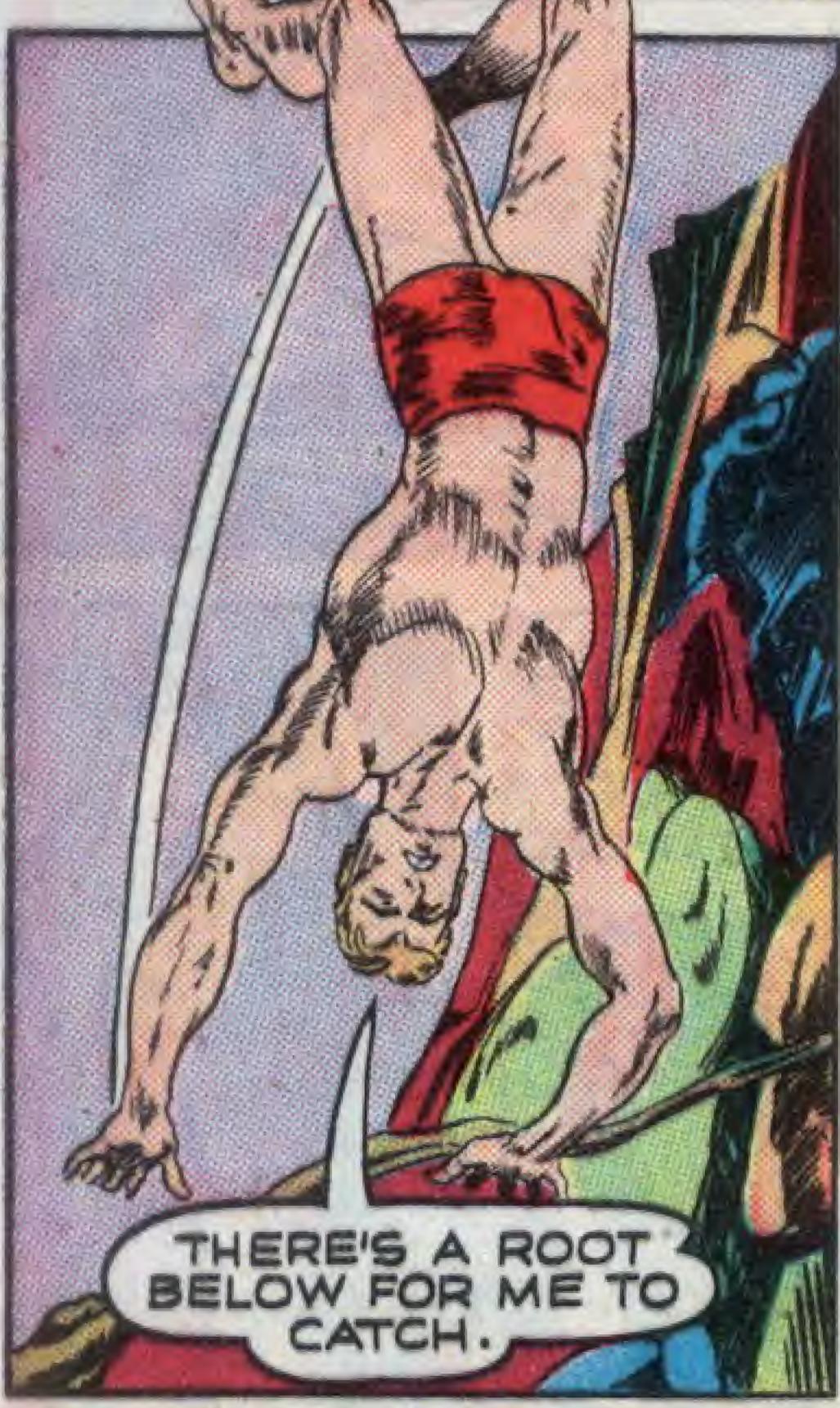
THE APES ARE RUNNING IN TERROR FROM THEIR MOUNTAIN HOME. THOSE MEN ARE UP TO SOME EVIL SCHEME!



SAMAR CLIMBS RAPIDLY UP A STOUT VINE.



I'LL USE THE SAME METHODS THE APES DO?



THERE'S A ROOT BELOW FOR ME TO CATCH.



WITH THAT GUY AND THE APES OUT OF OUR WAY, WE CAN GET TO WORK!



THAT'S RIGHT! CUT THE VINE!

FALLING ON THOSE SHARP ROCKS WILL FIX HIM.

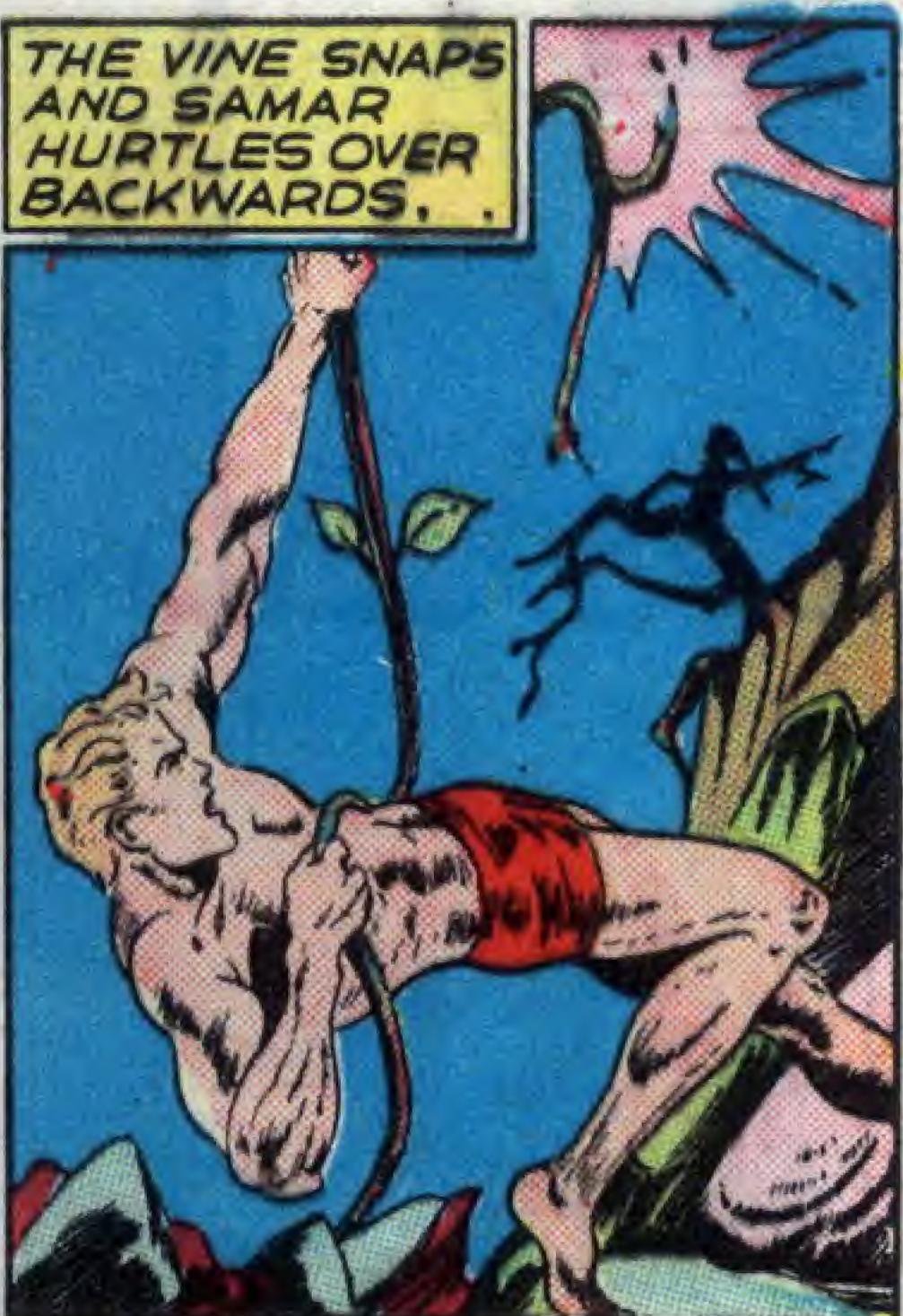


NOW IF I CAN CRAWL UP THE SHEER WALL, THOSE MEN WILL WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN.



THOSE ROCKS CAME CLOSE. I REACHED THIS OVERHANGING LEDGE JUST IN TIME!

THE VINE SNAPS AND SAMAR HURTLES OVER BACKWARDS.



BUT SAMAR'S LUCKY FALL IS OBSERVED.



HE CAN'T DUCK THESE ROCKS, GUS?



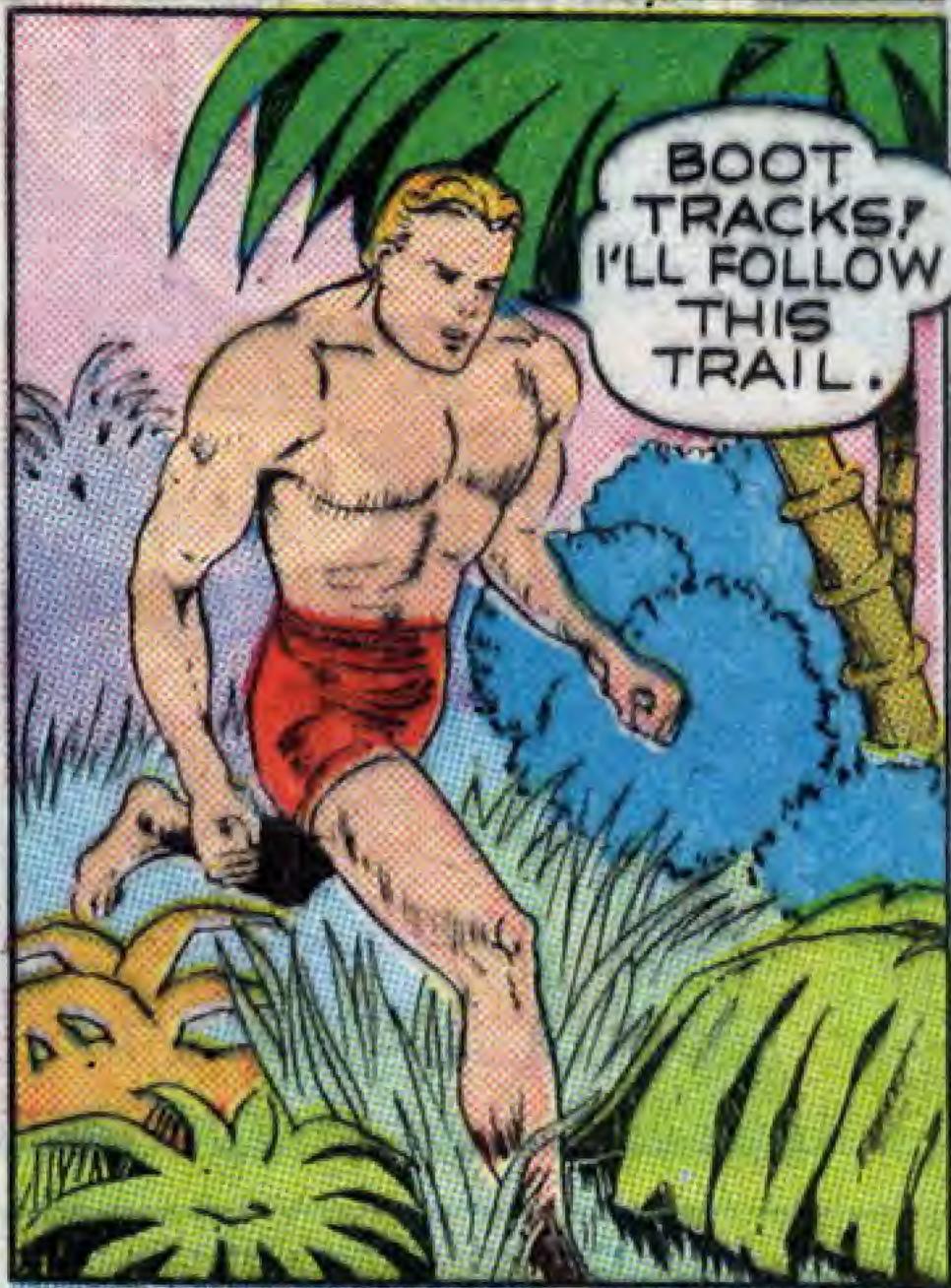
SAMAR RESUMES HIS CLIMB.

QUIET UP THERE. THEY MUST THINK I WAS KILLED!

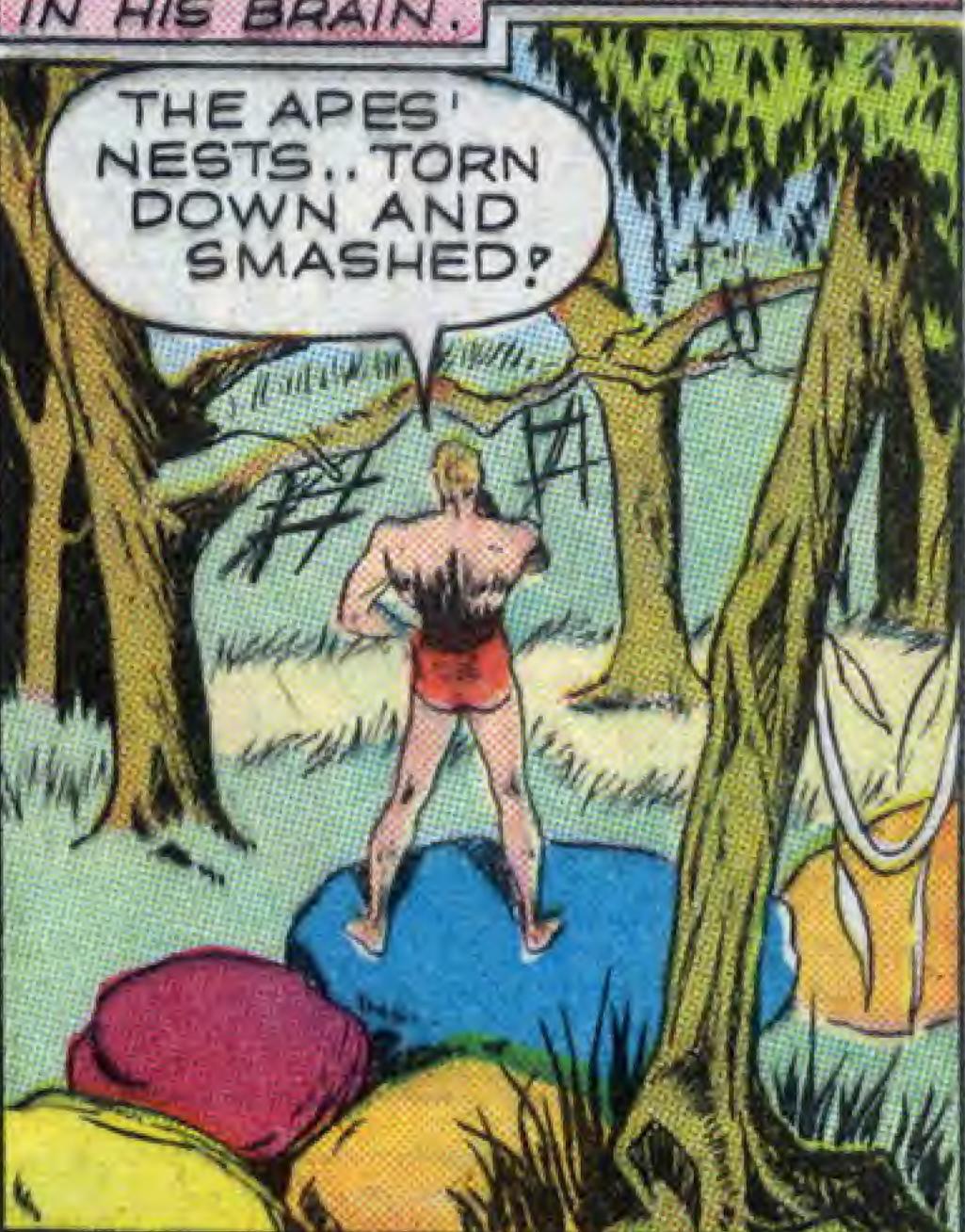
WITH AGILE SPEED, HE REACHES THE CREST.



HIS KEEN EYES PROVIDE A READY ANSWER.



AT THE SIGNS OF DESTRUCTION, SAMAR HALTS. ANGER SEETHES IN HIS BRAIN.



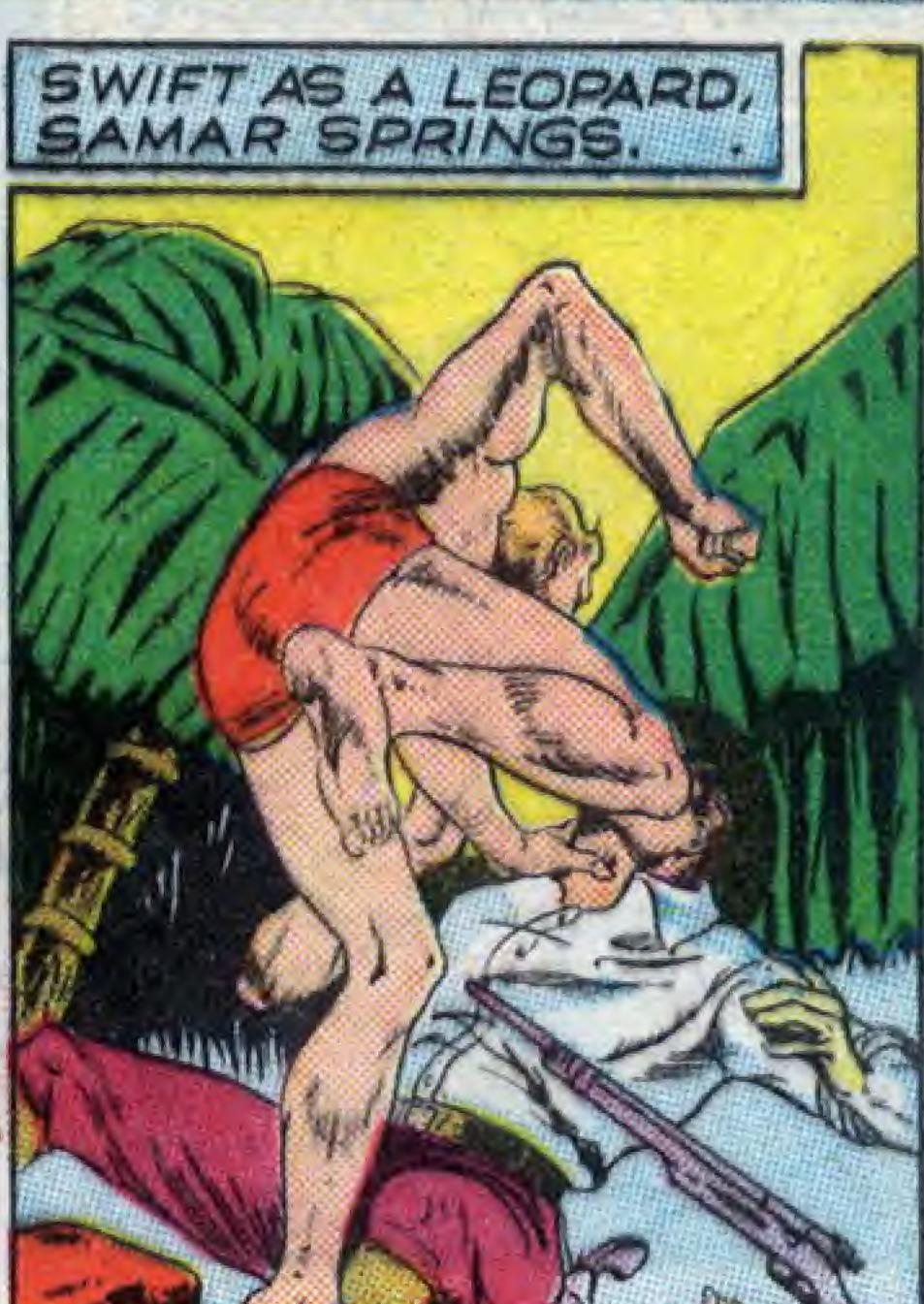
AND THERE'S THE CAMP OF THE FIENDS WHO DROVE THE APES FROM THEIR HOMES!



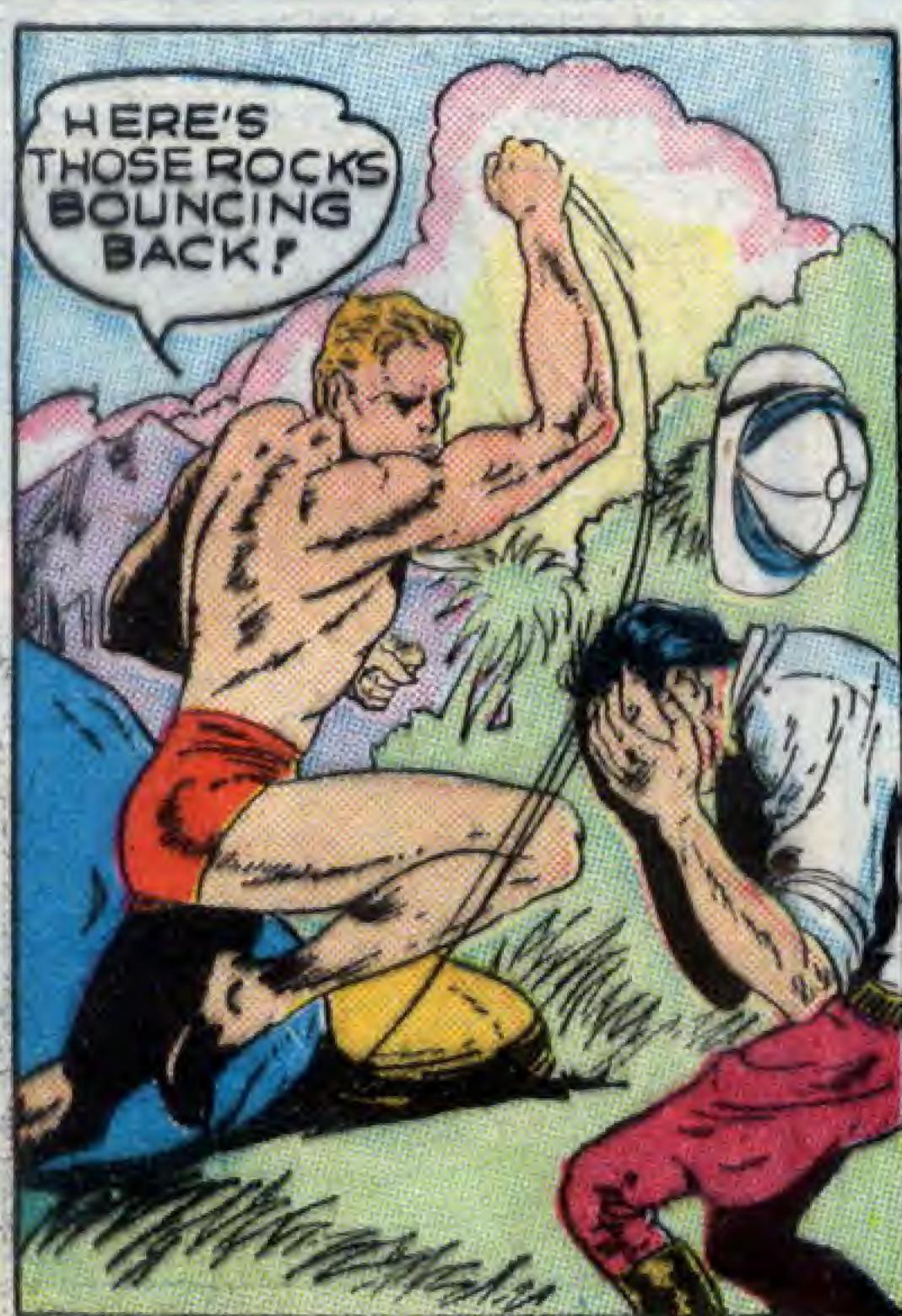
THE MEN ARE UNAWARE OF SAMAR'S STEALTHY APPROACH.



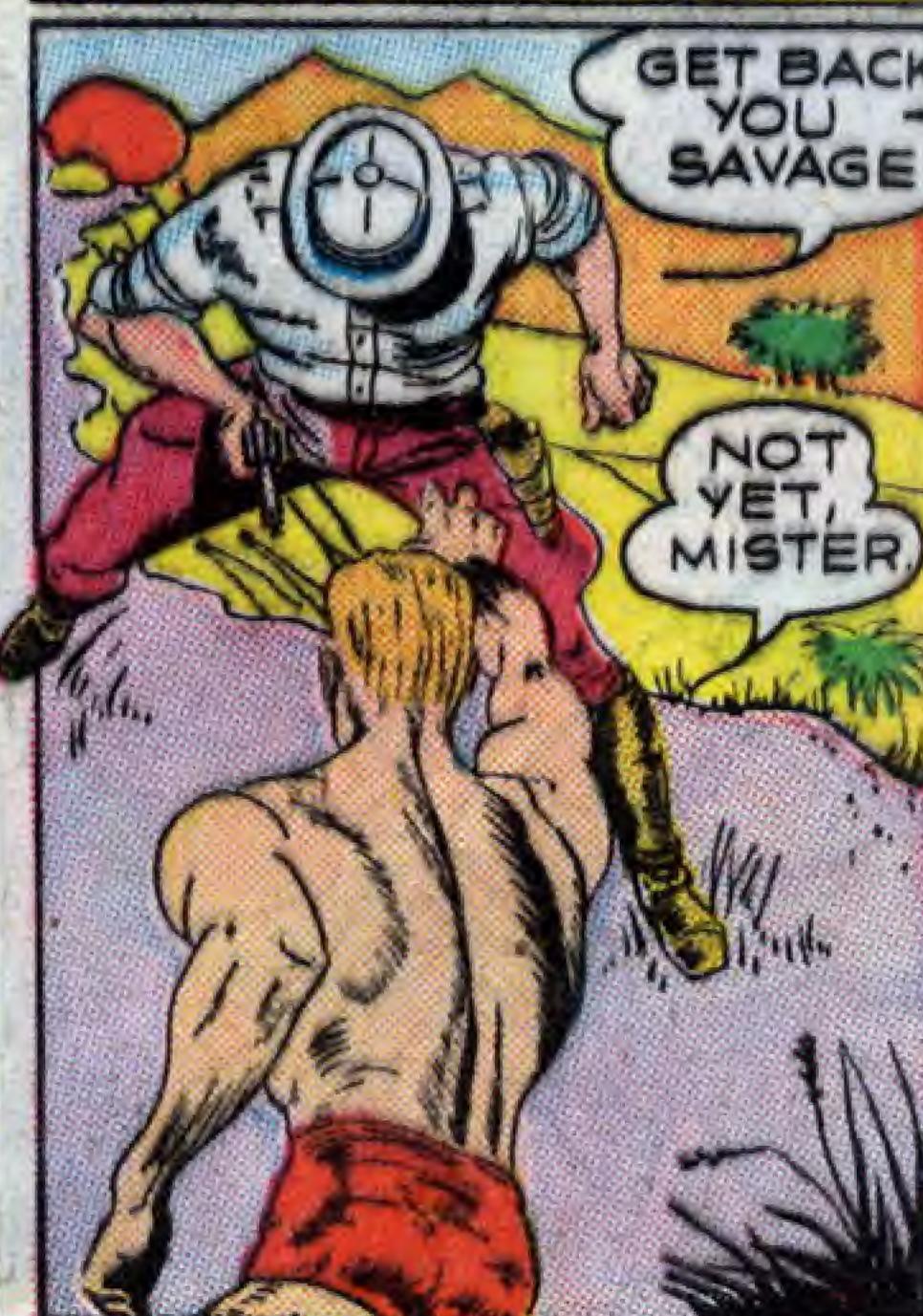
SWIFT AS A LEOPARD, SAMAR SPRINGS.



HERE'S THOSE ROCKS BOUNCING BACK!



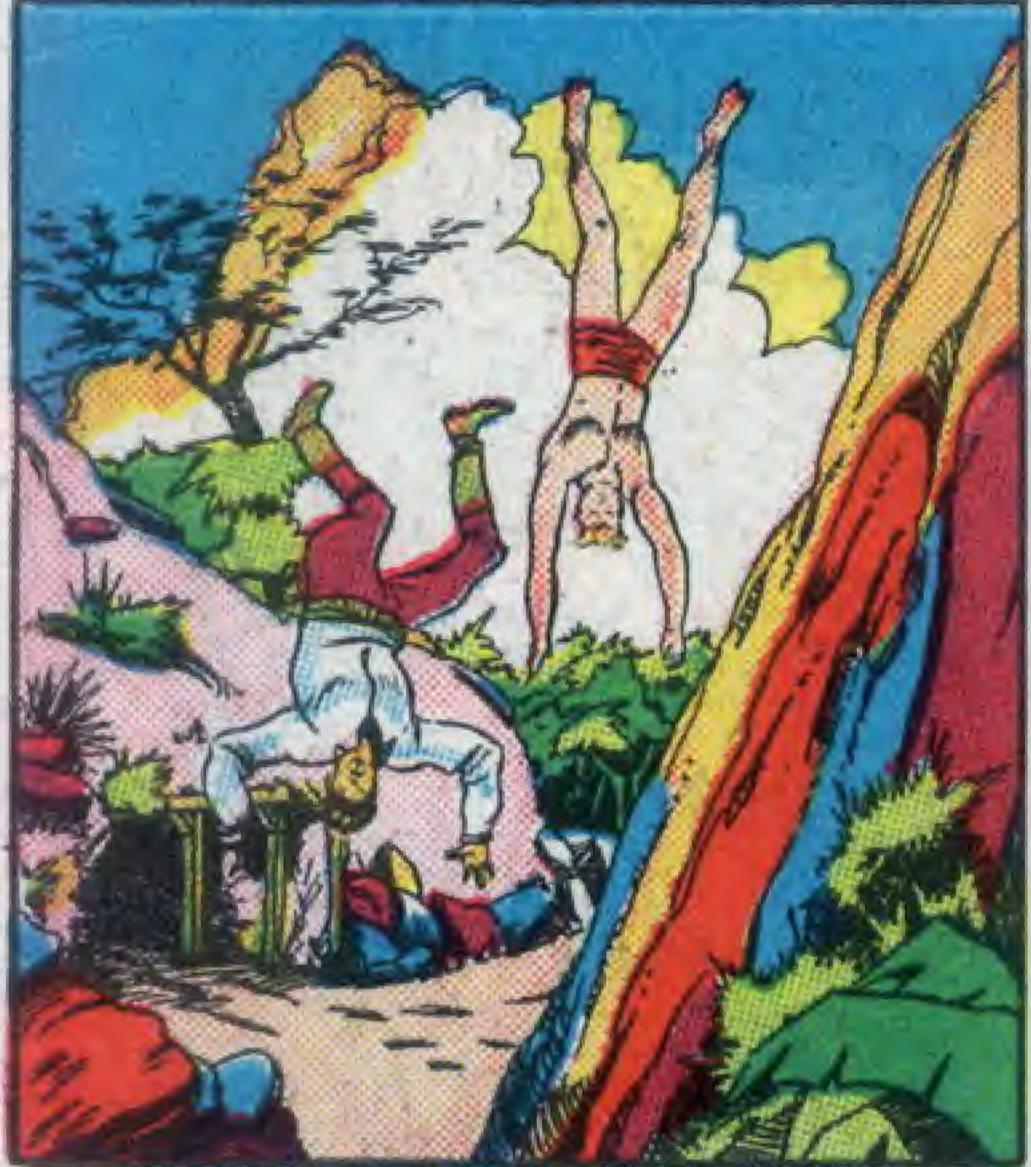
BUT HUGO FIRES BEFORE SAMAR IS UPON HIM.



SAMAR MAKES A FLYING TACKLE.



THEY ROLL DOWN THE STEEP  
INCLINE INTO THE MOUTH OF  
A FRESHLY DUG PIT.



AND SAMAR LANDS NIMBLY  
ON HIS FEET.



BUT AS THEY ENTER THE DARK  
TUNNEL, HUGO SPRINGS A  
QUICK STRATEGY.



HANDS SLIPPING ON THE  
MOIST EARTH, SAMAR'S  
HEAD STRIKES A ROCK.



THE MINER SNATCHES UP  
A PICKAXE.



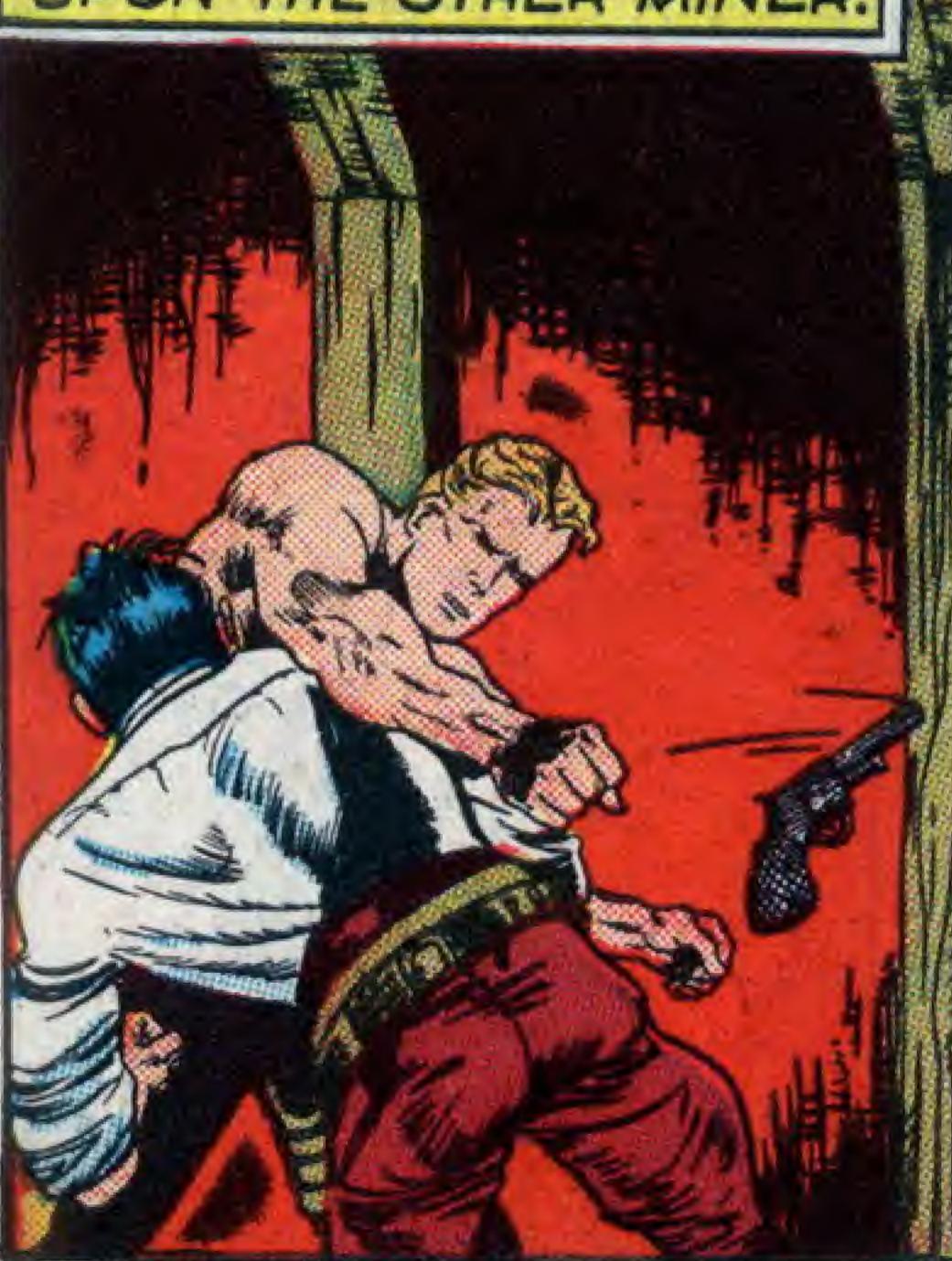
BUT  
THIS WILL  
DO IT?



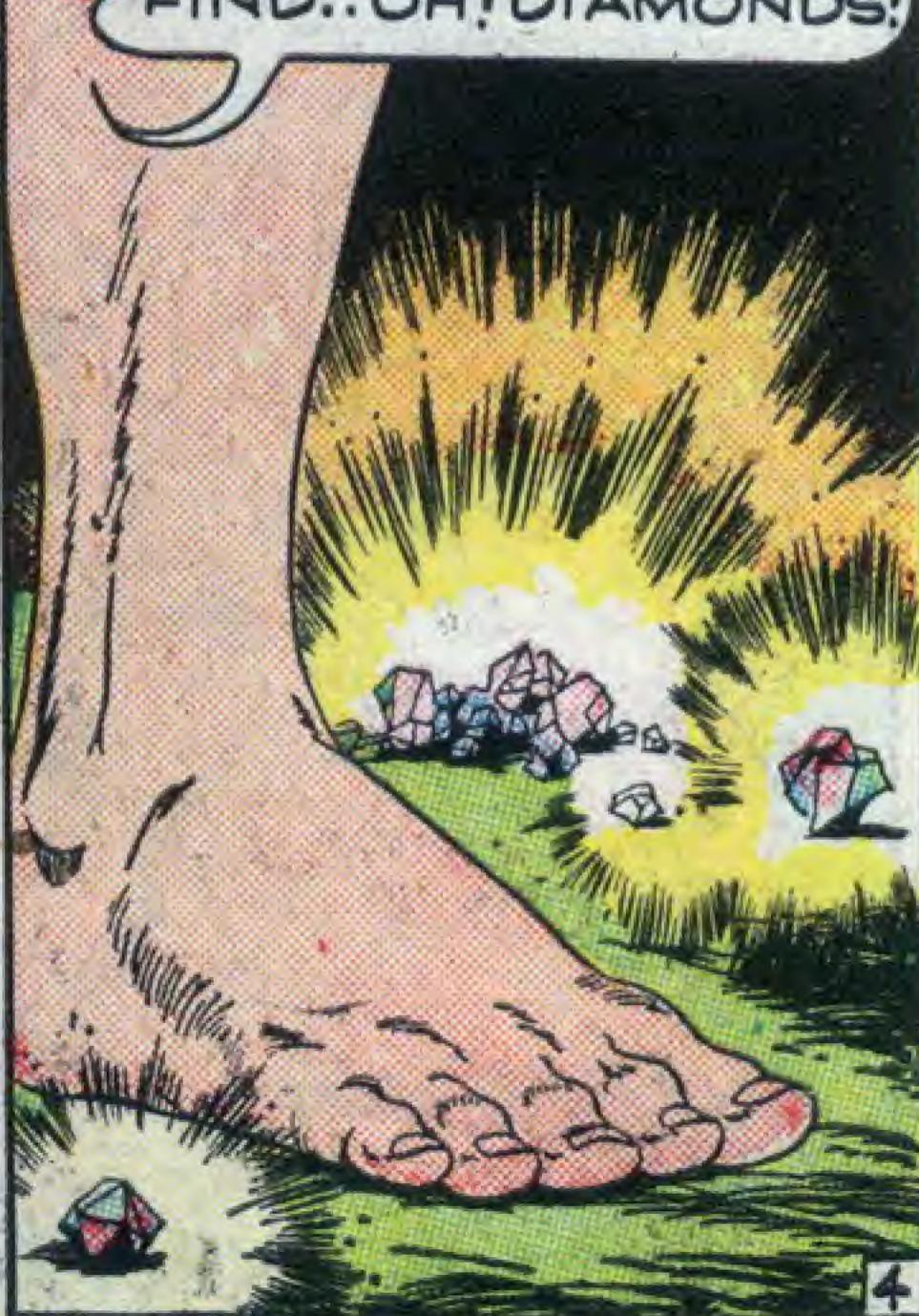
AS SAMAR GRABS AT HUGO,  
A SHOT ROARS OVER HIS  
HEAD.



RUSHING THROUGH THE  
SHADOWS, SAMAR LEAPS  
UPON THE OTHER MINER.



MY FISTS PUT THEM  
TO SLEEP.. NOW I'LL  
FIND.. OH! DIAMONDS!



BUT BEHIND SAMAR'S BACK,  
THE MINERS ARE WIDE  
AWAKE.

TOUCH A  
MATCH TO THE  
RAG. THIS'LL  
FINISH  
HIM!

GINGERLY, HIS ACCOMPLICE  
HOLDS A MATCH TO THE  
OILY RAG.

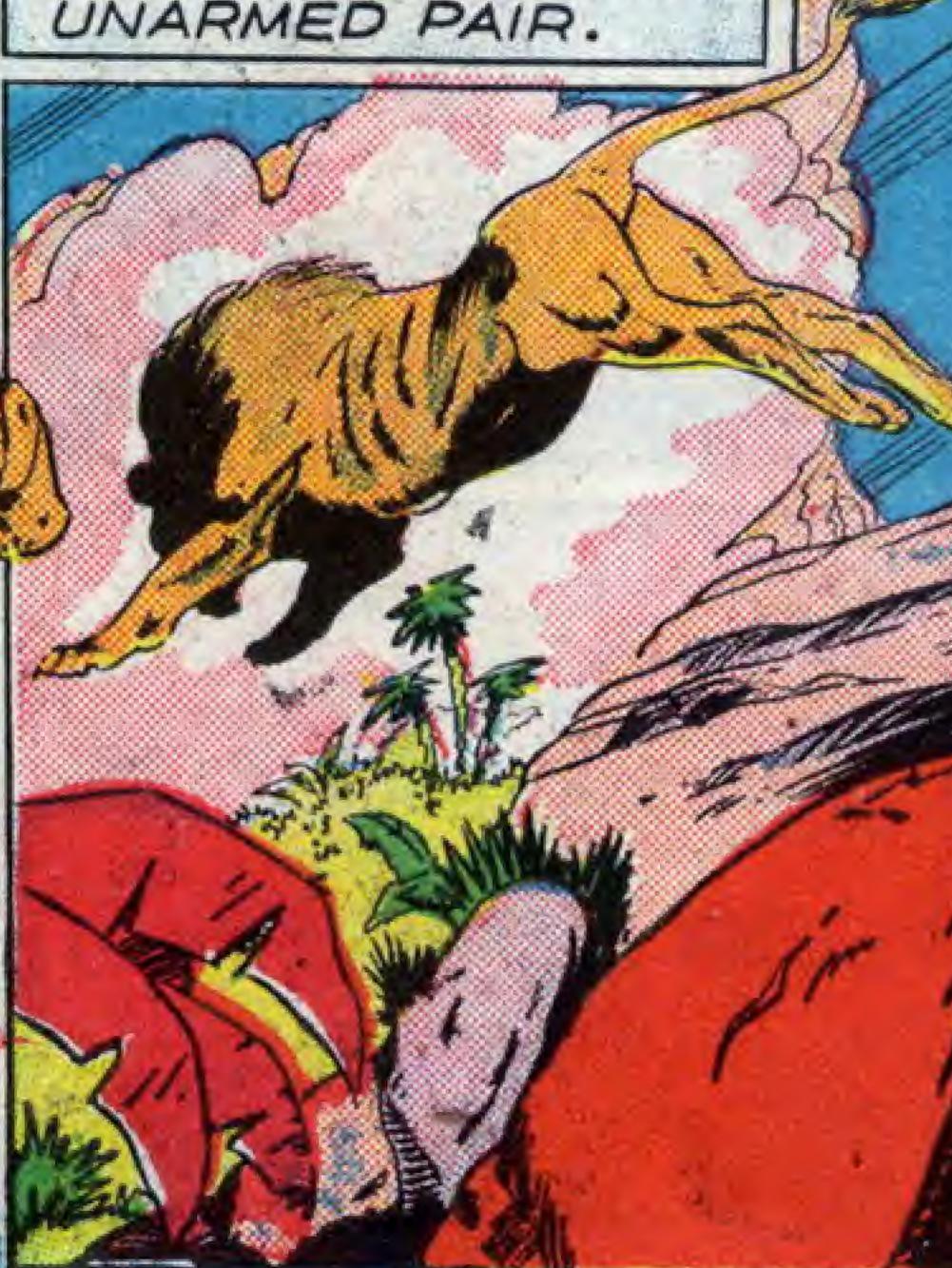
BEFORE THE MINER CAN  
HURL THE FLAMING MISSILE,  
THE GAS EXPLODES . . .



DOWN THE TRAIL, A HUNGRY LION LIES IN WAIT FOR PREY.

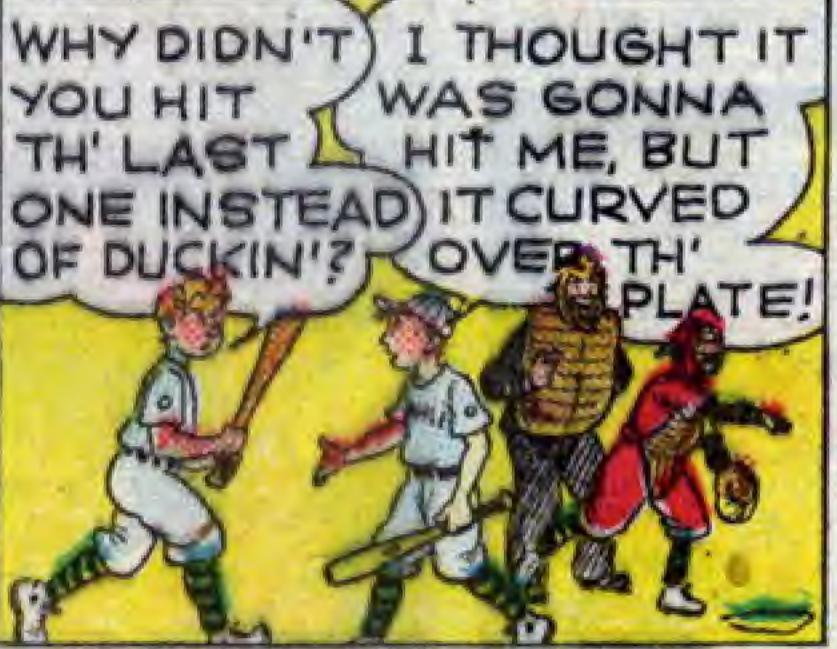
THE KING OF BEASTS SPRINGS UPON THE UNARMED PAIR.

SERVES THEM RIGHT.. JUNGLE LAWS MUST BE ENFORCED BY THE ANIMALS.



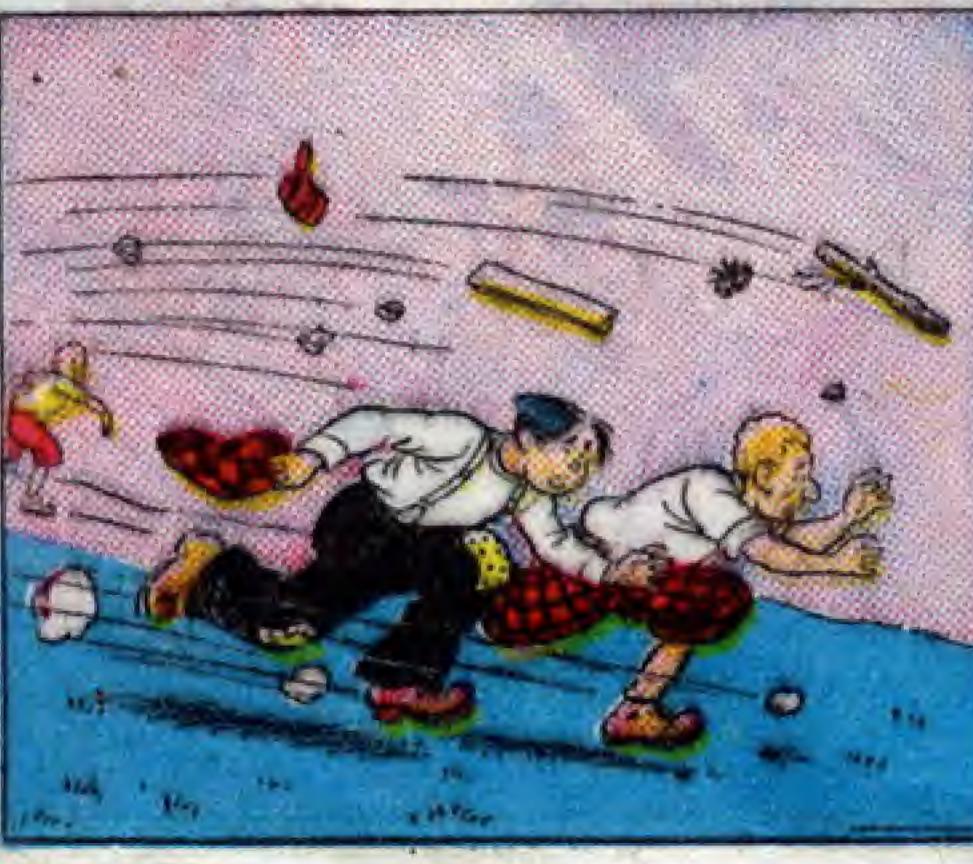
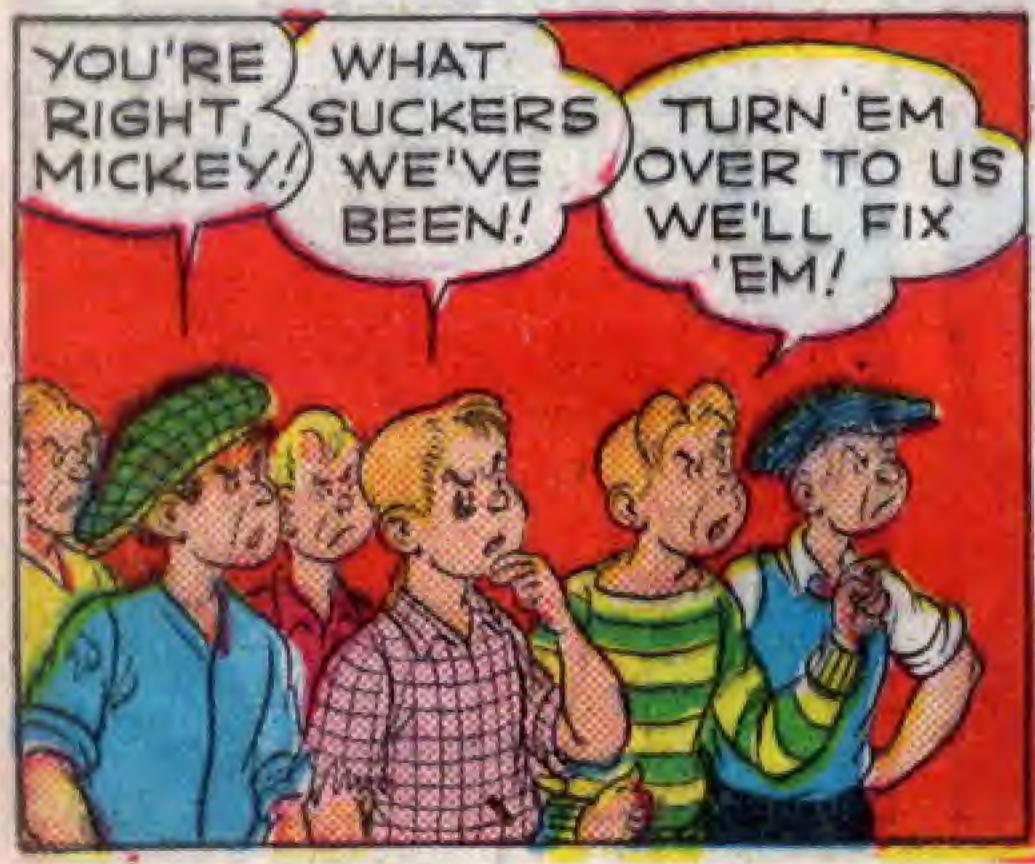
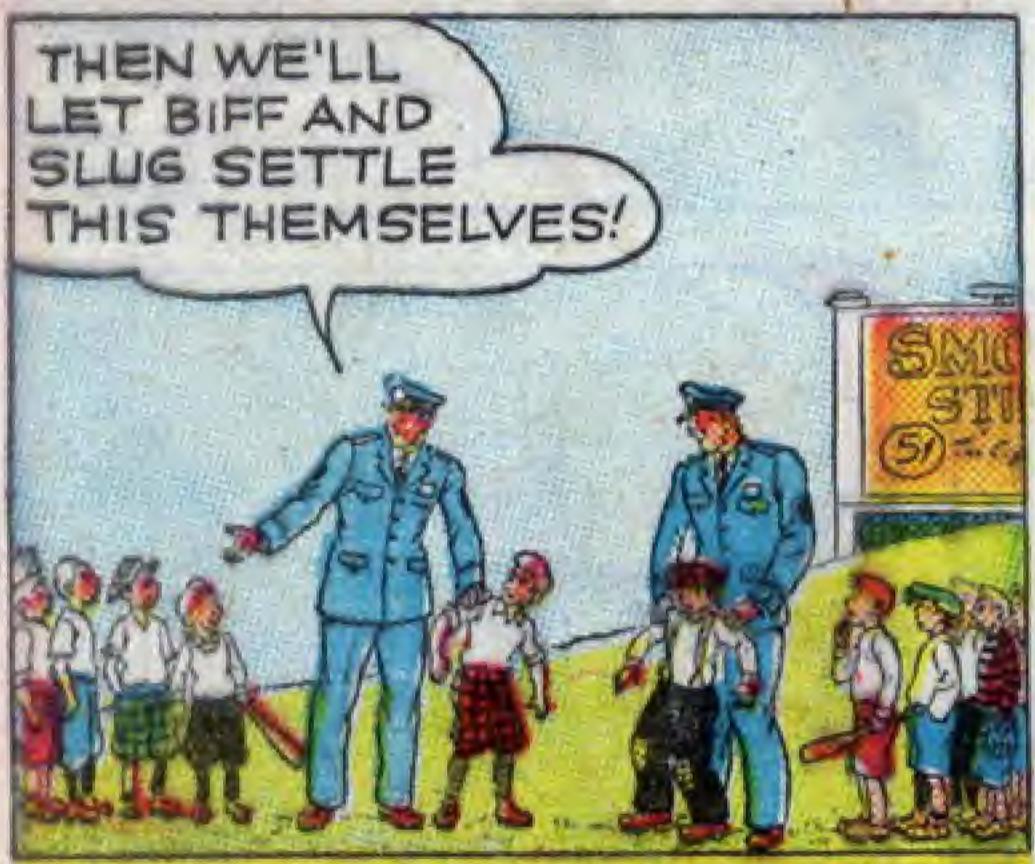
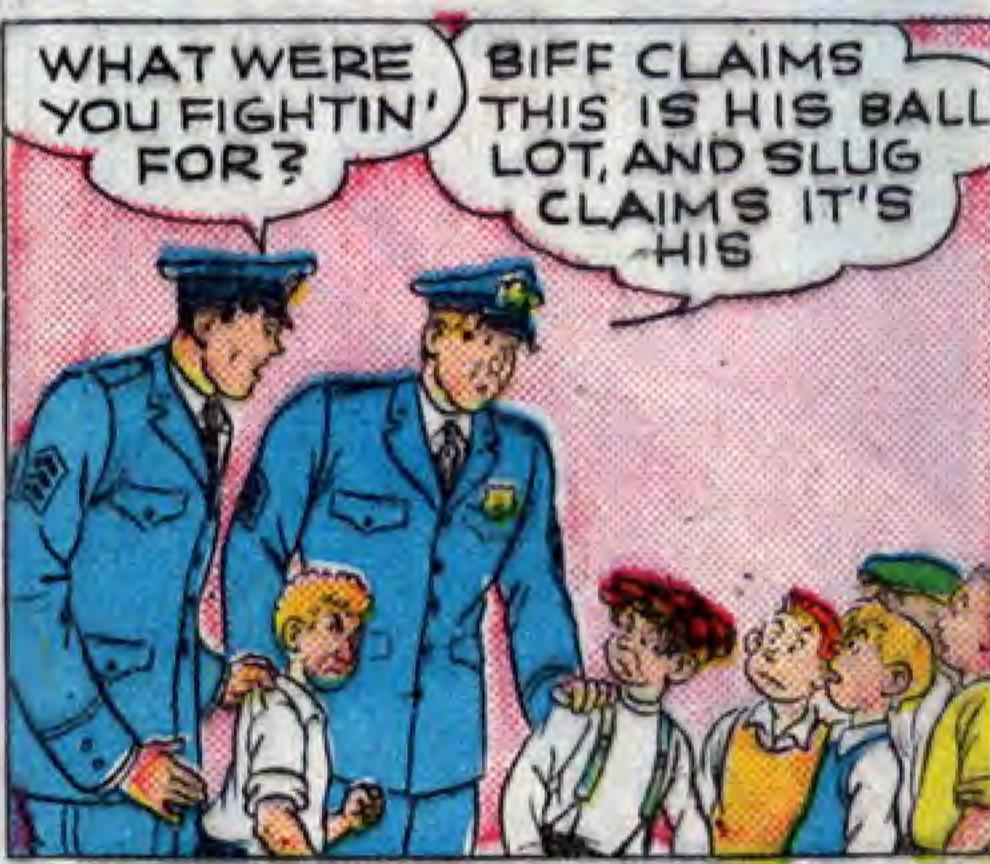
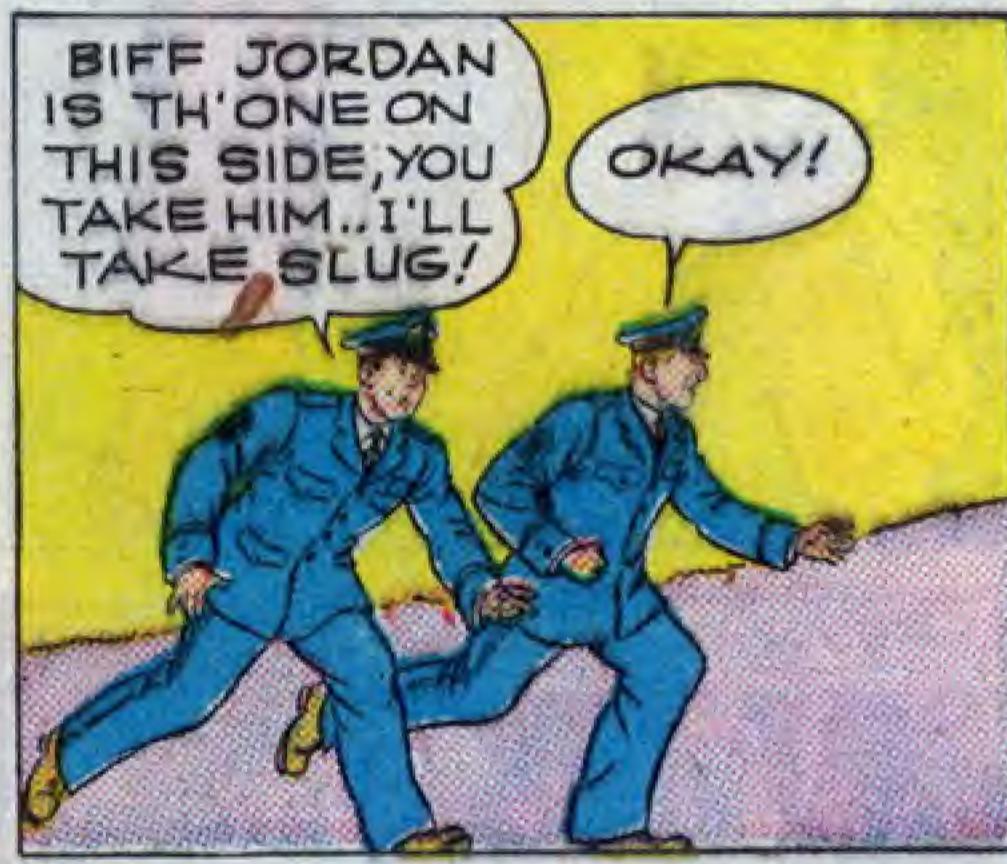
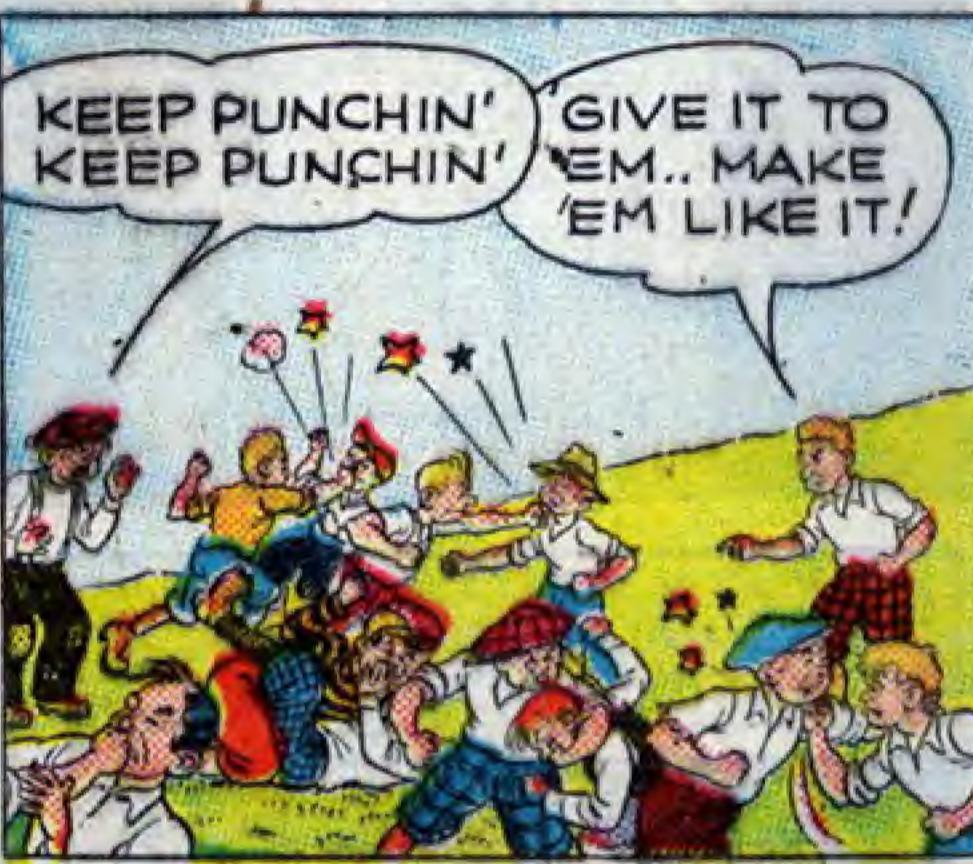
Don't miss Samar in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 25th.

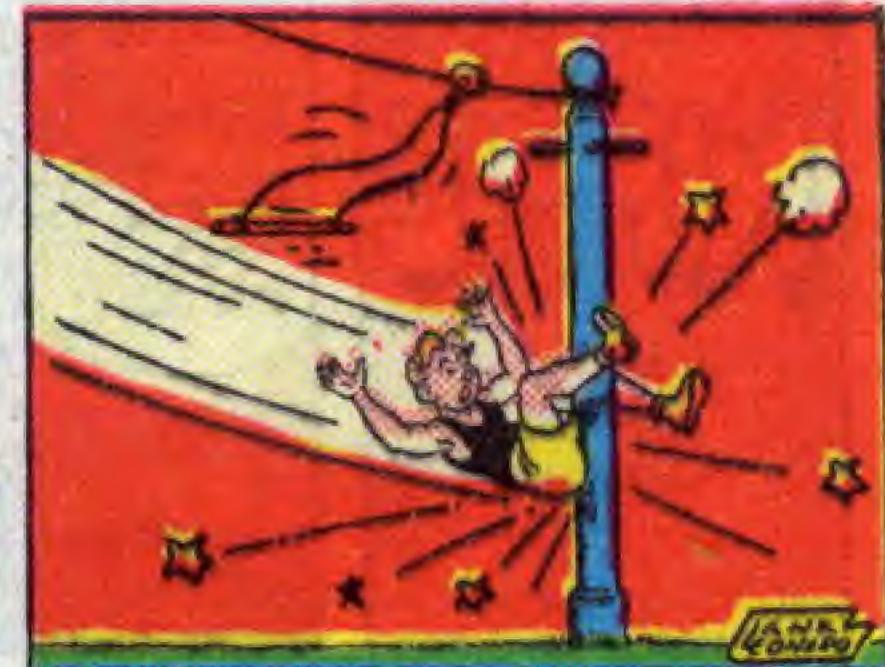
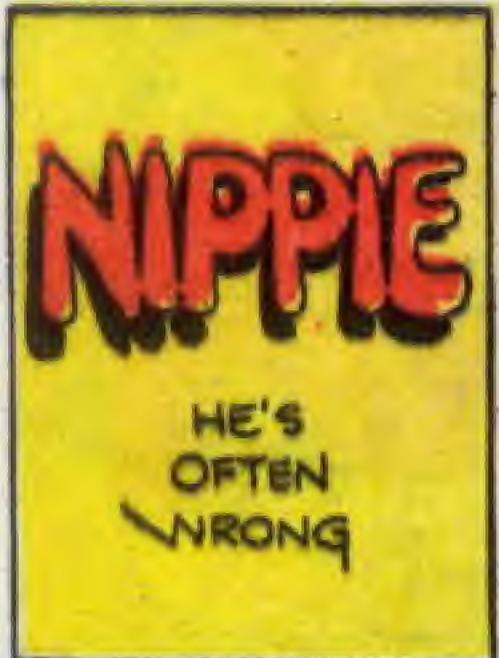
**NIPPIE**  
HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG



## MICKEY FINN

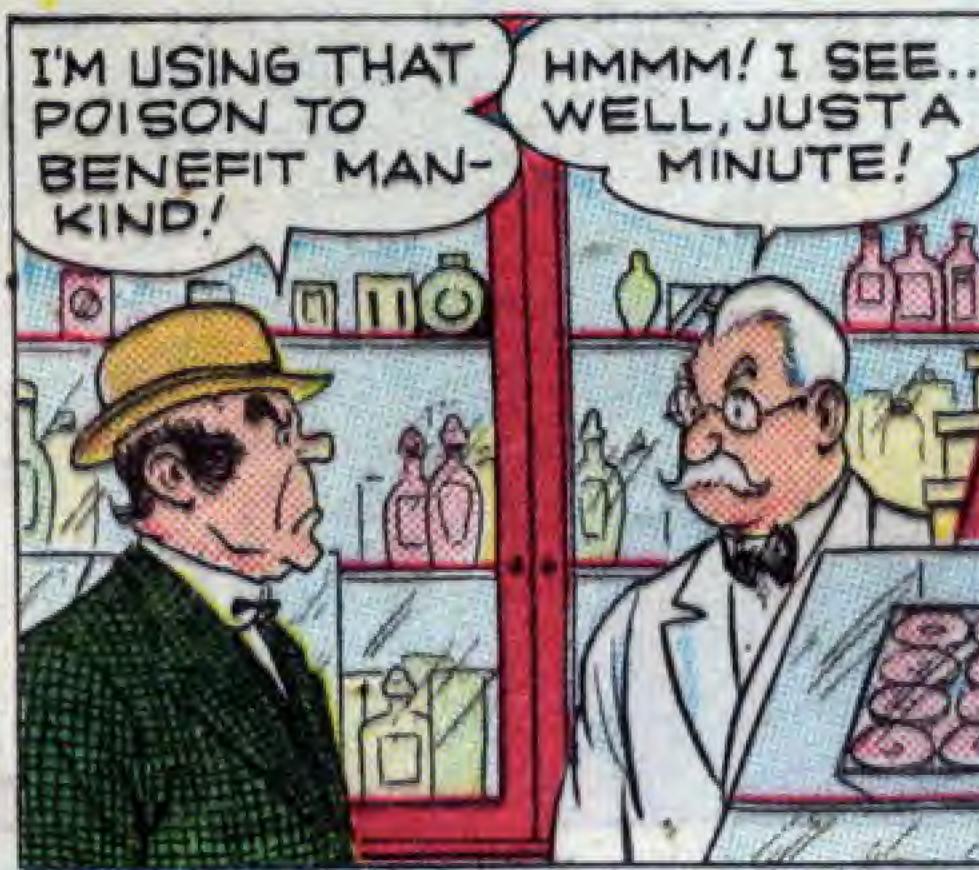
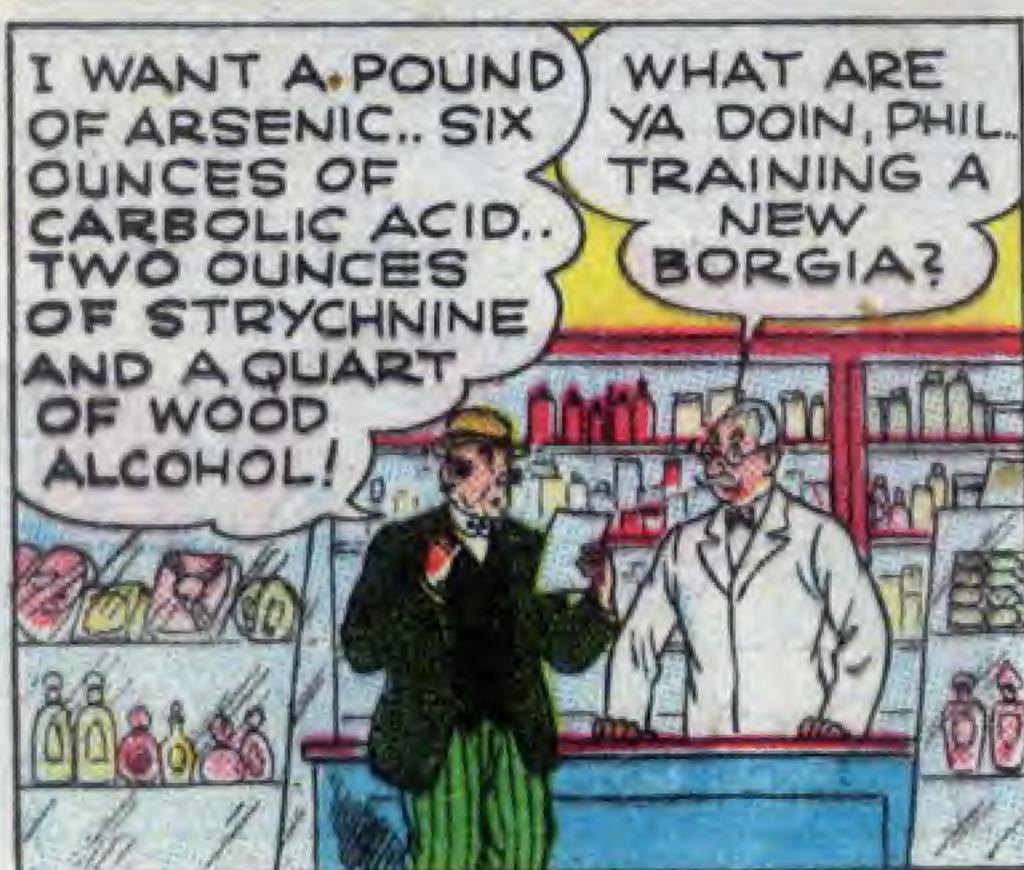
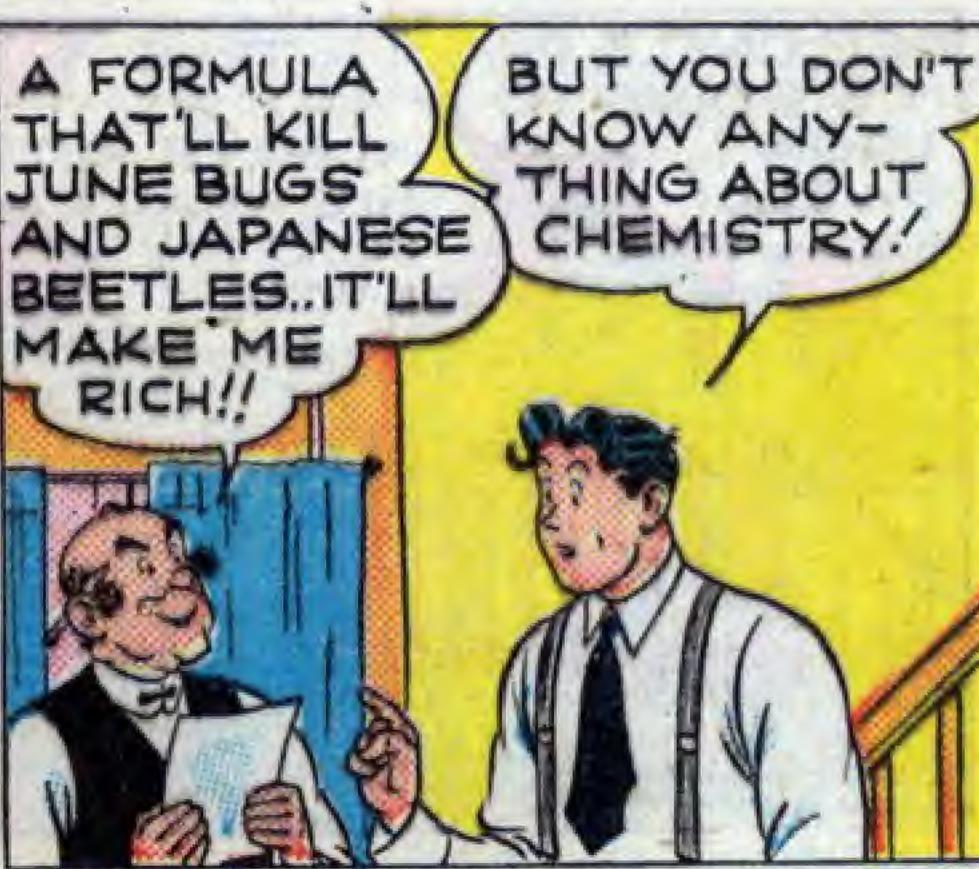
By LANK LEONARD





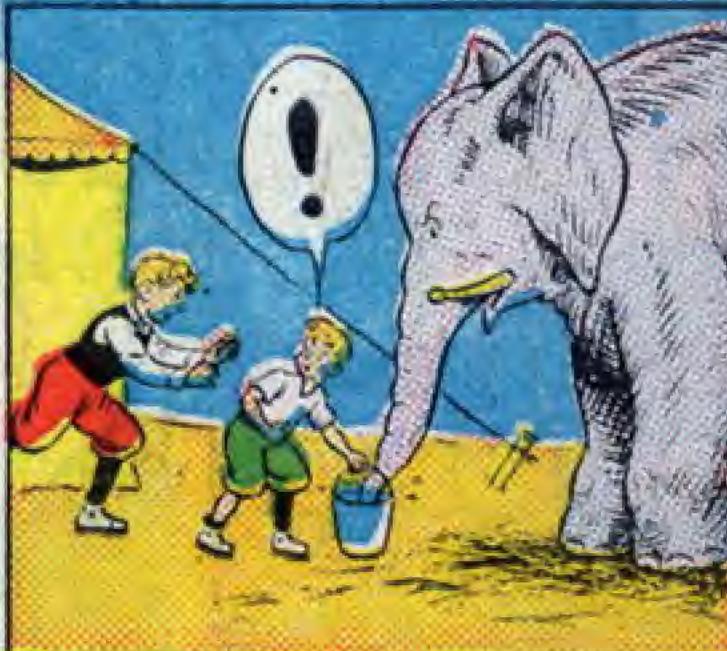
## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



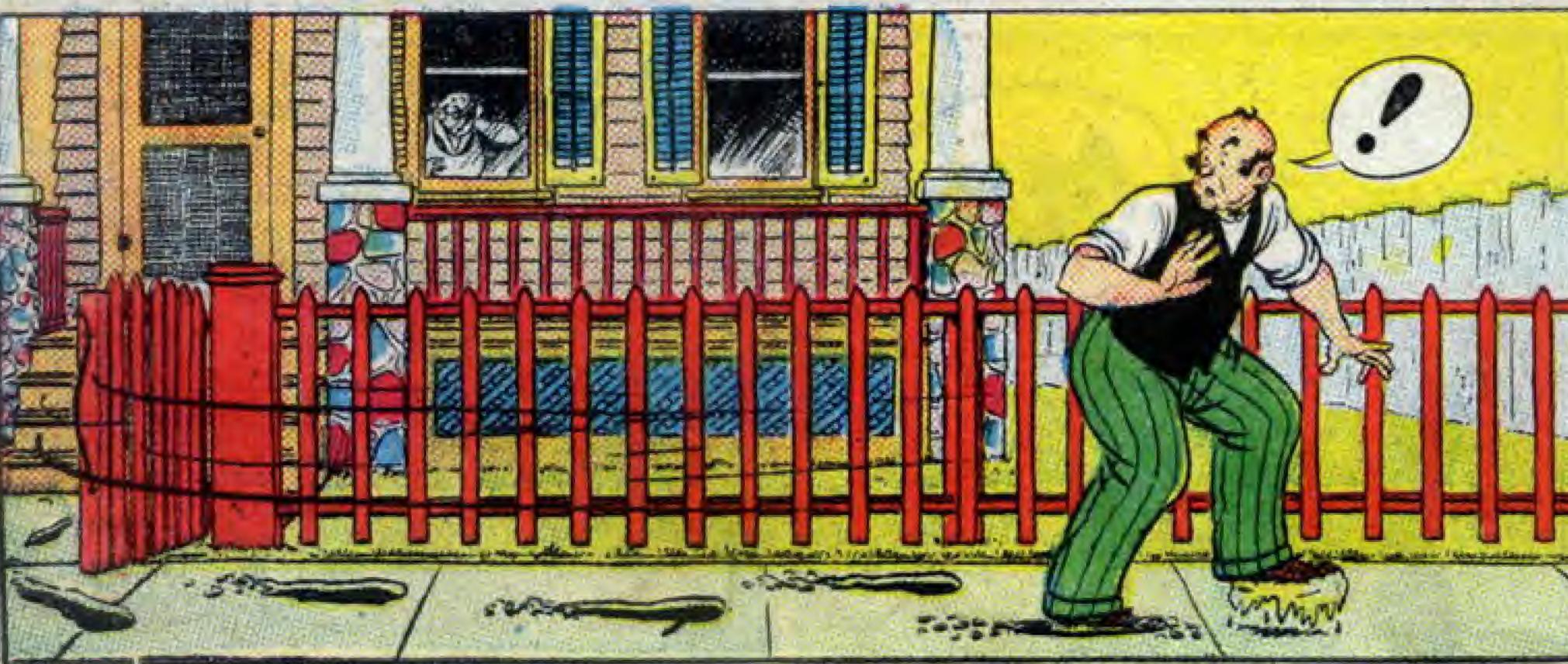
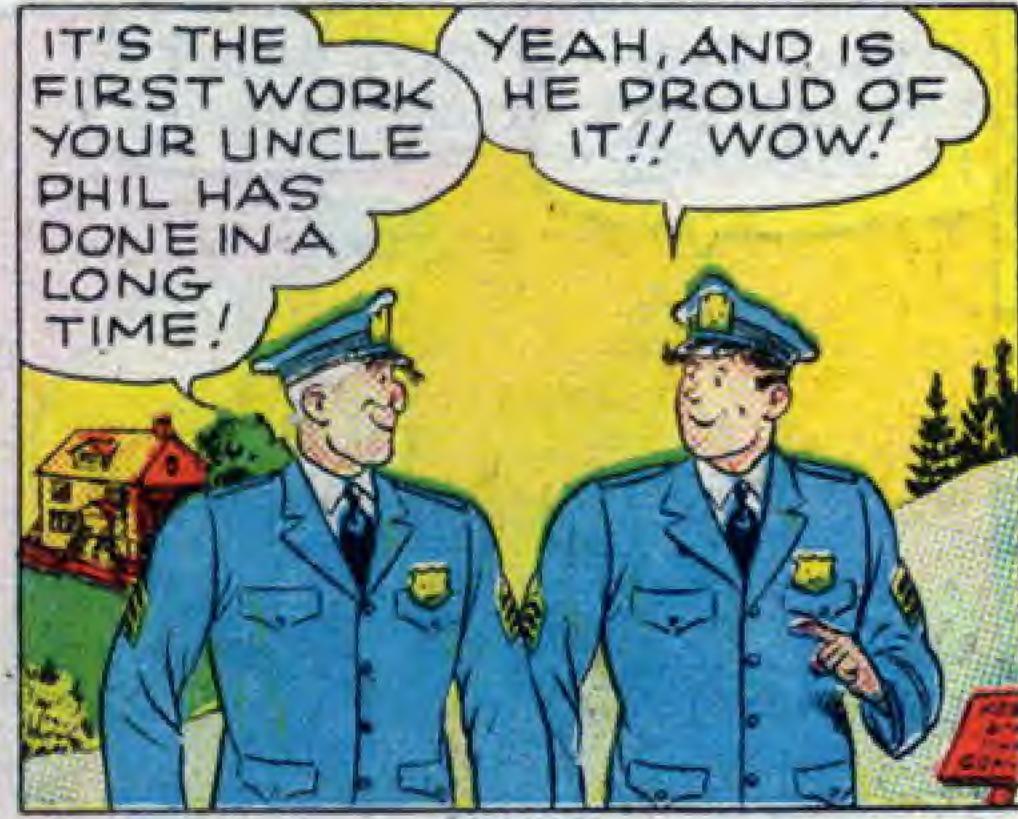
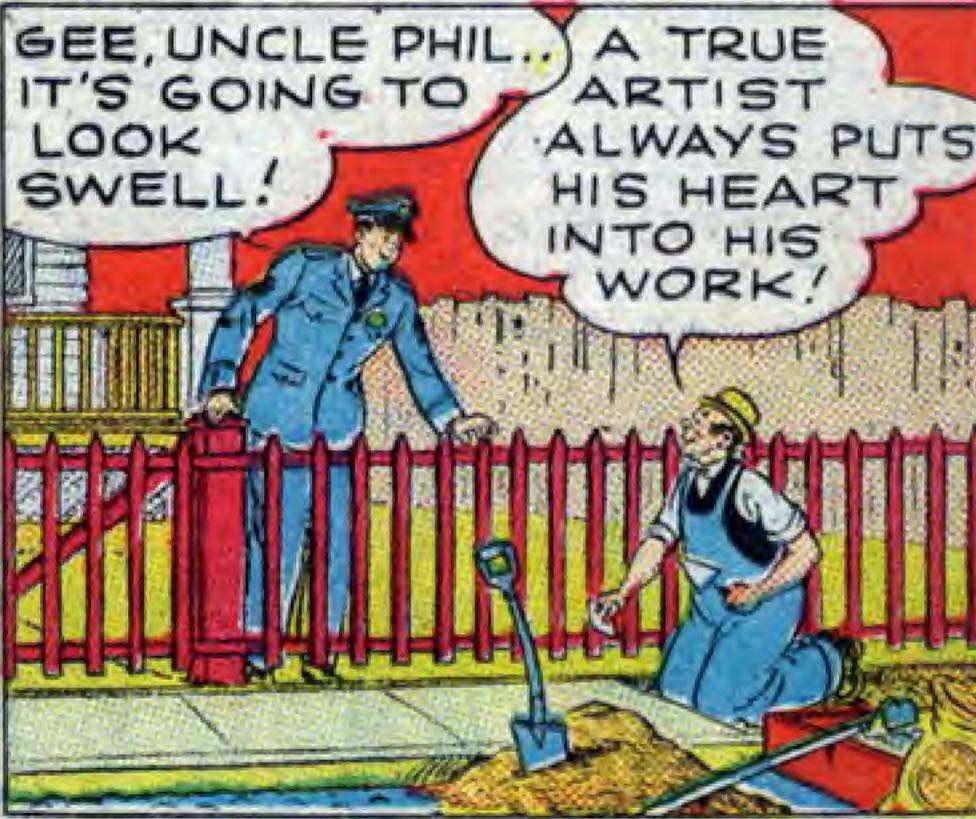
# NIPPIE

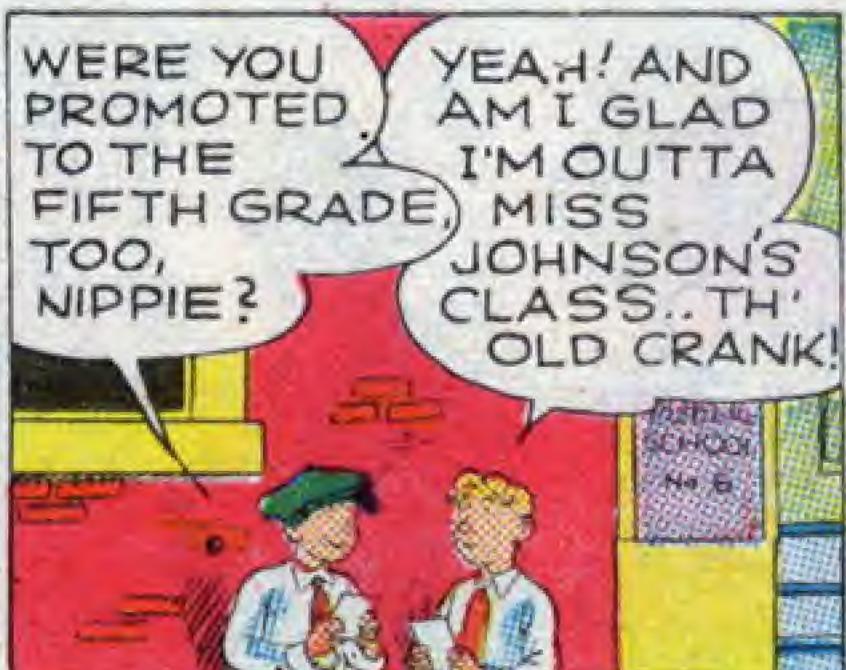
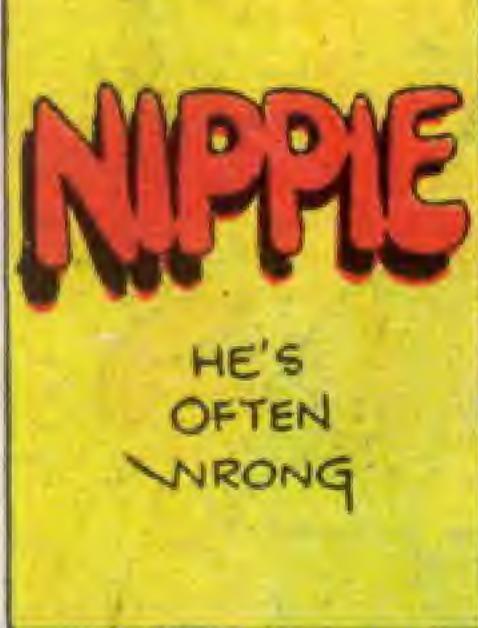
HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG



## MICKEY FINN

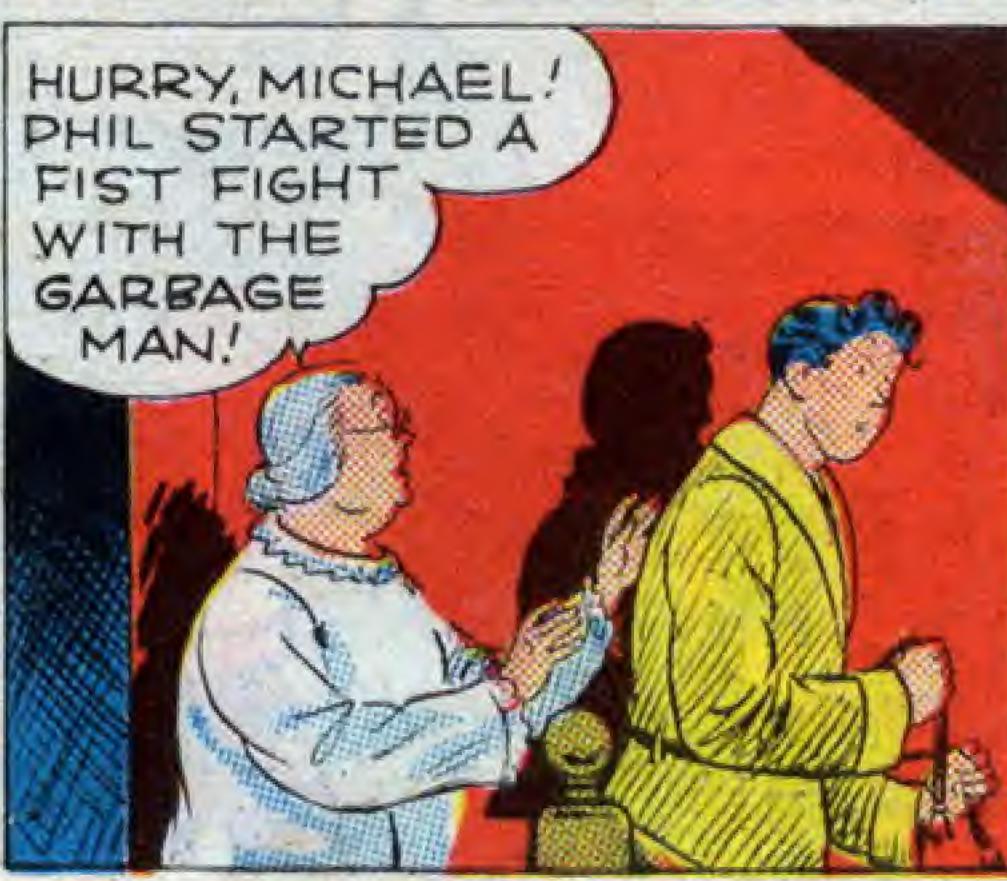
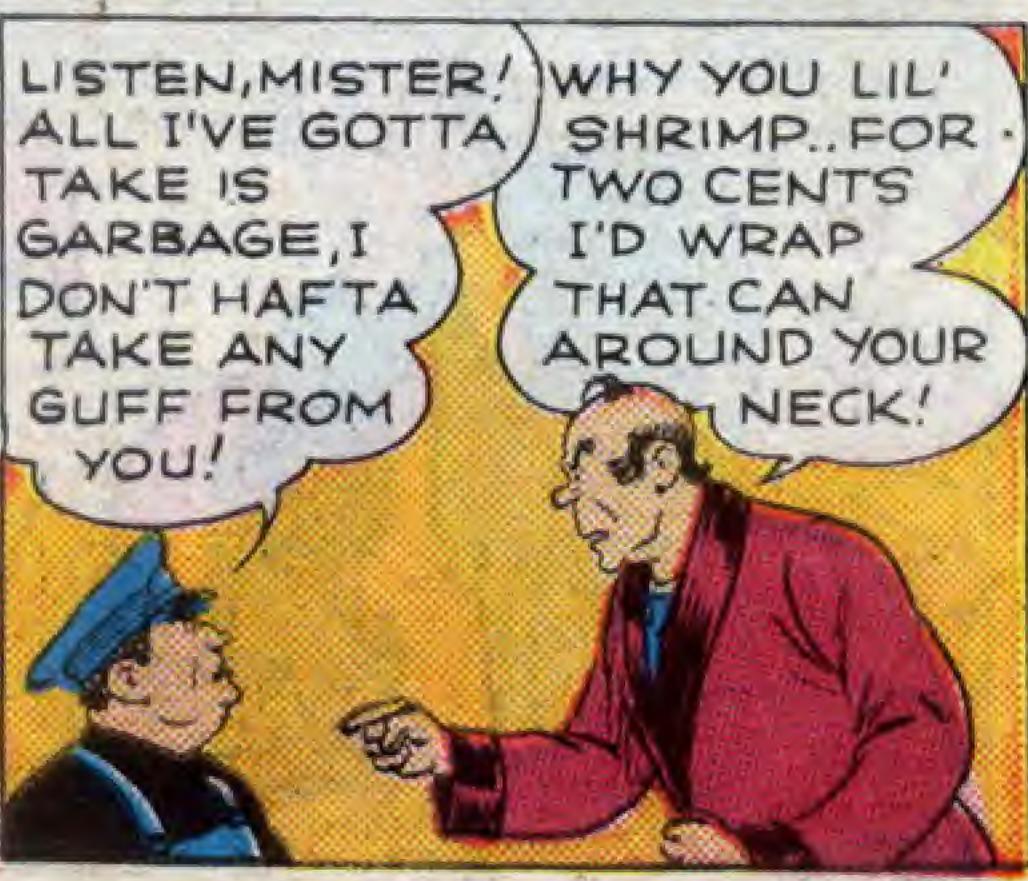
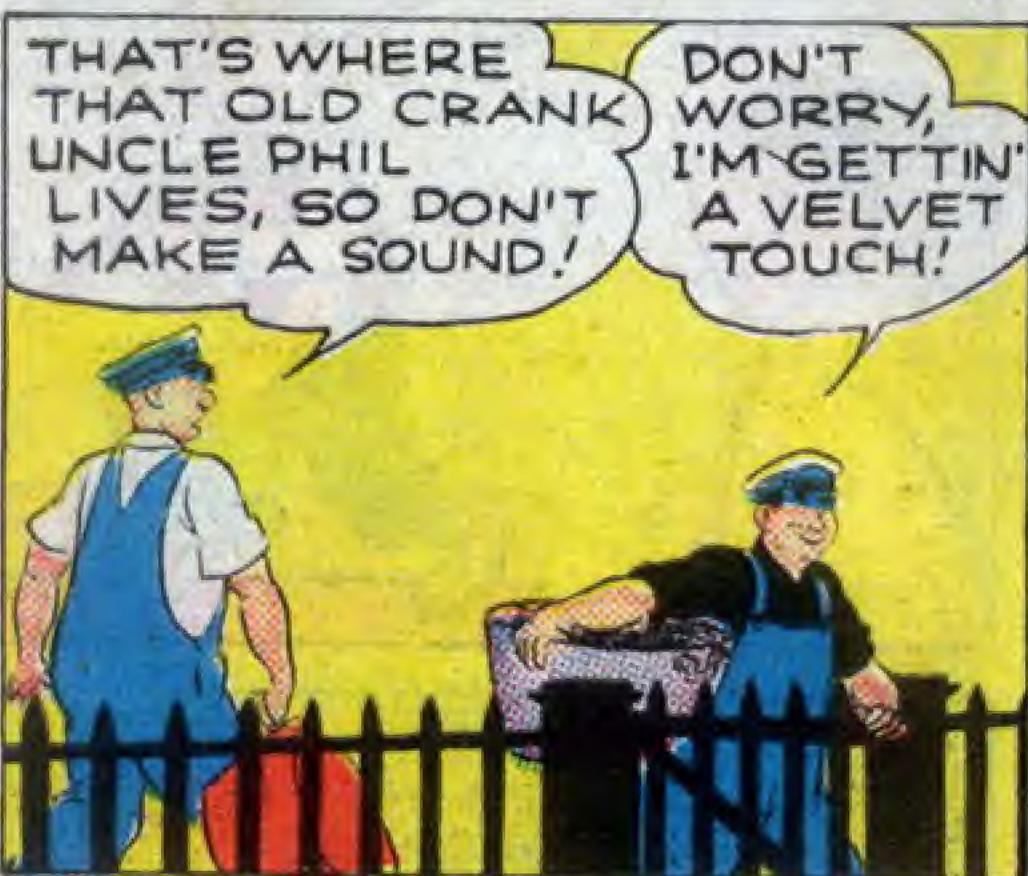
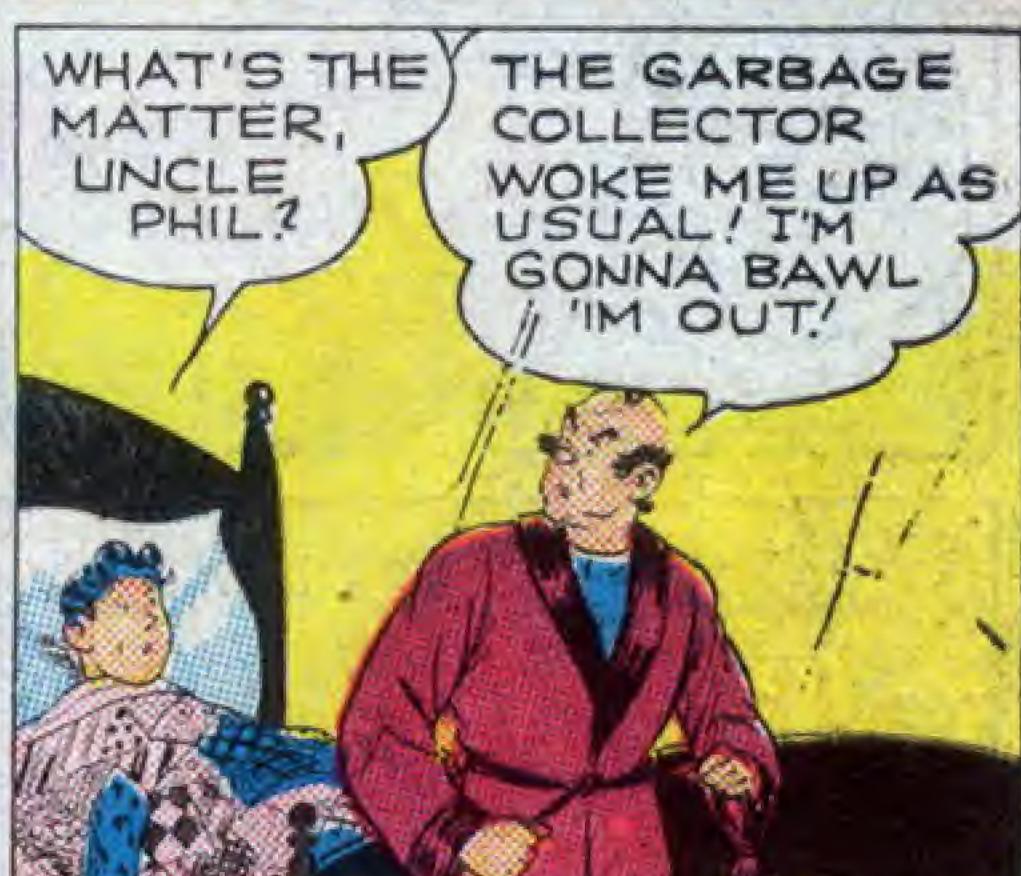
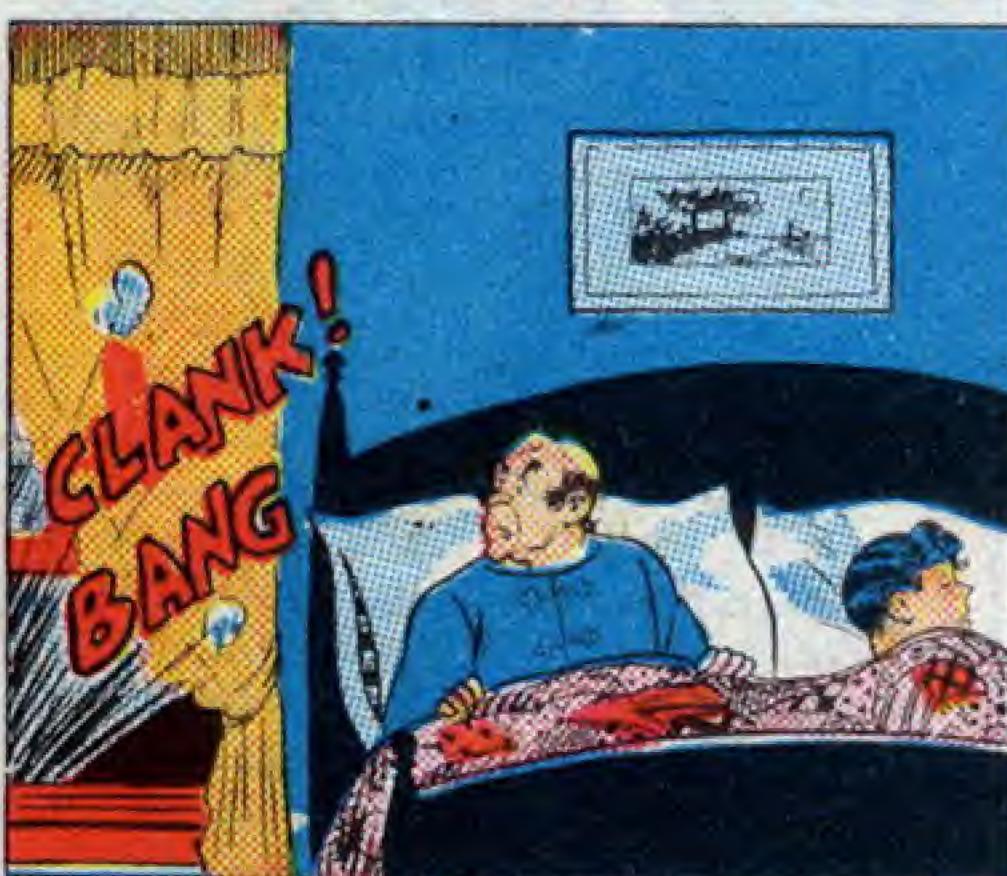
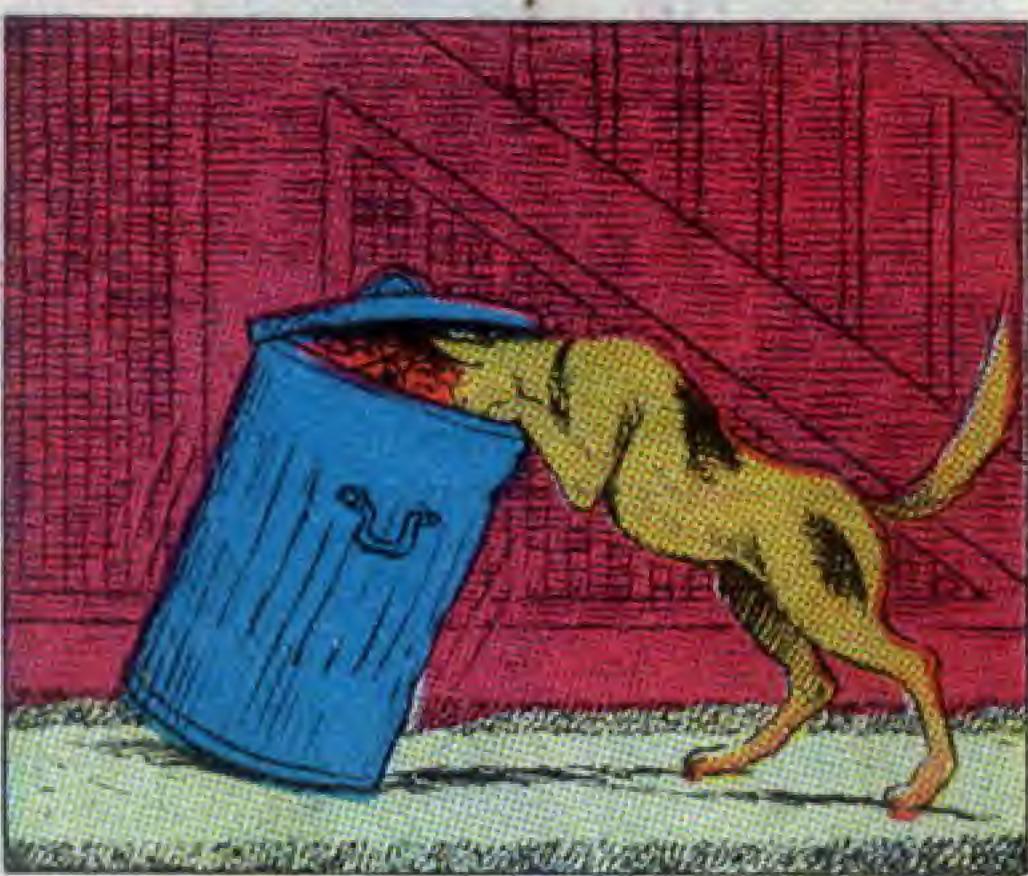
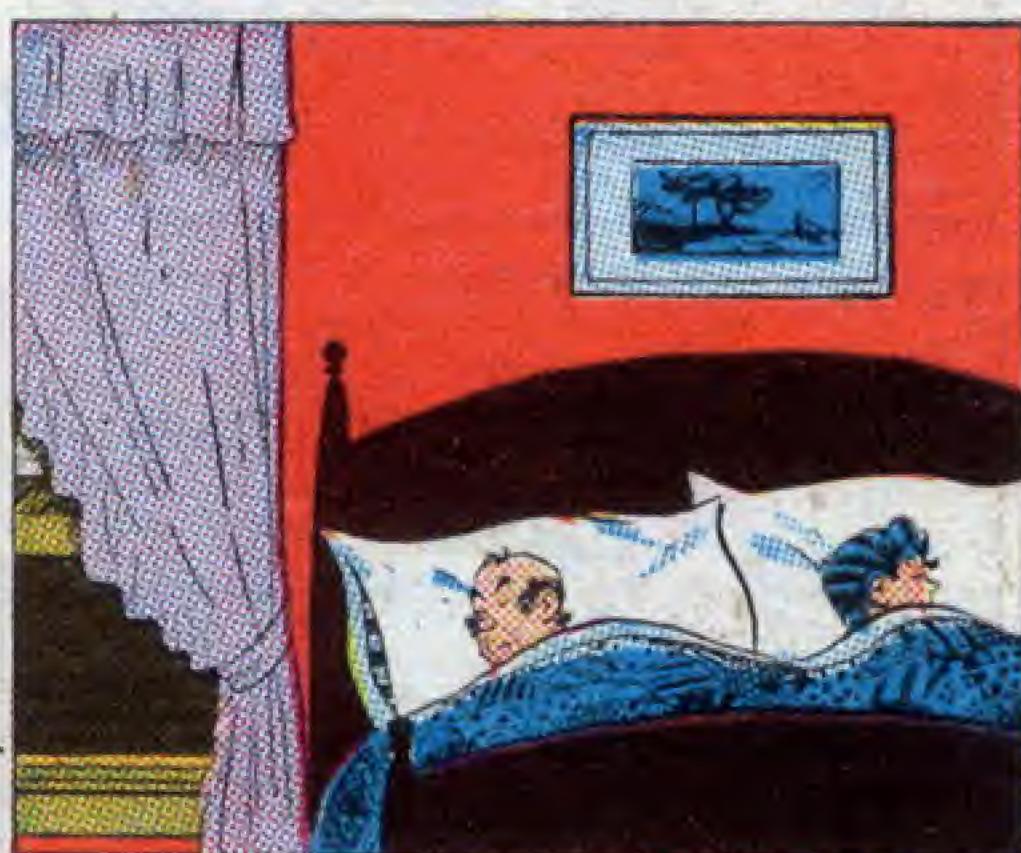
By LANK LEONARD





## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

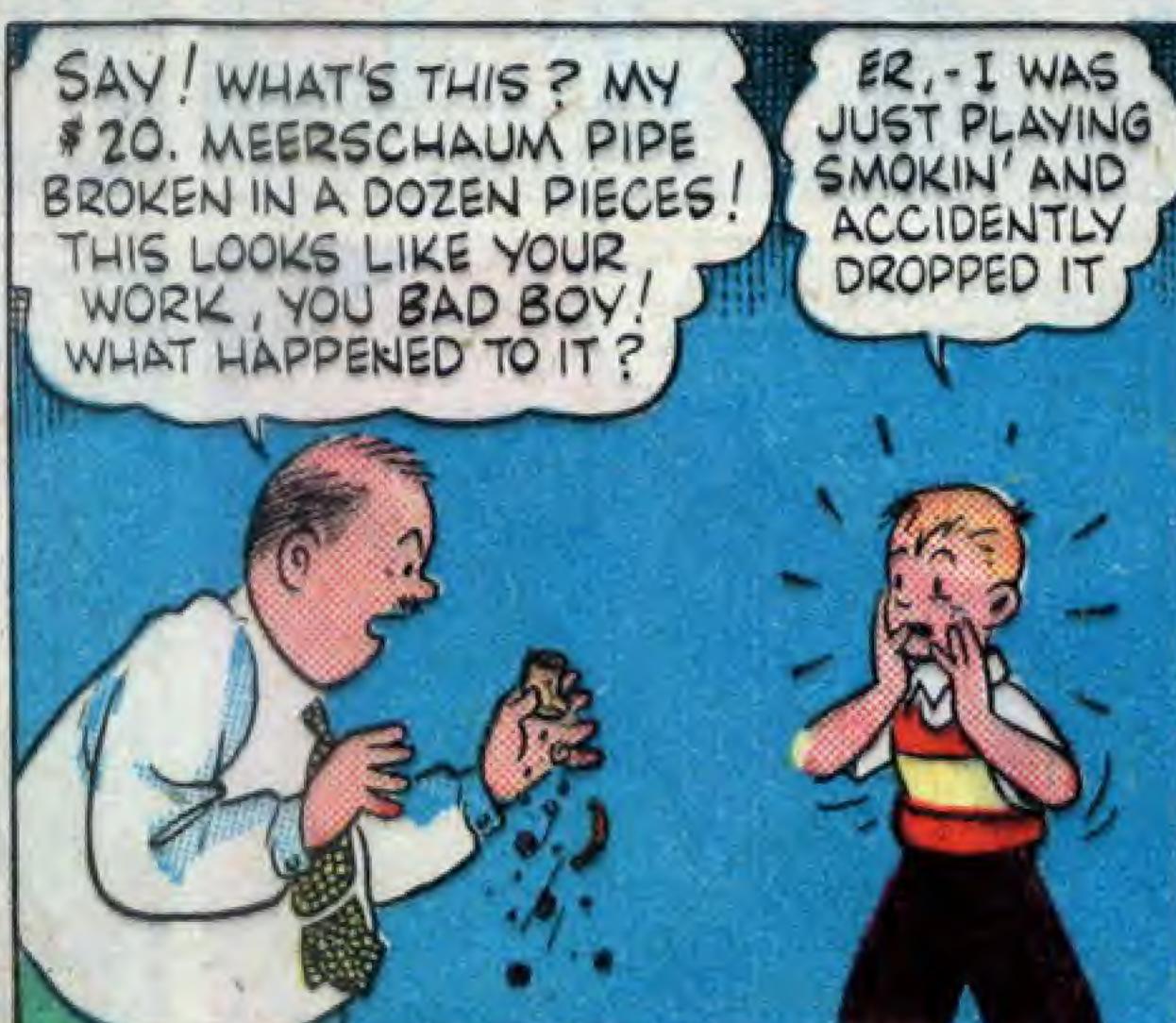
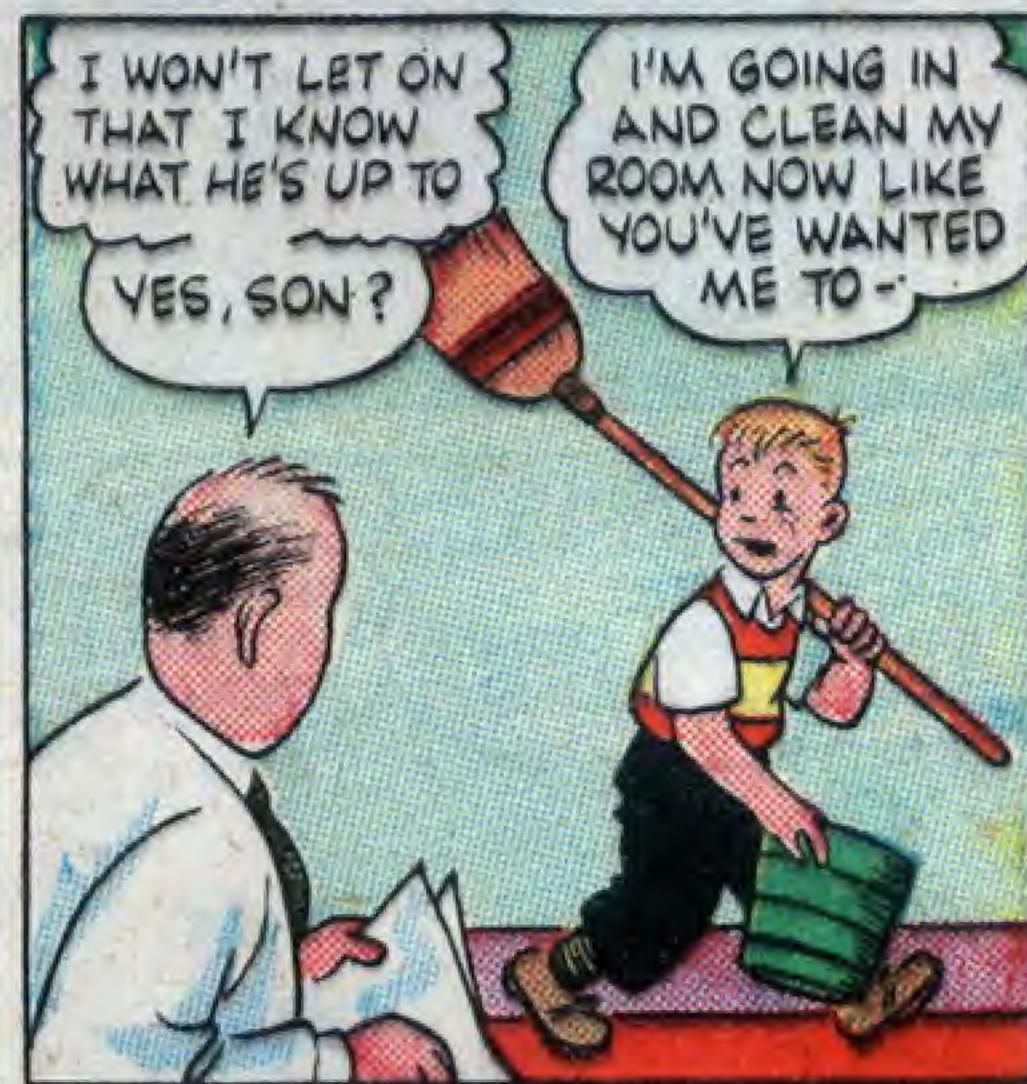
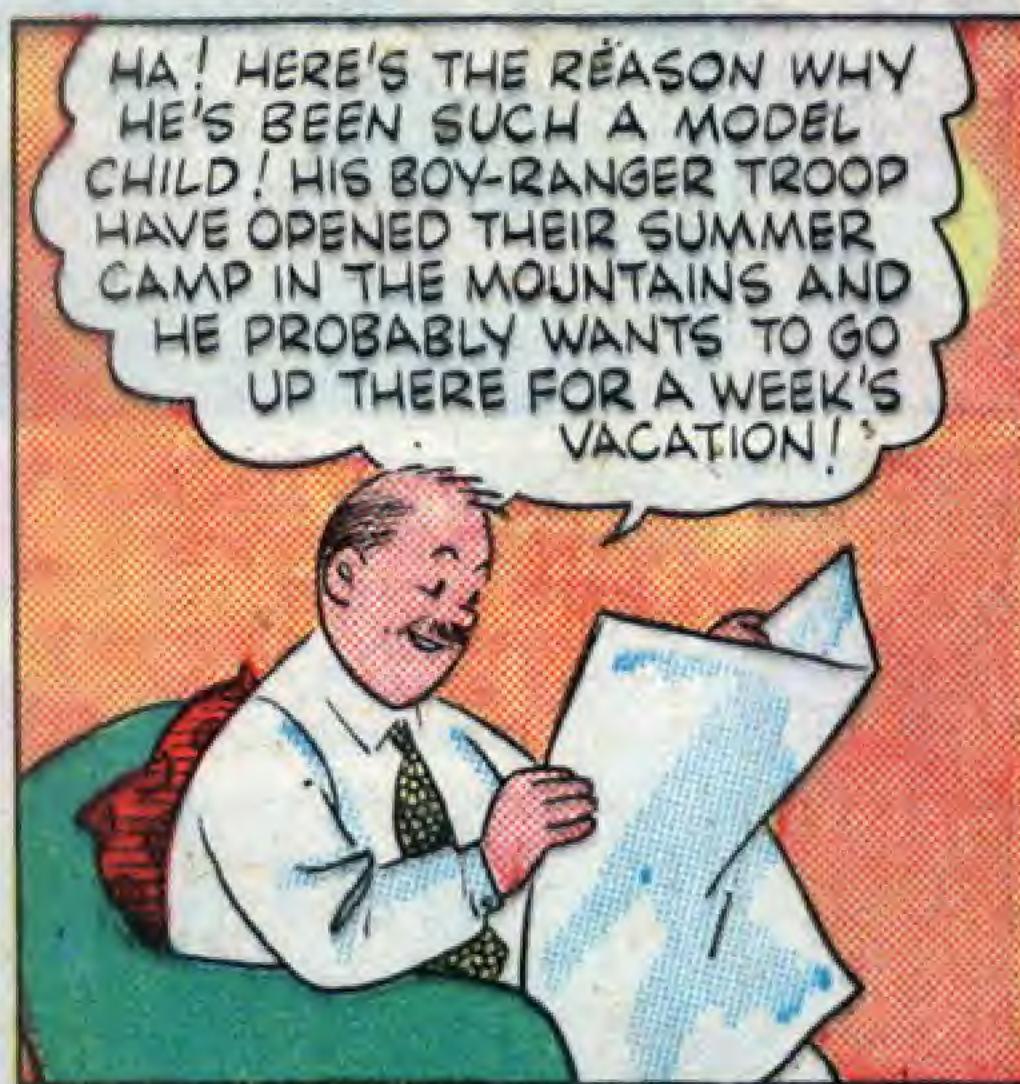
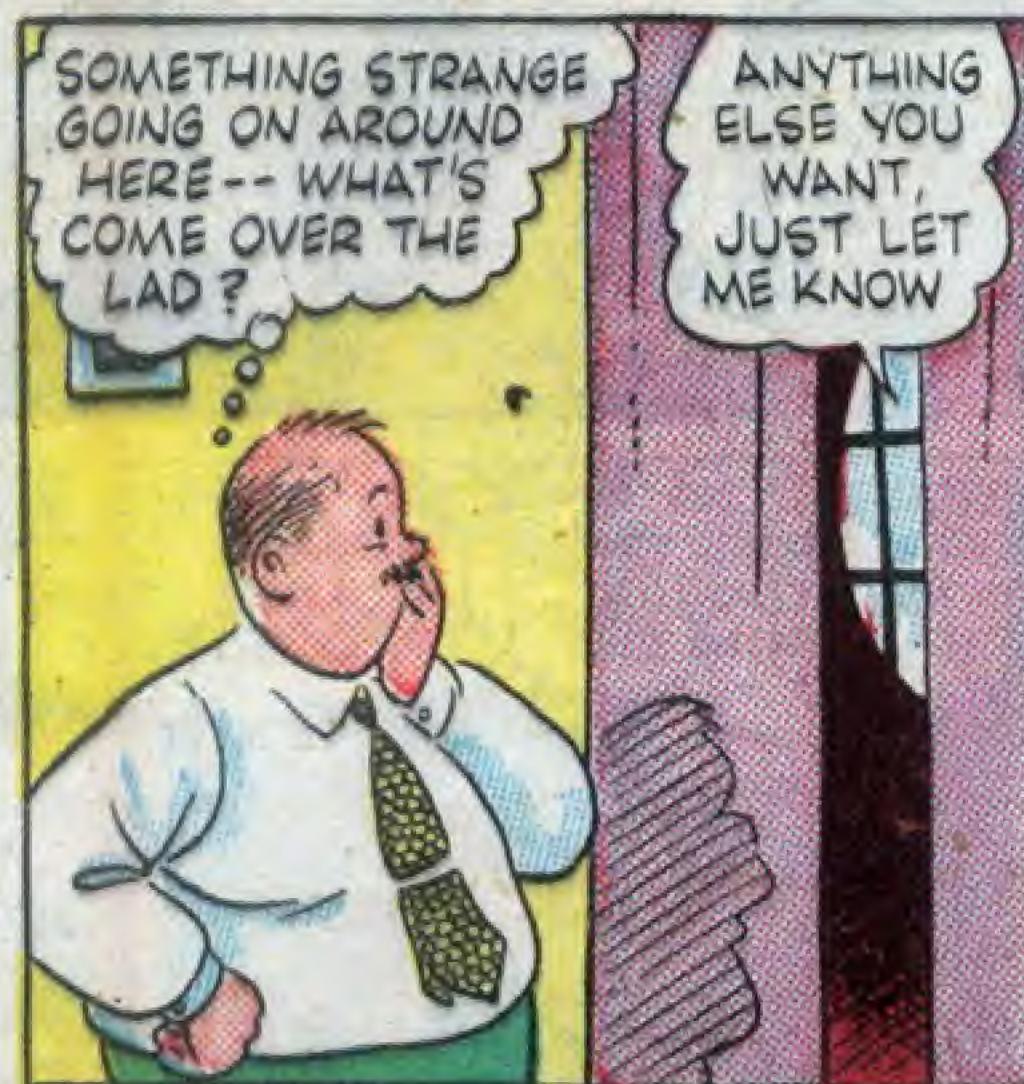
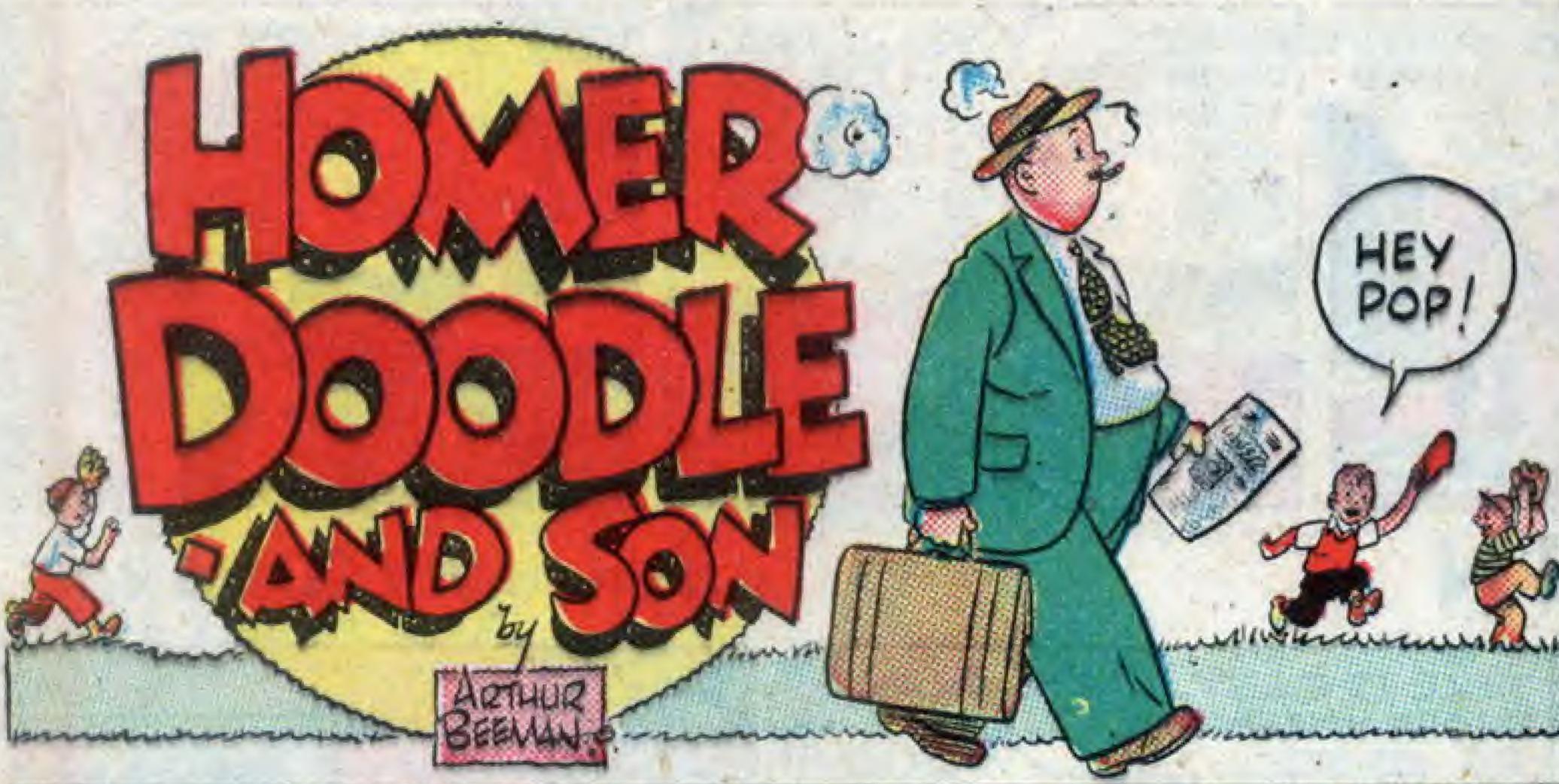


Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil appear each month in **FEATURE COMICS**.

# HOMER DOODLE AND SON

by

ARTHUR  
BEEMAN



FEATURE COMICS combines the best in action, mystery and humor.

# REYNOLDS

by ART PINNICK

## OF THE MOUNTED

SERGEANT—  
A BAND OF FUR  
THIEVES ARE PREYING  
ON THE TRAPPERS UP NORTH.  
THE STRANGE PART OF IT IS  
THAT SOMEHOW THEY DISAPPEAR  
INTO THE NIGHT AND LEAVE NO  
TRACKS... YOU'VE GOT TO  
STOP THIS THIEVRY AND  
ROUND UP THAT GANG!



IT IS NIGHT AND A LONELY  
TRAPPER'S CABIN IS SEEN  
IN THE MIDST OF A HOWLING  
BLIZZARD...

INSIDE

LET THE WIND HOWL....HA HA—  
WITH THE MONEY FROM  
THESE FURS YOU'RE  
GOING TO GET THAT  
COLLEGE EDUCATION  
AFTER ALL, JOHNNY—  
YES—WE'VE BEEN  
VERY LUCKY!

WAIT—  
WHAT'S  
THAT, POP?

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE  
CABIN IS FLUNG OPEN.....

UP WITH YOUR  
HANDS,  
WOODS!

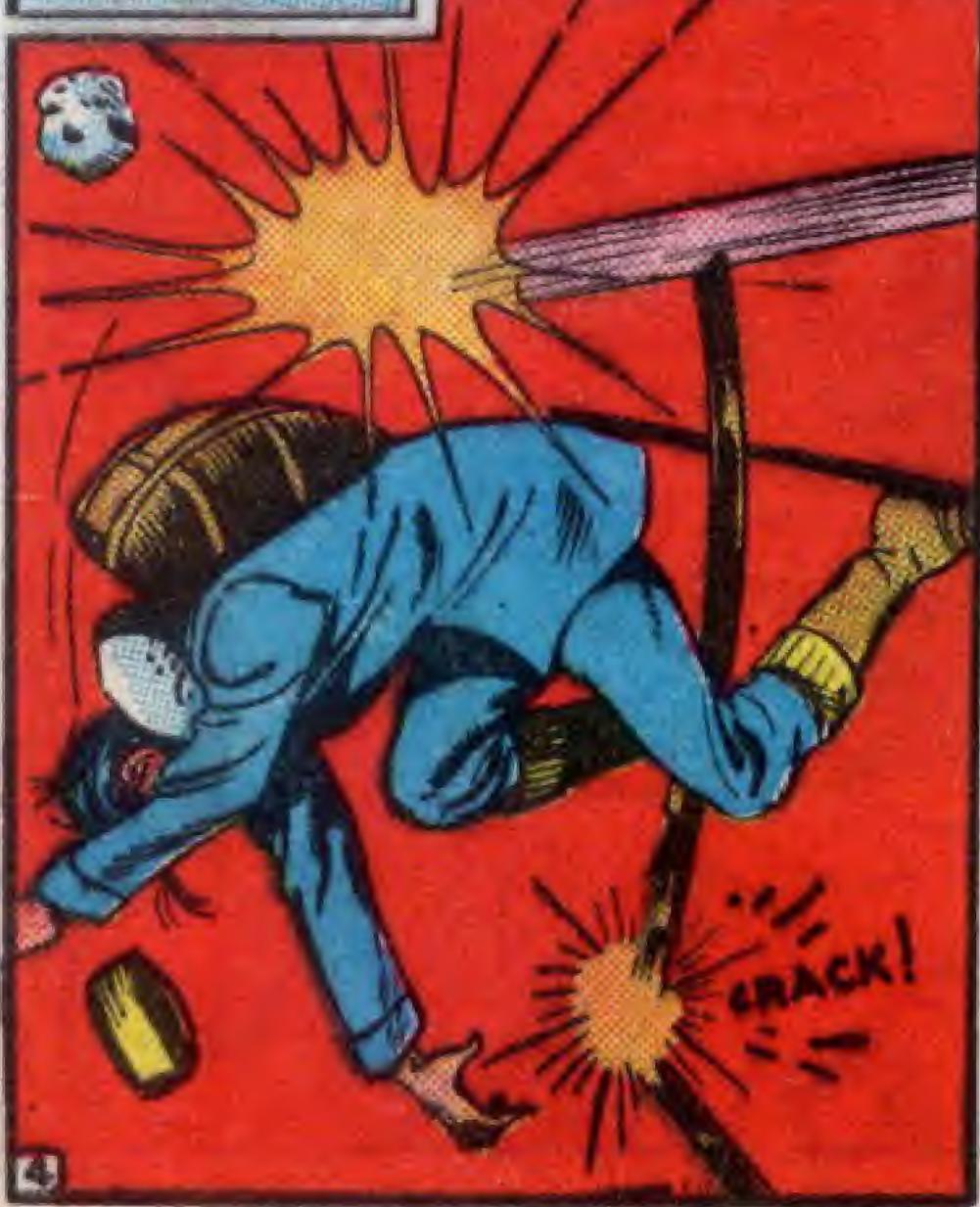








SUDDENLY THE LAST SKIER LETS OUT A YELL AND PITCHES INTO THE SNOW....





MEANWHILE REYNOLDS HAS WORKED HIS BONDS LOOSE....



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING HE FOLLOWS THE TRACKS OF HIS ENEMIES...



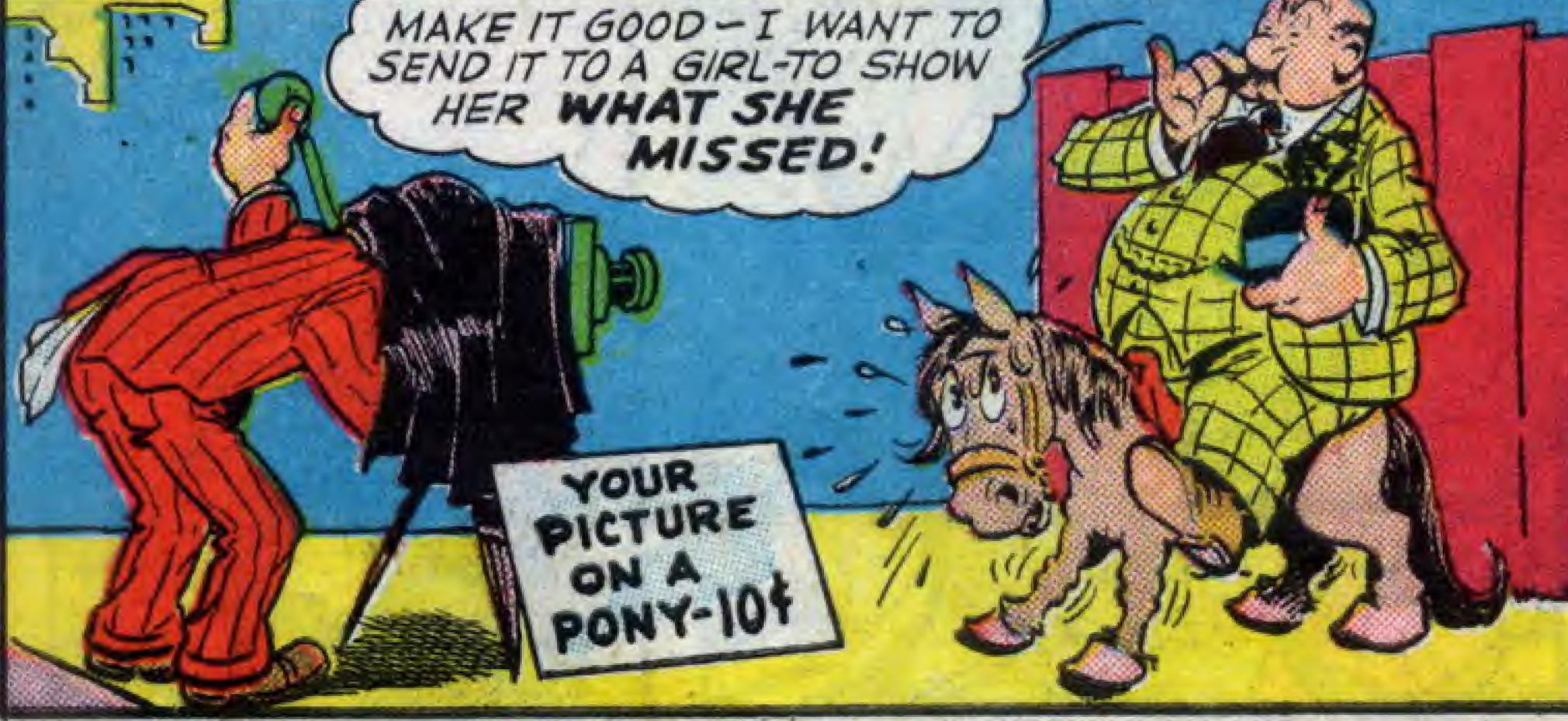
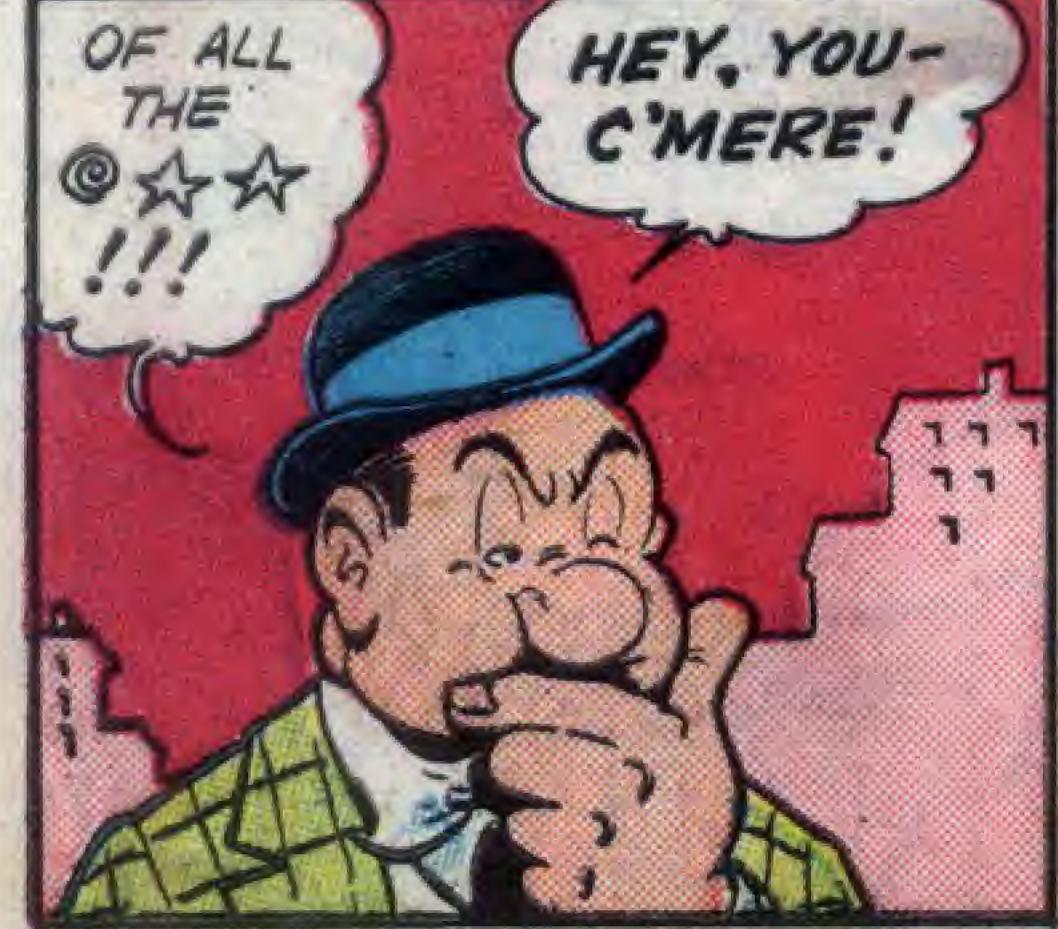
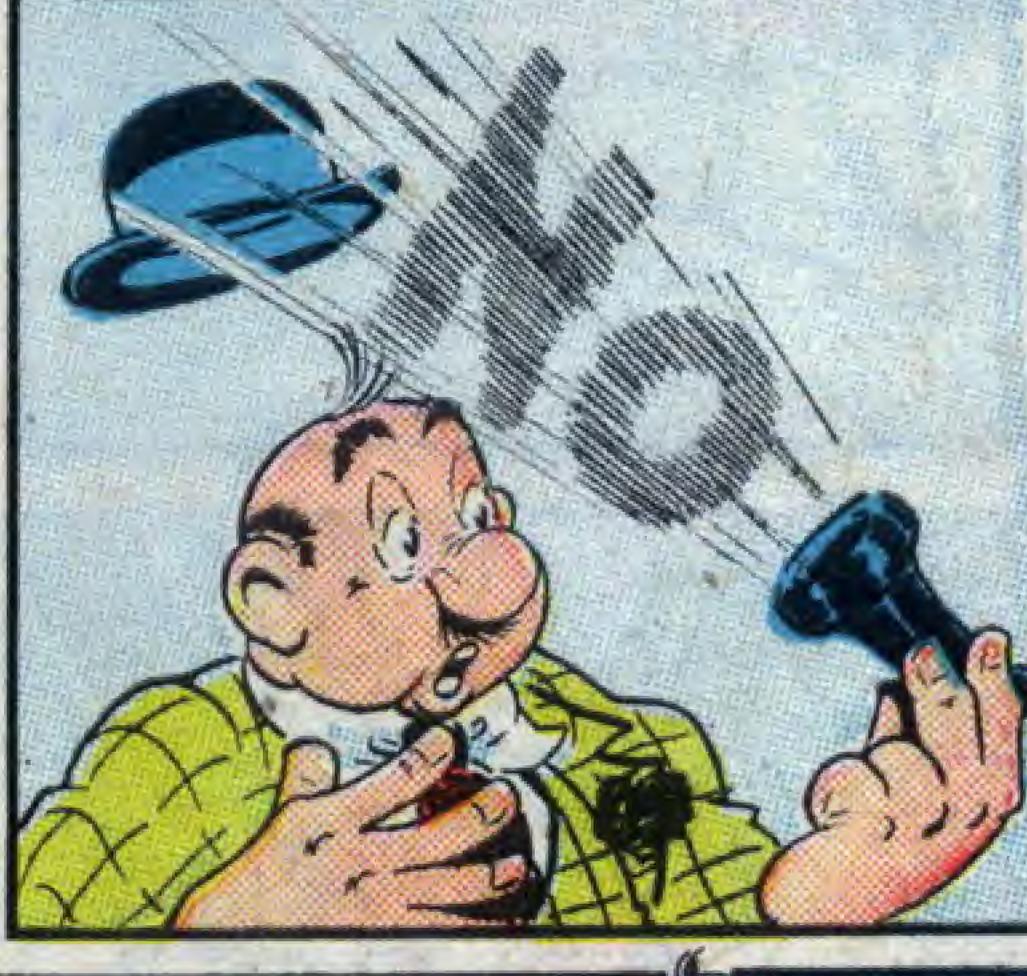
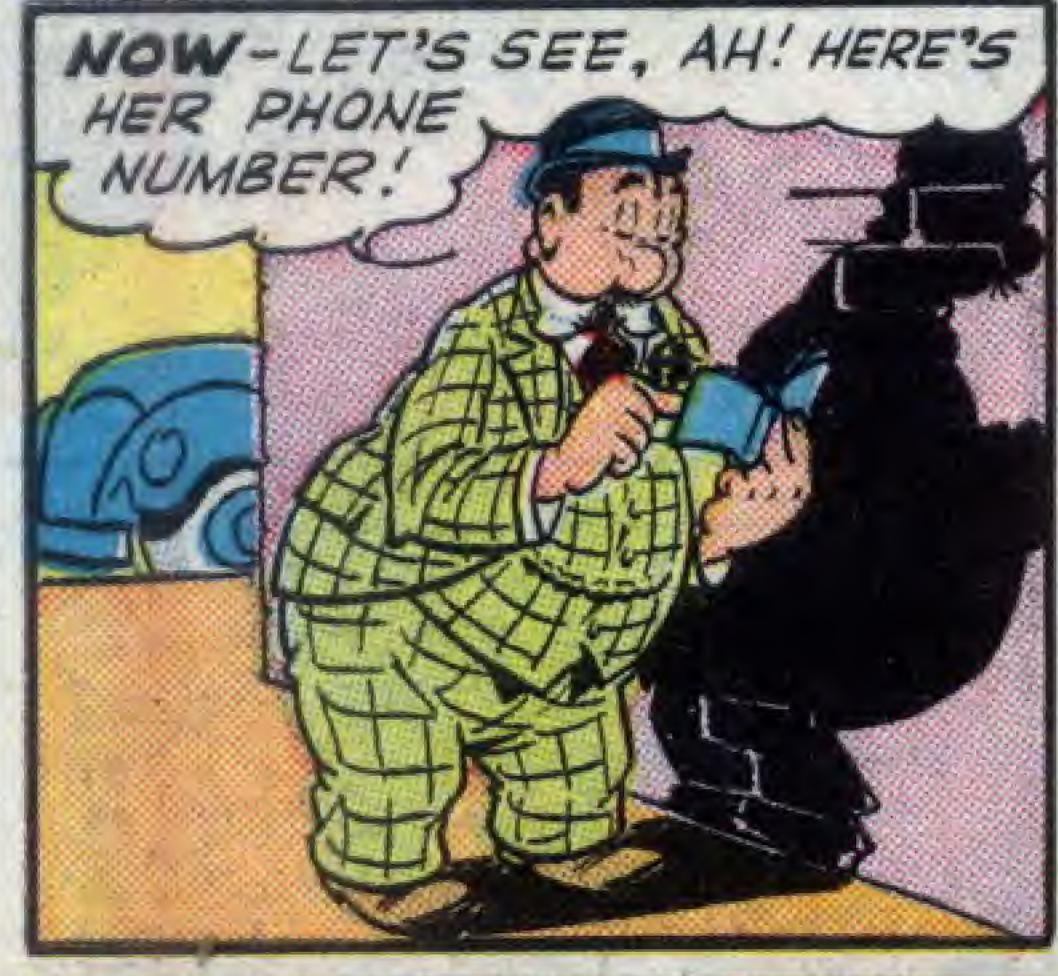
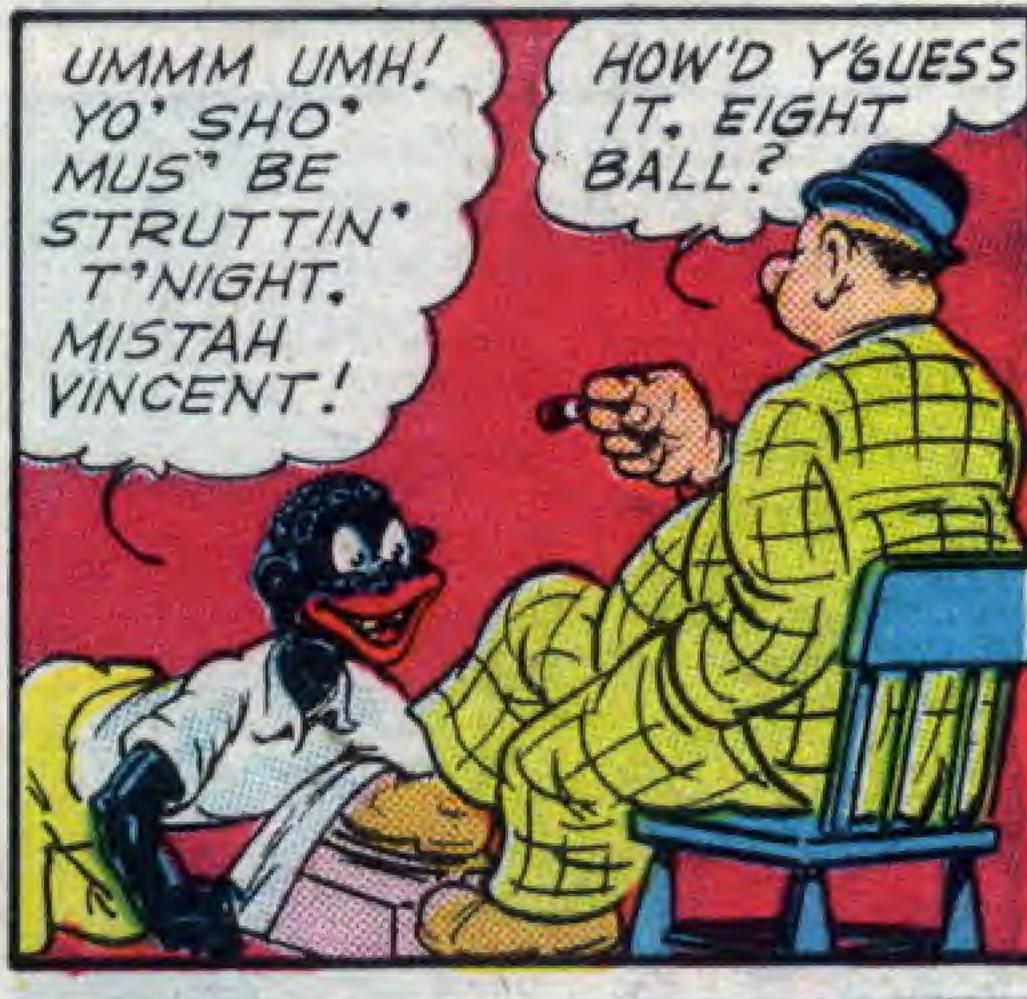
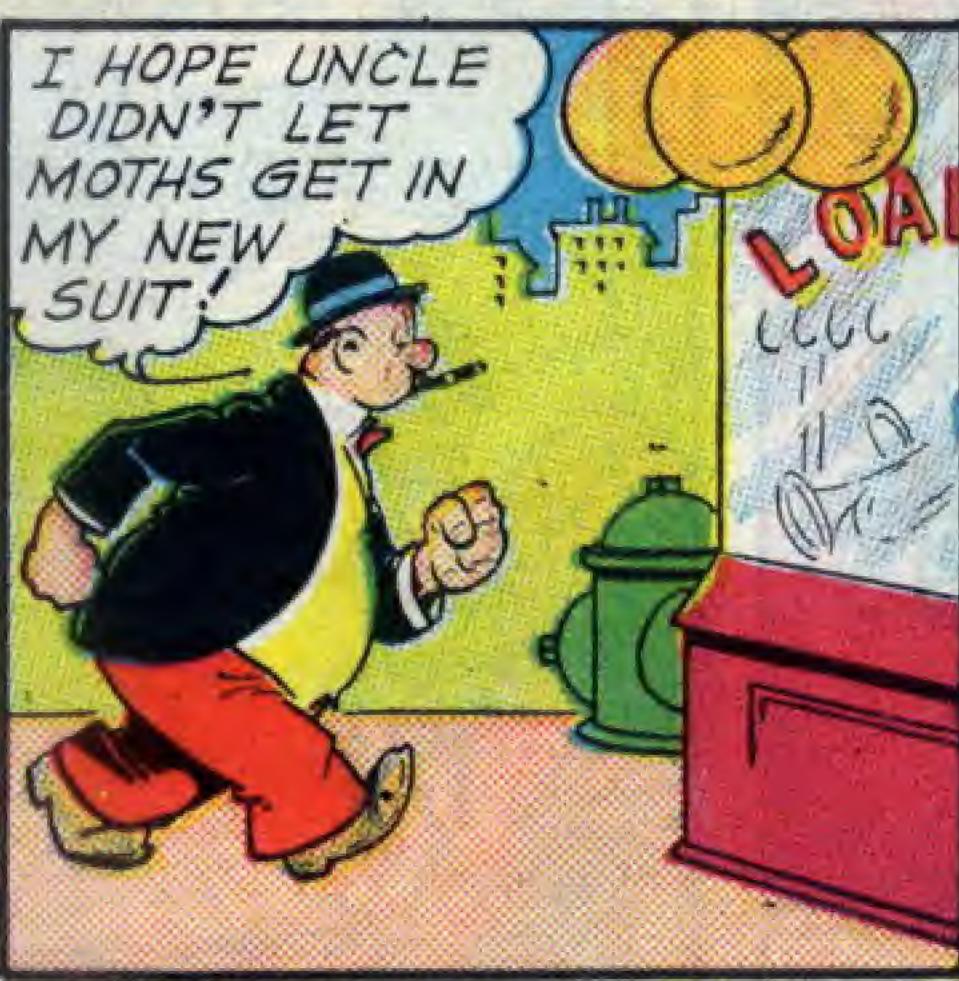
TWO OF THE NIGHT RIDERS GO DOWN.....



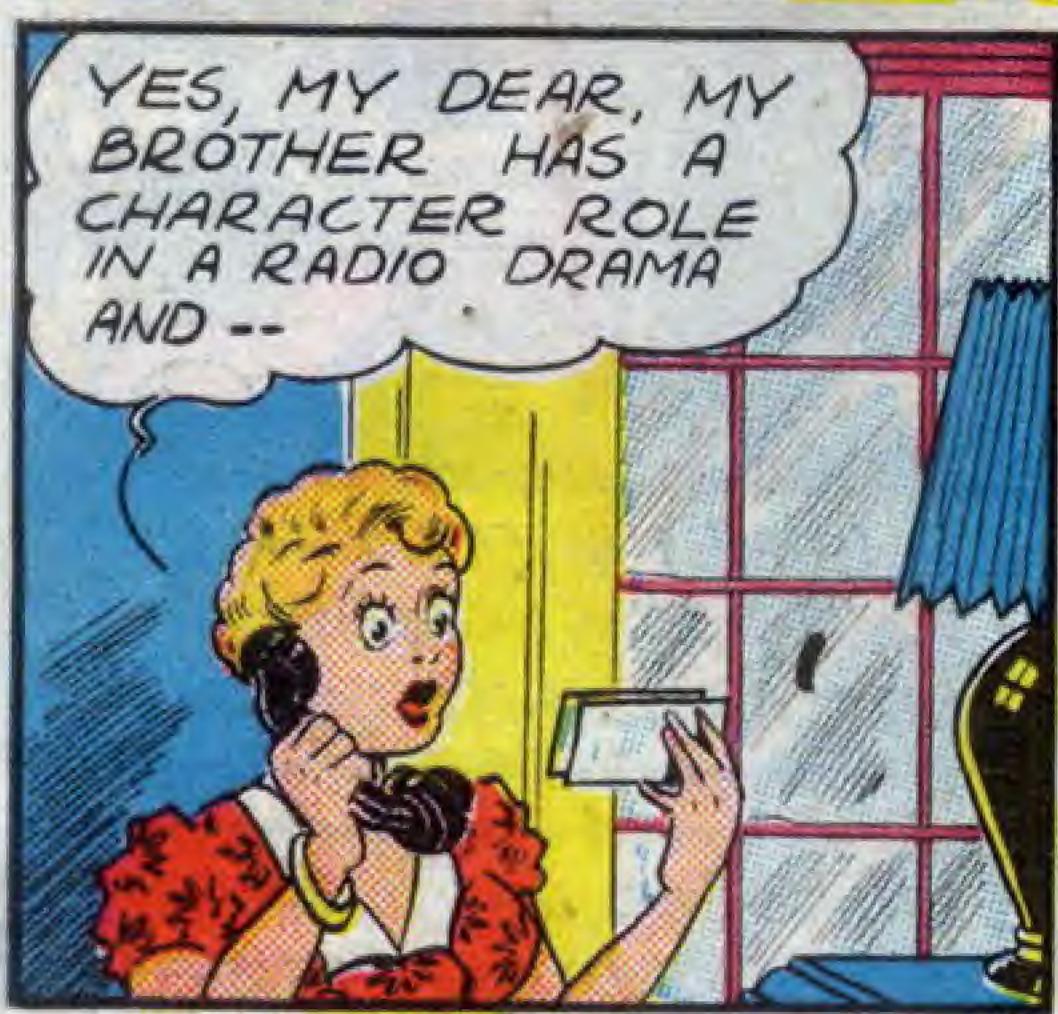
Reynolds Of The Mounted will thrill you in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# LALA PALOOZA

FLAT  
FOOT  
FLOOGIE  
WINS



# LA LA PALOOZA



Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent each month in **FEATURE COMICS**.

Captain BRUCE

# BLACKBURN

COUNTERSPY  
RIBBONS OF  
DEATH

CAPT. BRUCE  
BLACKBURN, ACE OF MIL-  
ITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND  
HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, HAVE MET  
A WORTHY ADVERSARY IN SONYA,  
SPY SUPREME, AND DAUGHTER OF  
THE NOTORIOUS FRAULEIN DOKTOR

BY  
HARRY  
FRANCIS  
CAMPBELL

A FLEET OF CONVOYED SHIPS,  
SAILING UNDER SECRET ORDERS,  
IS INTERCEPTED, AND SUNK, BY  
ENEMY SHIPS WAITING FOR  
THEM.



12 BOMBERS, FLYING A SECRET  
ROUTE TO ENGLAND, ARE  
MET, AND SHOT DOWN—

AND A DISPATCH BEARER, ON A  
SECRET MISSION, IS INTER-  
CEPTED, MURDERED, AND  
ROBBED.



MILITARY INTELLIGENCE CALLS  
IN ITS ACE, BRUCE BLACKBURN.

COLONEL JORDAN, THE ONE  
THING COMMON TO THESE 3  
INCIDENTS IS - THE SECRET  
ORDERS CAME FROM THE  
CODE ROOM!



I KNOW NO ONE IS WORKING  
IN THE CODE ROOM TONIGHT,  
BUT I'LL SNOOP AROUND  
THERE FOR AWHILE!



OUTSIDE THE CODE ROOM.



OUR AGENT, SIMPSON, KNIFED,  
AND CLUTCHING A TYPEWRI-  
TER RIBBON IN HIS HAND!  
THAT'S ODD!



EVIDENTLY HE DISCOVERED  
SOMETHING, AND WAS  
KILLED BECAUSE OF IT!  
BUT WHY THE TYPEWRITER  
RIBBON?



THE NEXT MORNING —

COLONEL, TO PLAY **SAFE**, CHANGE THE PERSONNEL IN THE CODE ROOM TODAY - BUT I FEEL THE SPY WORKS AT NIGHT!



LATER, WITH HIS DOUBLE....

JACKSON, I'M HIDING IN THE CODE ROOM CLOSET TONIGHT. IF I LEAVE, FOLLOW ME!



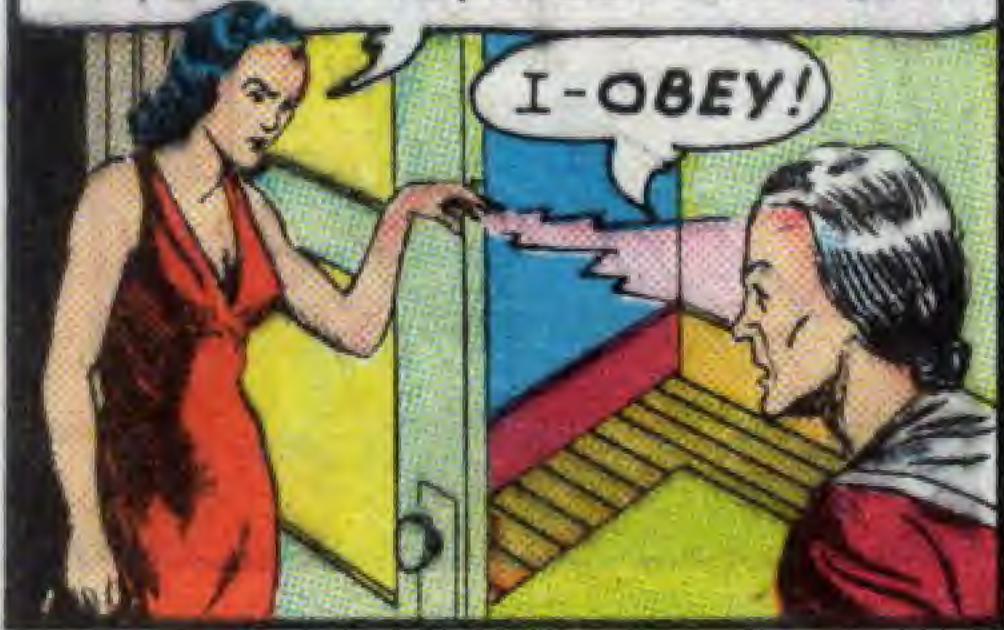
THAT NIGHT, BRUCE GOES INTO THE CODE ROOM CLOSET

I CAN WATCH THROUGH THIS CRACK.



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THE CODE ROOM CHAR-WOMAN, THE SPY, SONYA —

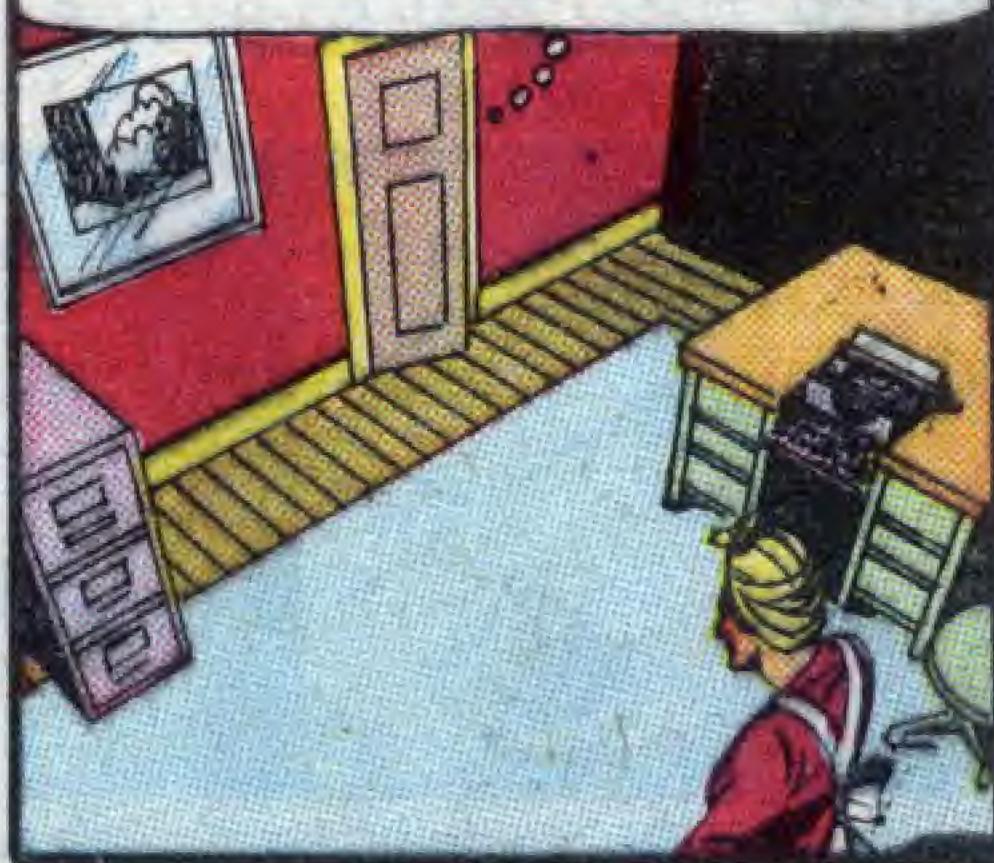
AH, OLD ONE, **SLEEP-SLEEP-**



AND WITH ARTFUL DISGUISE, SONYA BECOMES THE CHAR-WOMAN.



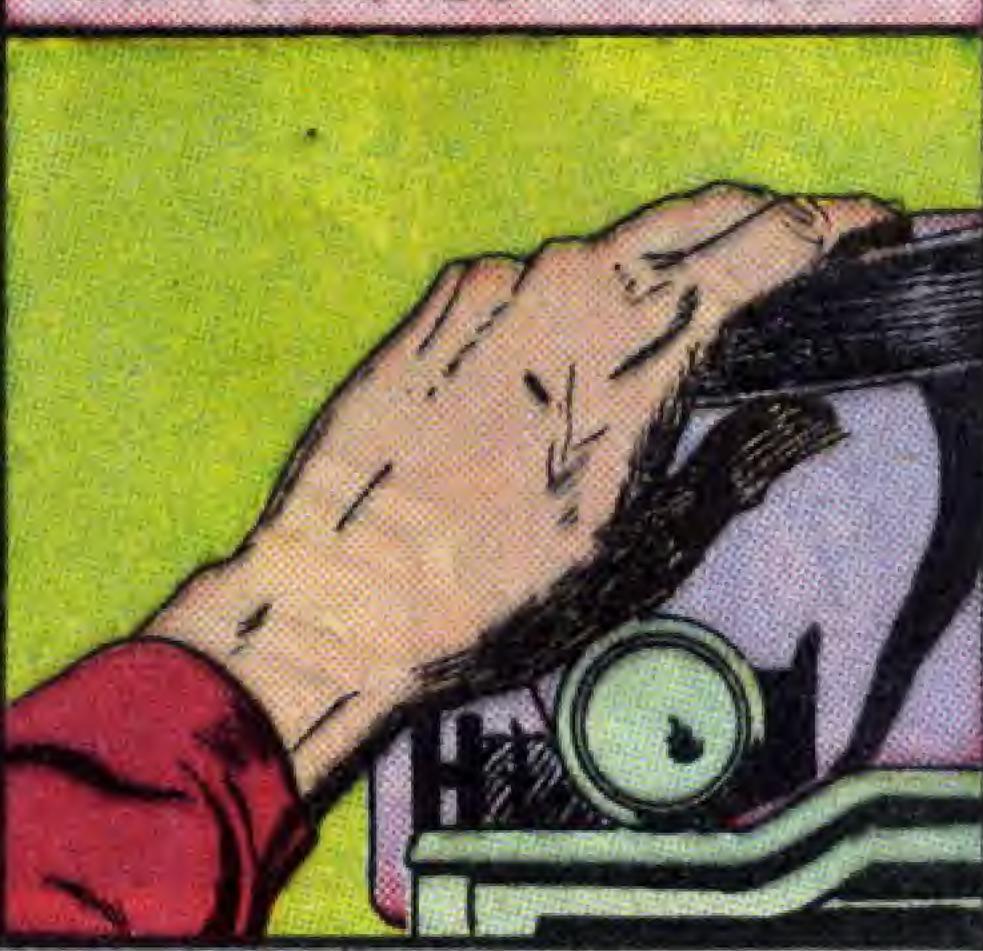
HERE'S THE CLEANING WOMAN WHO FOUND SIMPSON'S BODY.



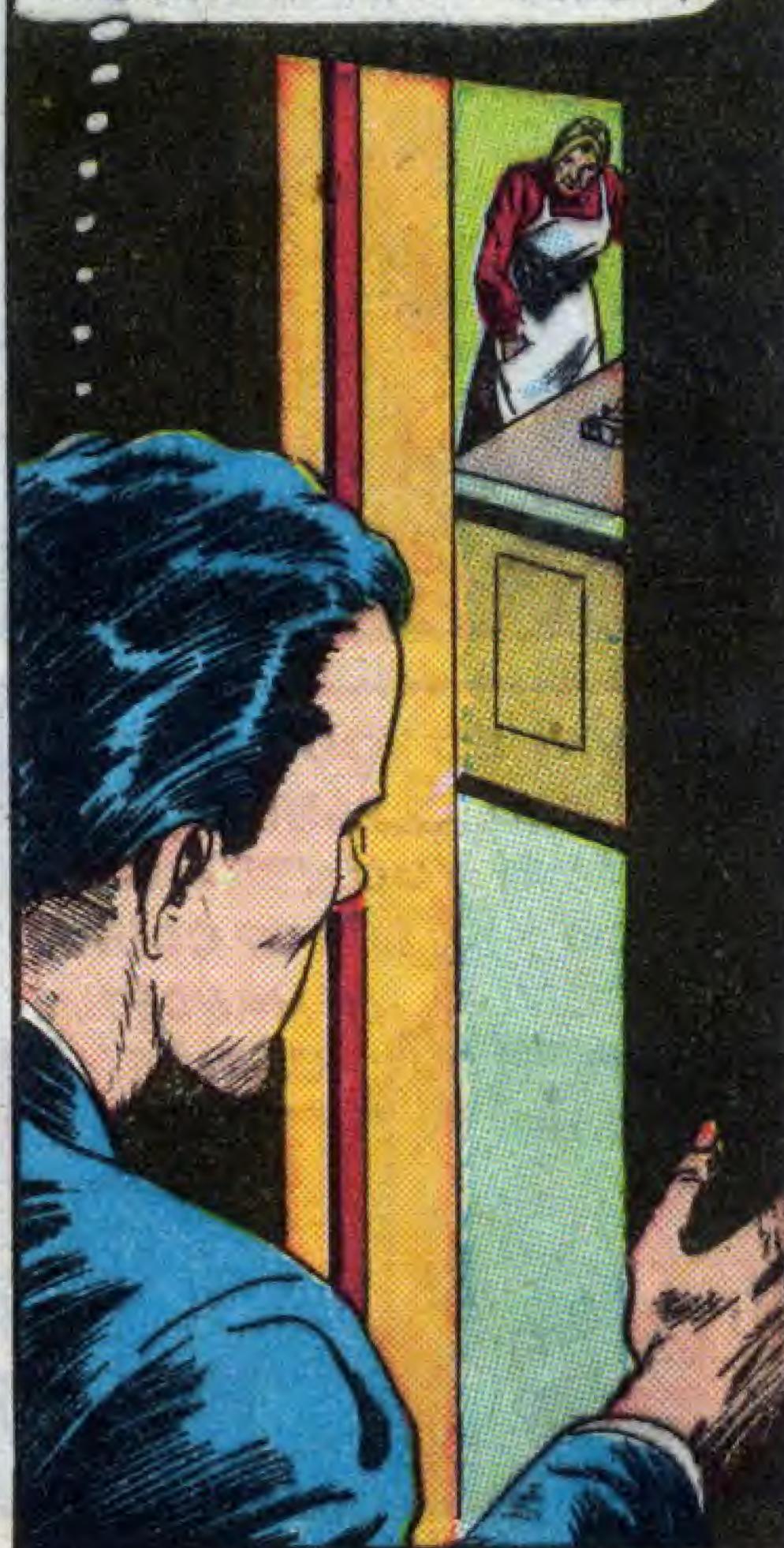
AS SHE DUSTS THE TYPEWRITER DESK —



SHE REMOVES THE RIBBON



HEY! WHY DID SHE PUT THAT RIBBON IN HER POCKET?



SHE PUTS ON A NEW RIBBON.



SINCE WHEN DID CLEANING WOMEN HAVE TO CHANGE TYPEWRITER RIBBONS?



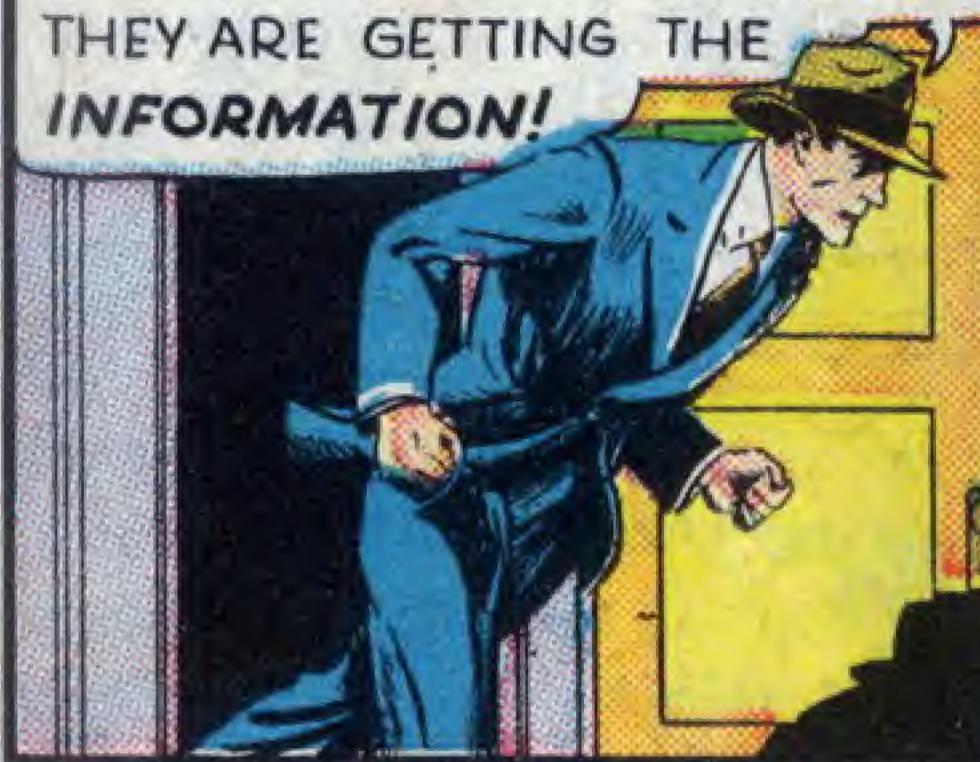
AS THE CHAR-WOMAN LEAVES

AND WHY MUST SHE TAKE  
THE OLD RIBBON EVERY  
NIGHT AND PUT ON A NEW  
ONE!

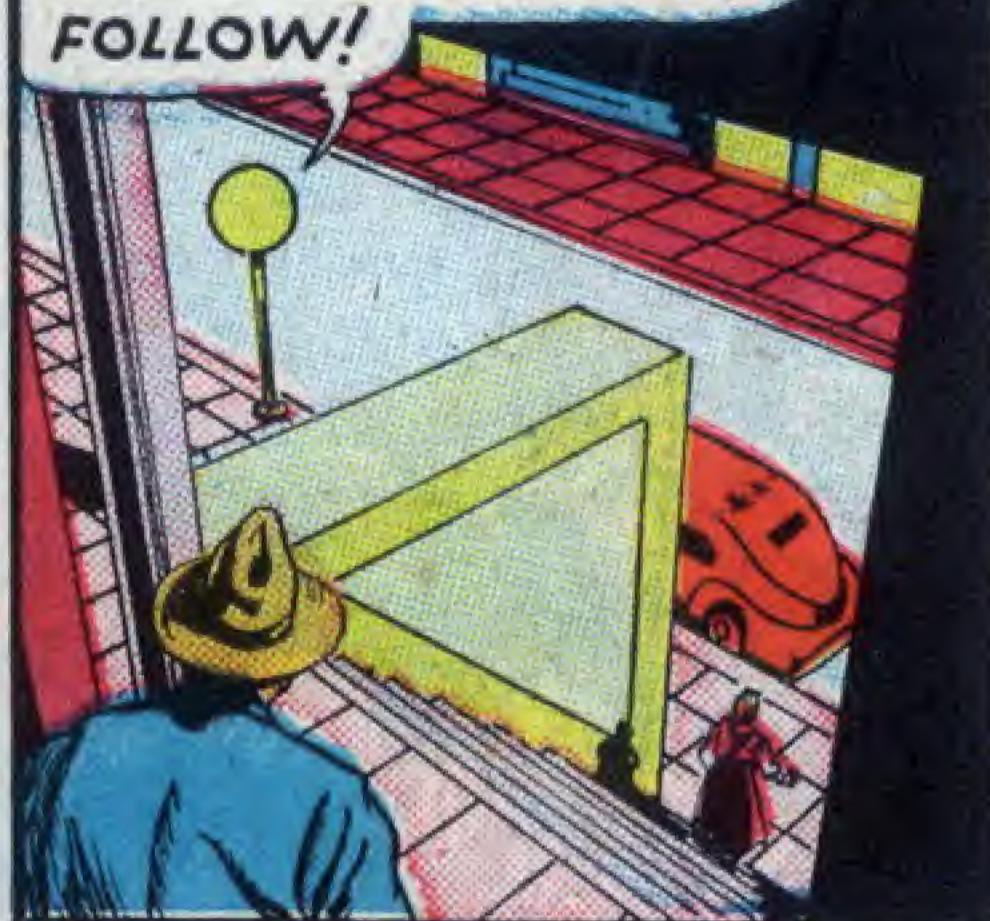


2 MINUTES LATER—

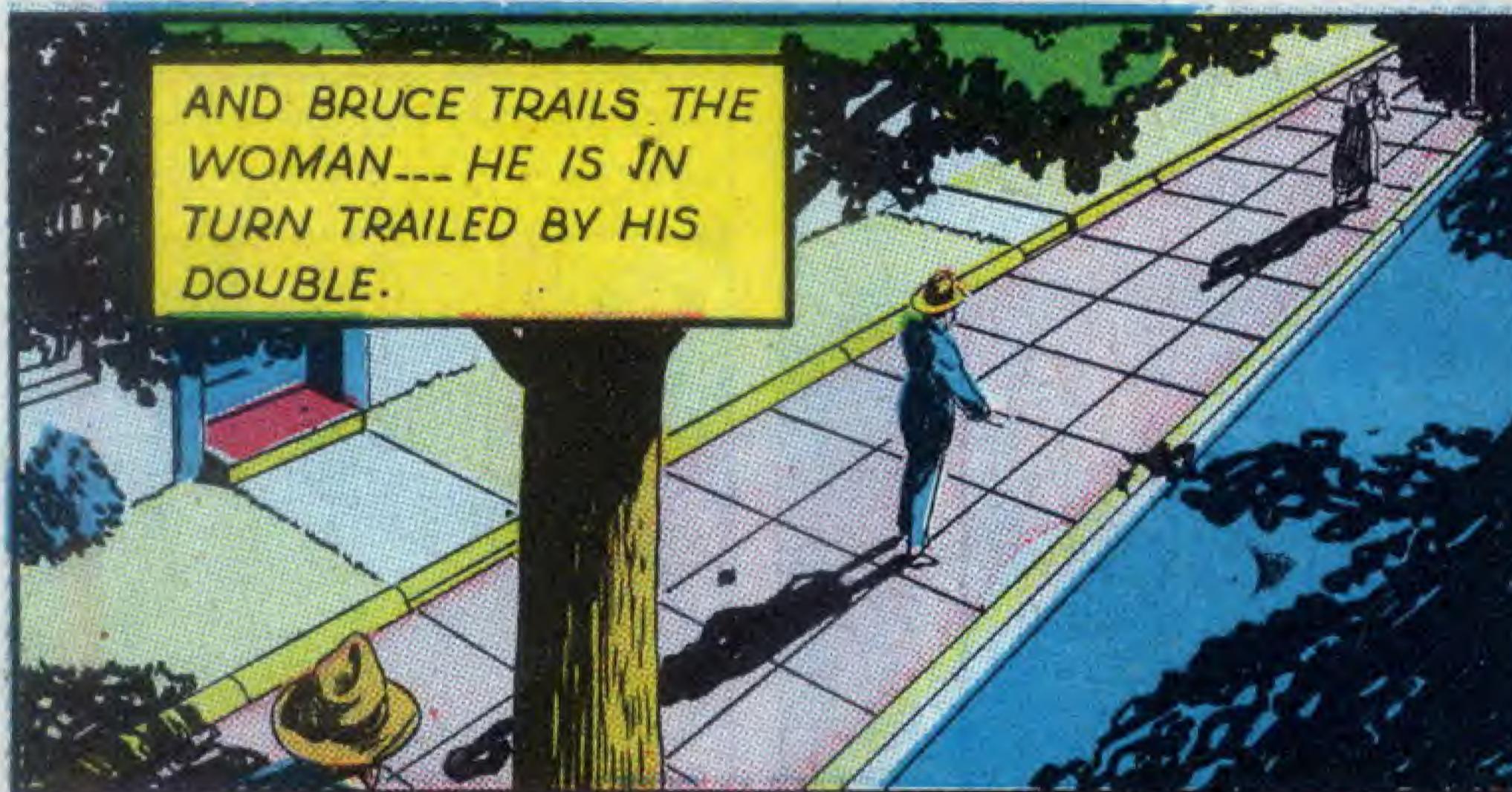
HOLY SMOKE, SO THAT'S HOW  
THEY ARE GETTING THE  
INFORMATION!



THERE SHE GOES! I'LL  
FOLLOW!



AND BRUCE TRAILS THE  
WOMAN... HE IS IN  
TURN TRAILED BY HIS  
DOUBLE.



SO, AS I FEARED! I AM  
FOLLOWED!



FROM HER 4TH FLOOR APT.

HE WAITS, THE FOOL!



THERE SHE IS! I'LL JUST PAY  
HER A VISIT, VIA THAT FIRE  
ESCAPE!



CARL! FRITZ! I HAVE  
BEEN FOLLOWED HERE!  
COME QUICKLY!



SONYA! SO YOU WERE  
THE OLD CLEANING  
WOMAN! YOU  
KILLED  
SIMPSON!

BUT OF COURSE,  
MY HANDSOME  
CAPITAN!



I'LL JUST TAKE THIS  
TYPEWRITER RIBBON!

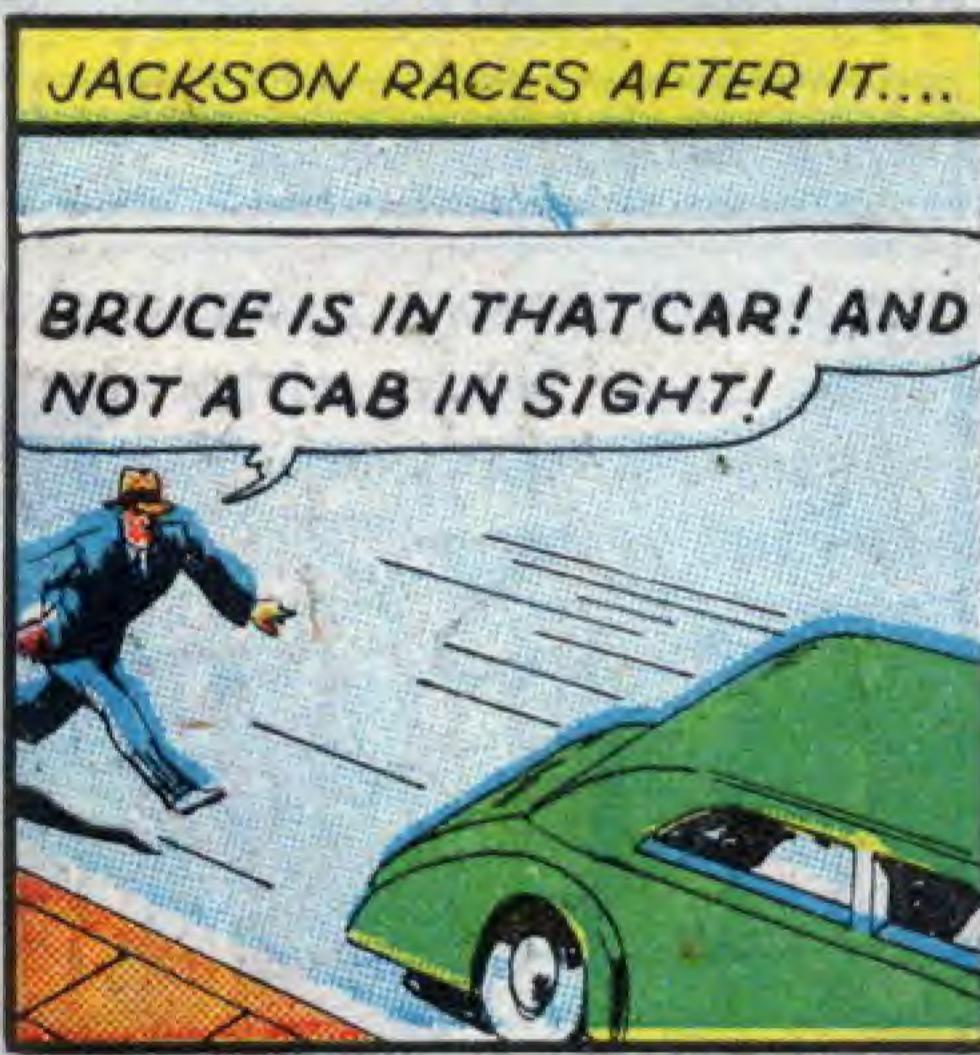
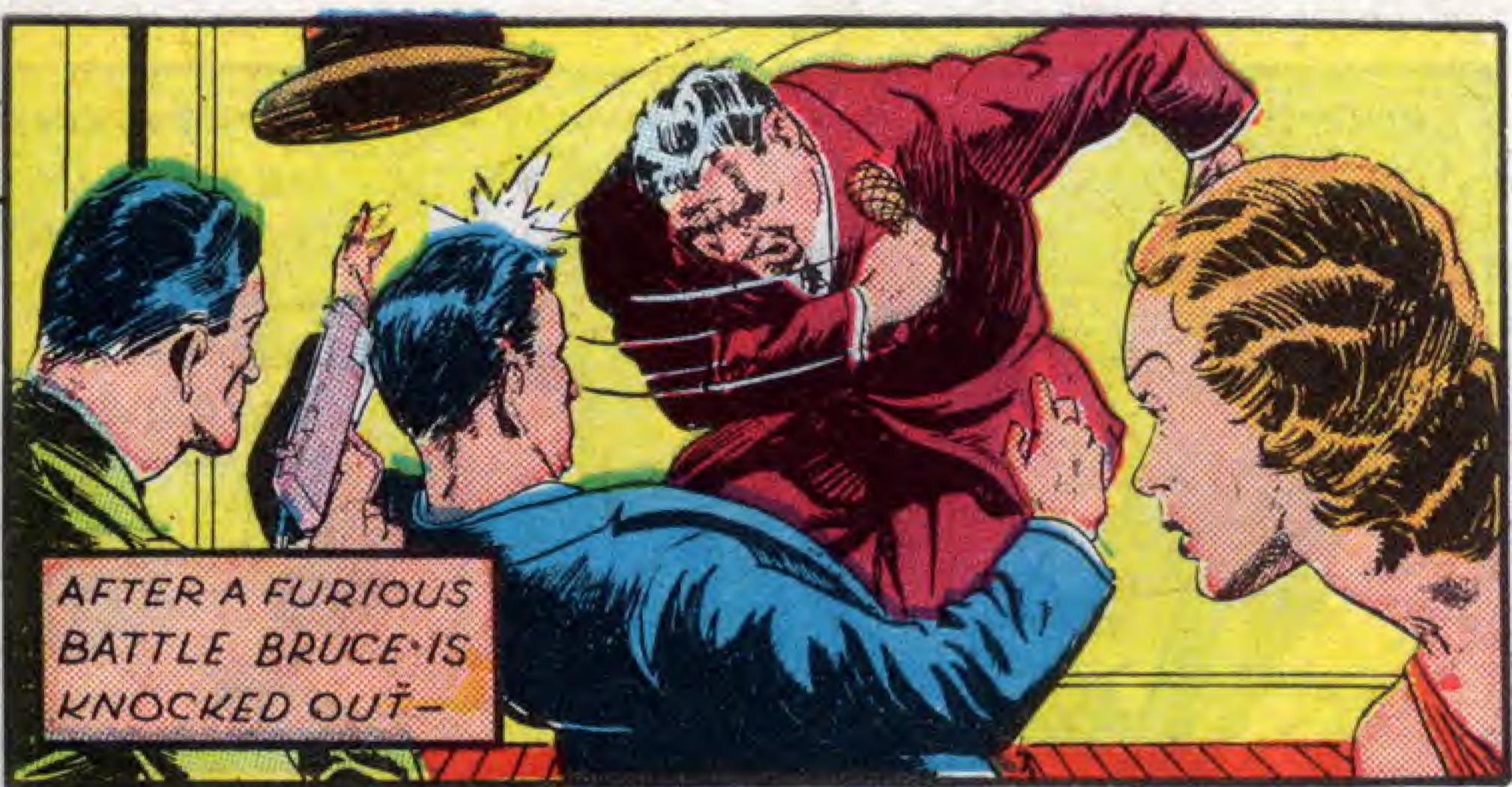
SO! YOU KNOW,  
YOU ARE  
CLEVER!

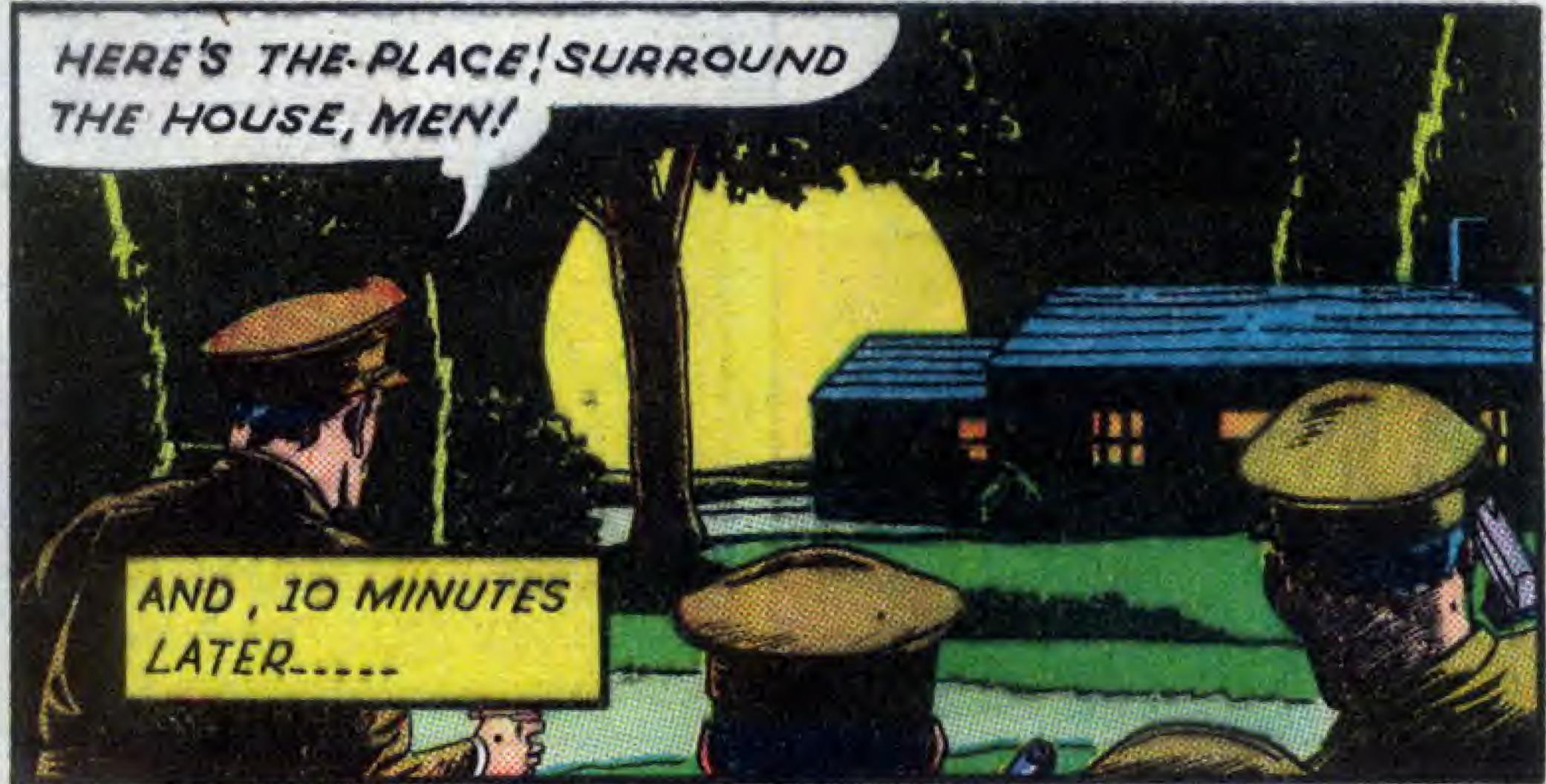
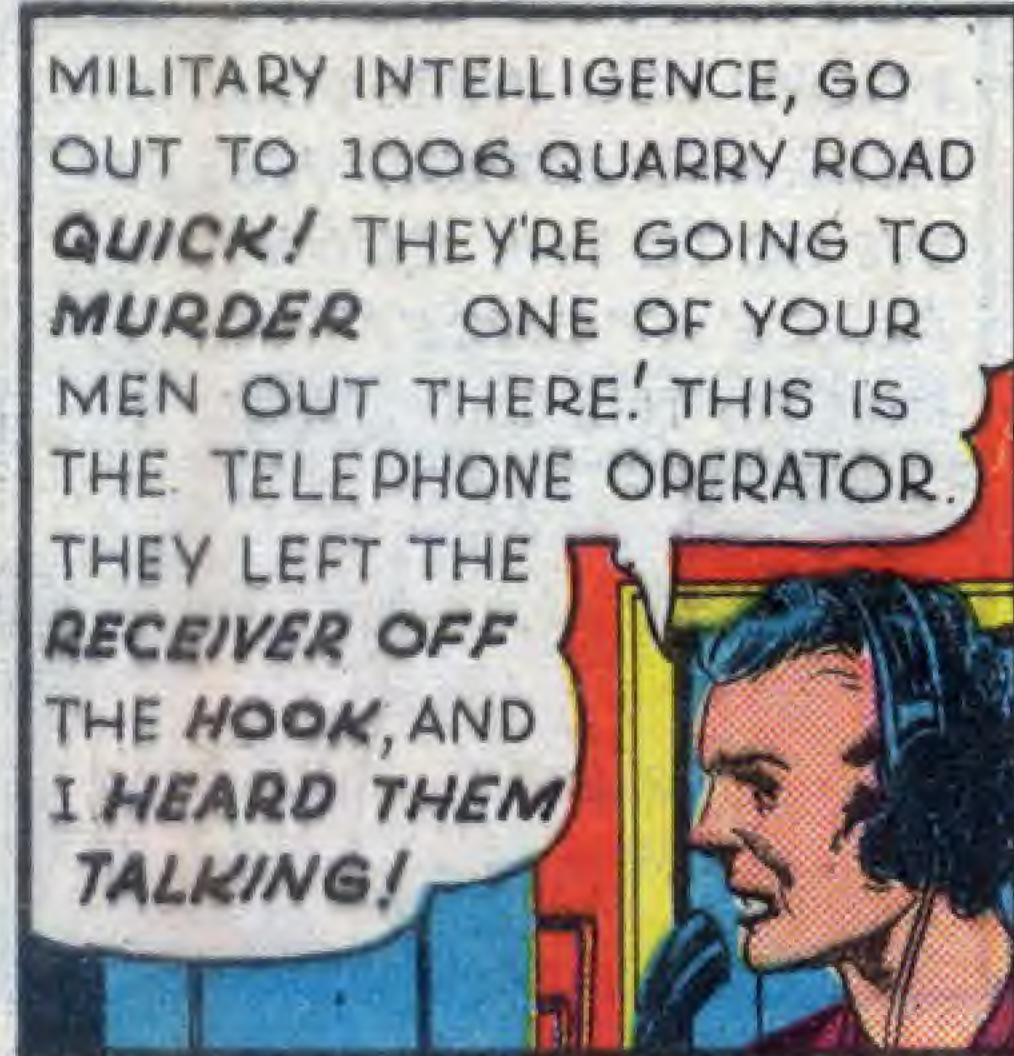
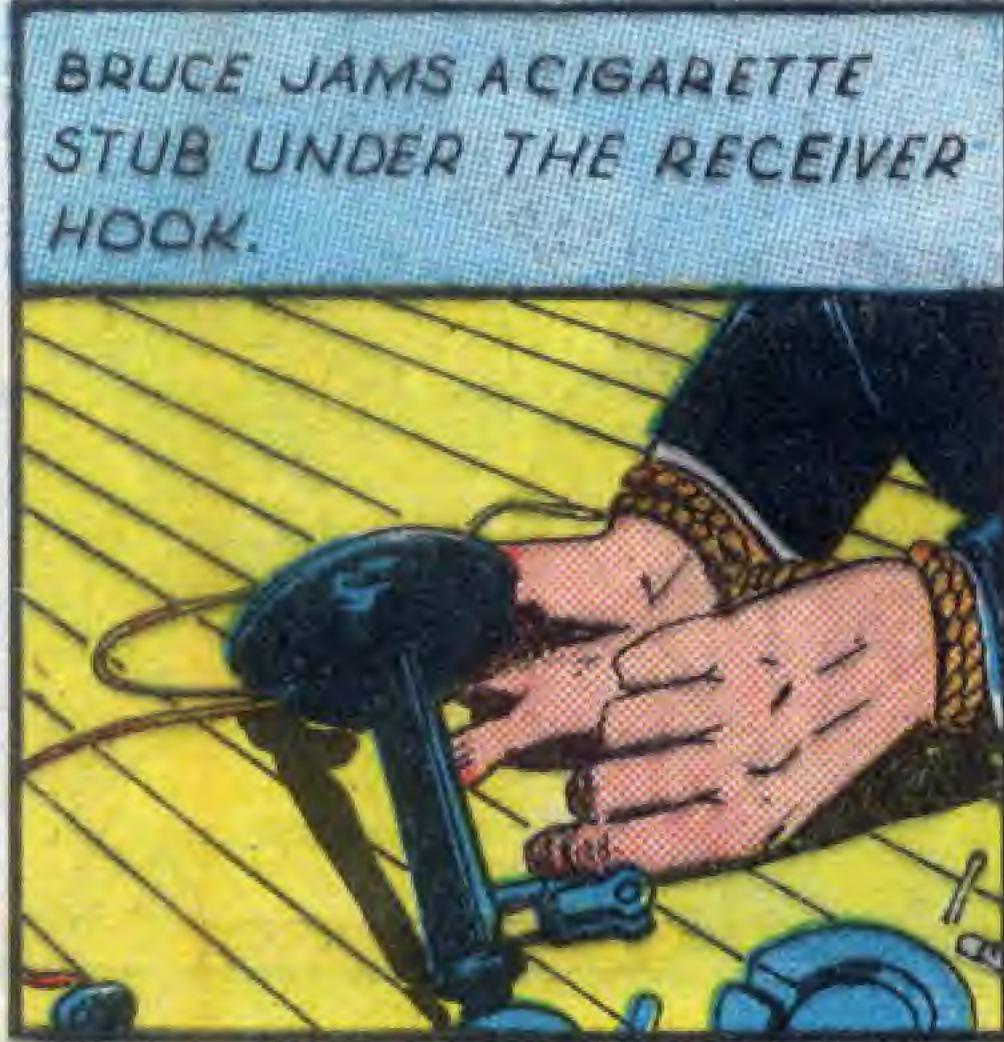


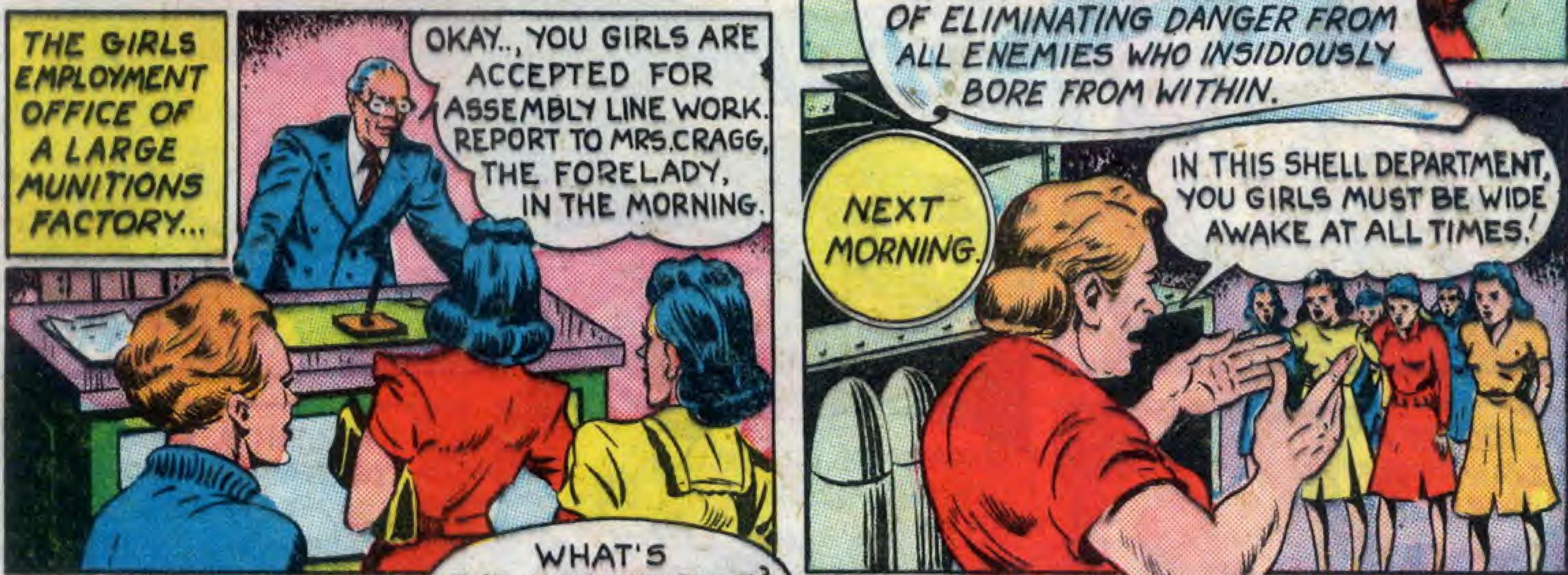
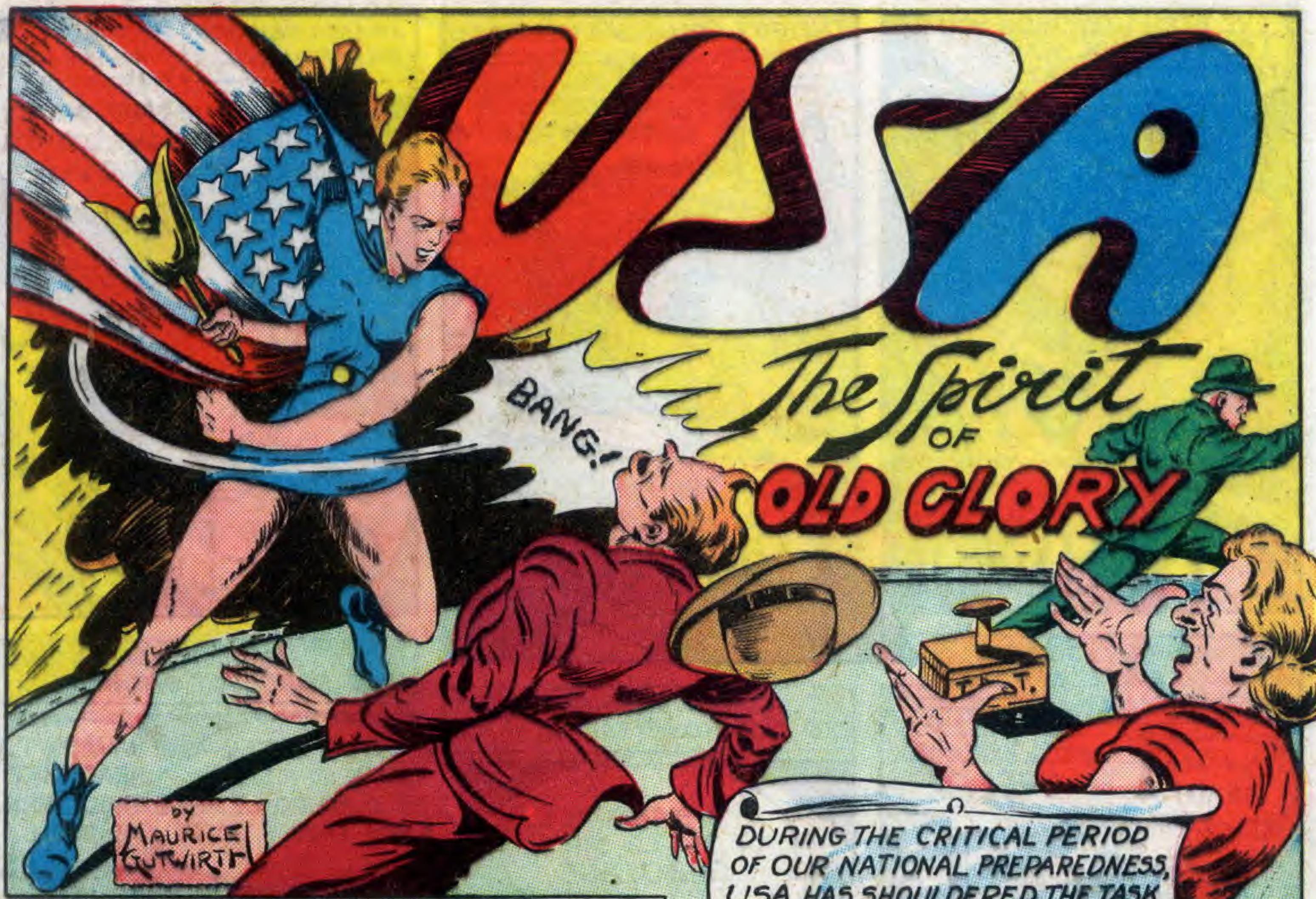
AND NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL  
MURDERESS-SPY, YOU'RE  
COMING WITH ME!

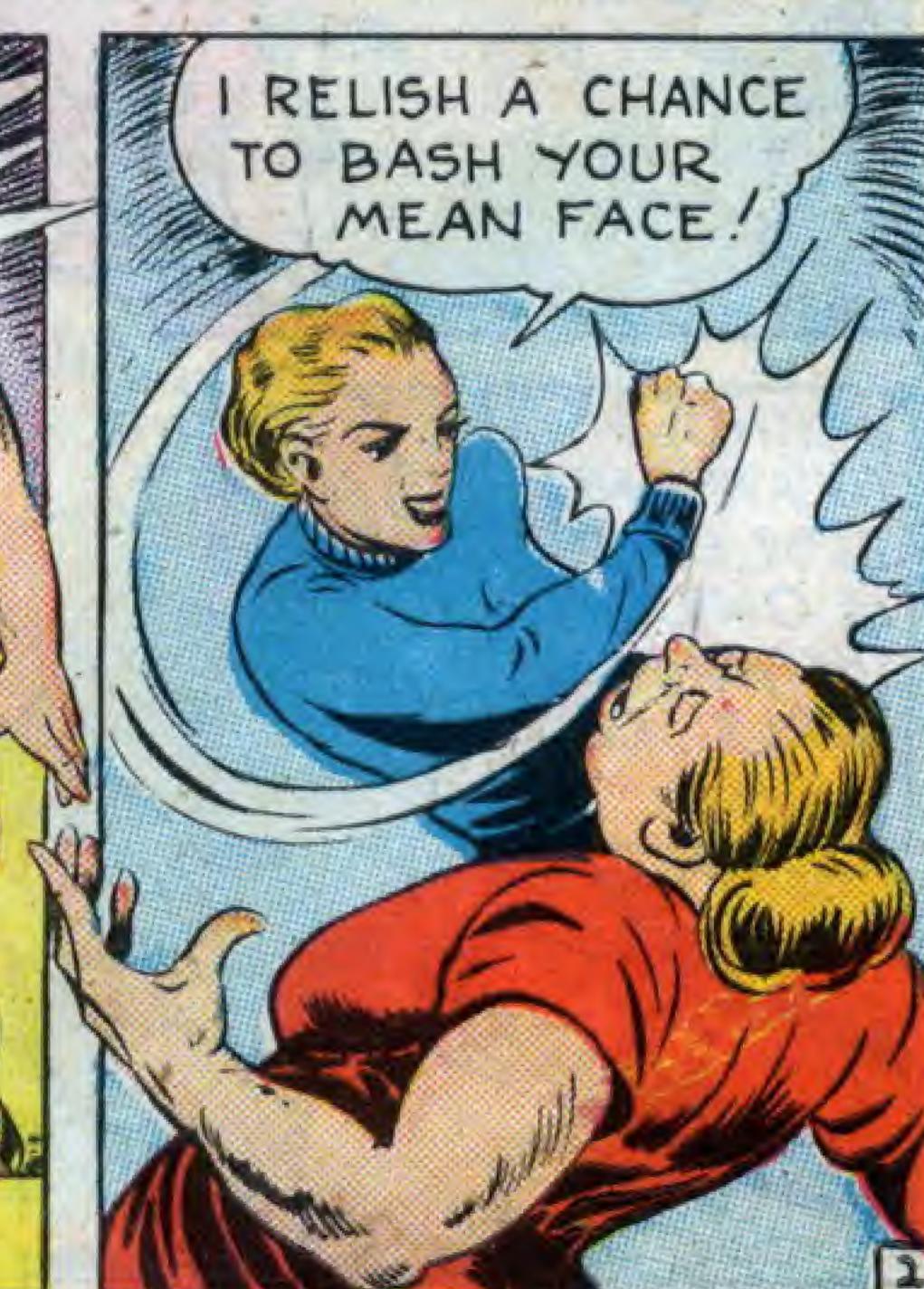
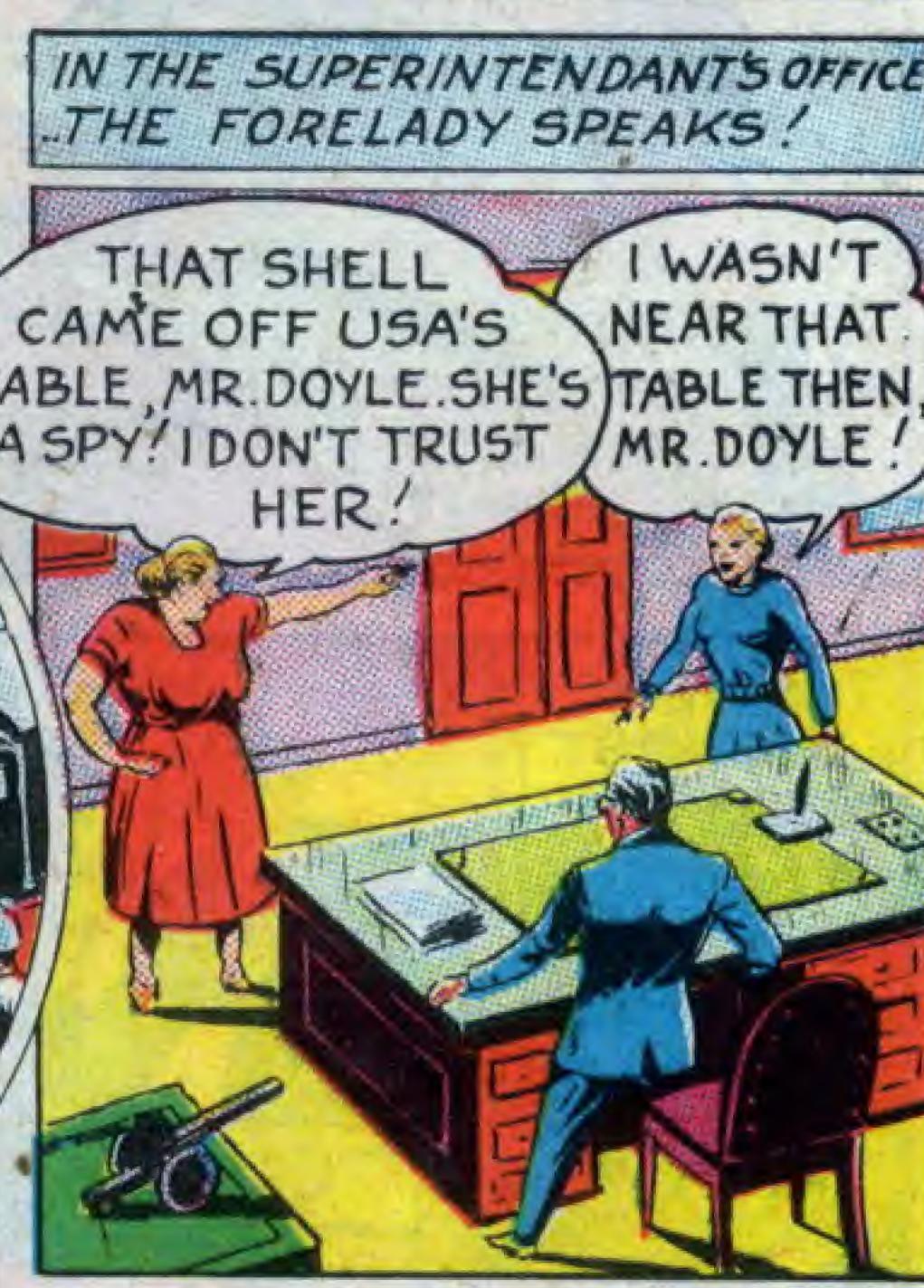
PERHAPS—



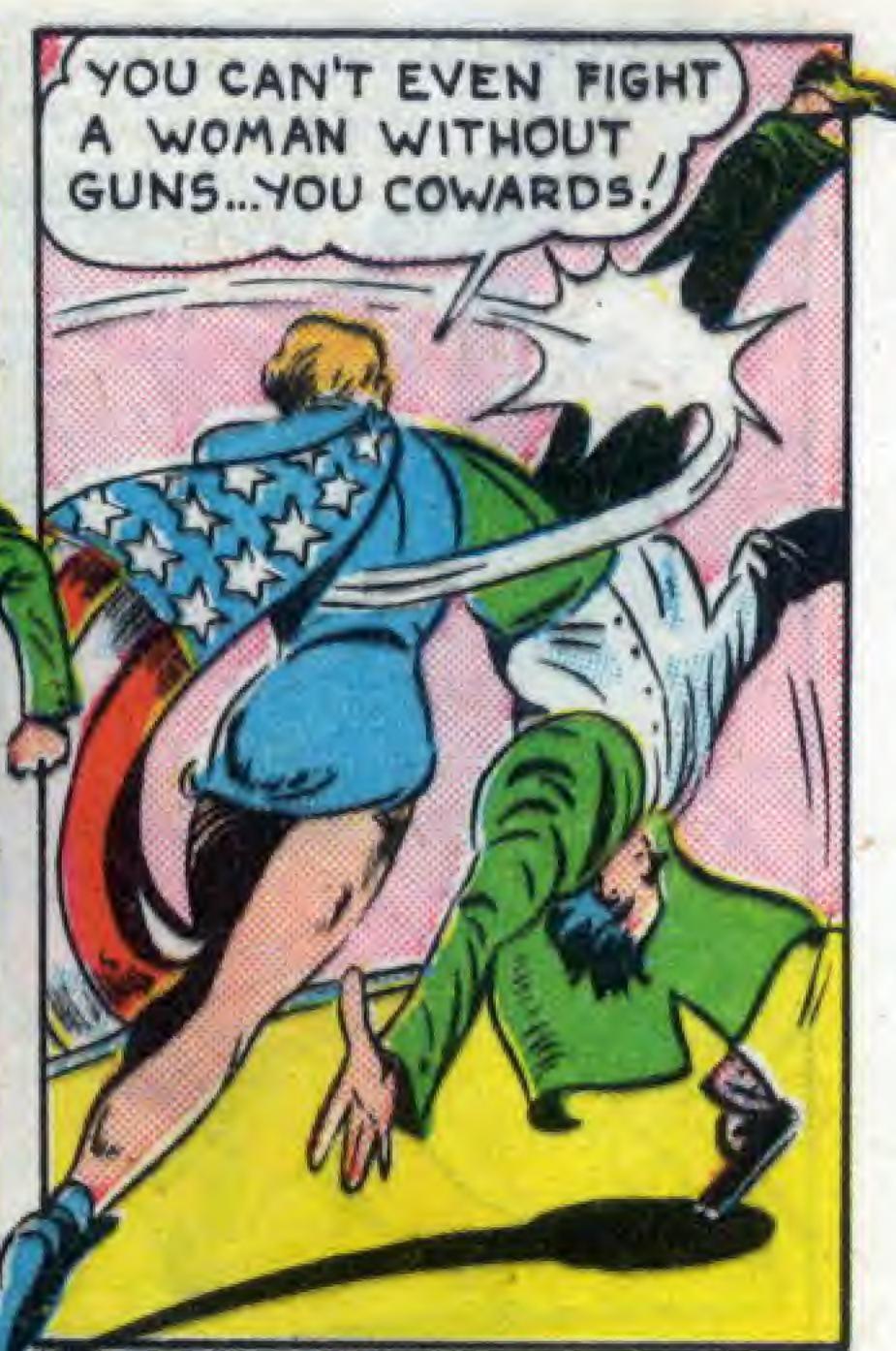






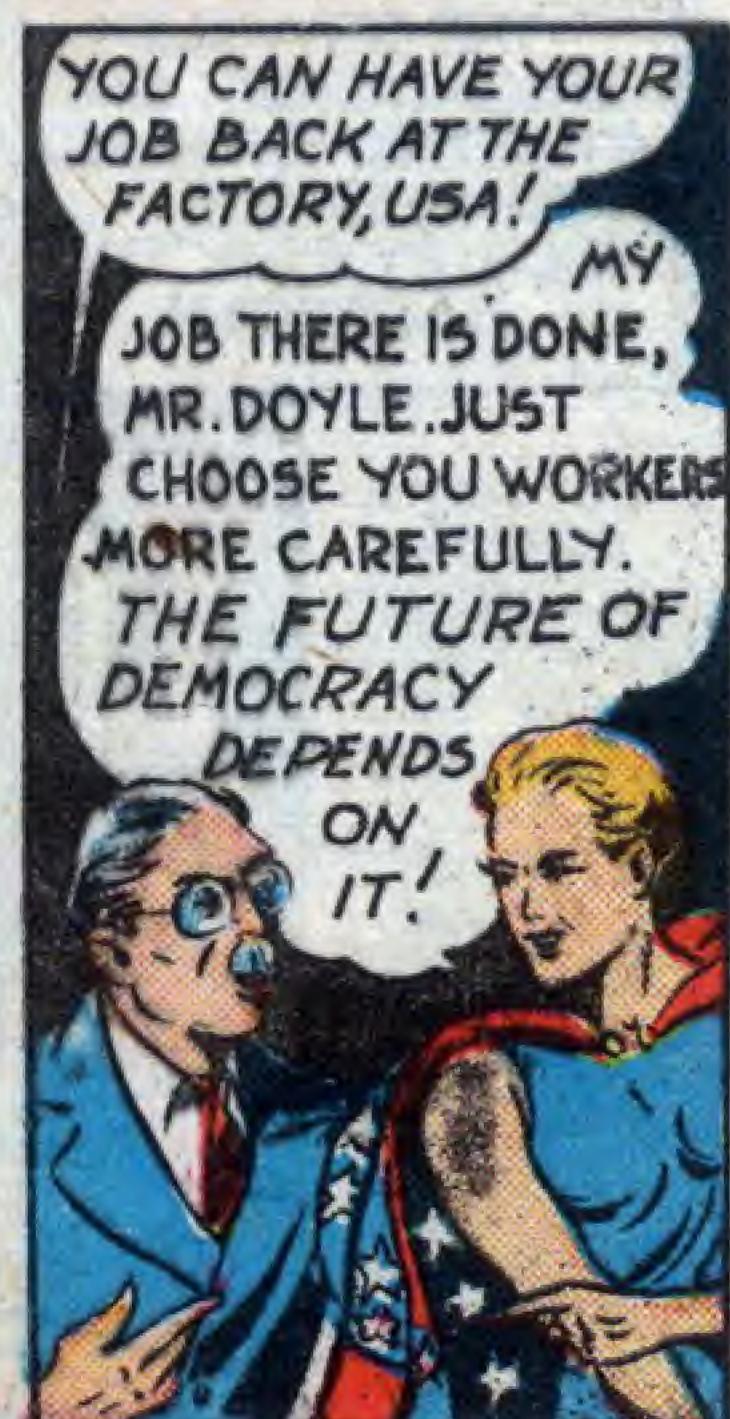
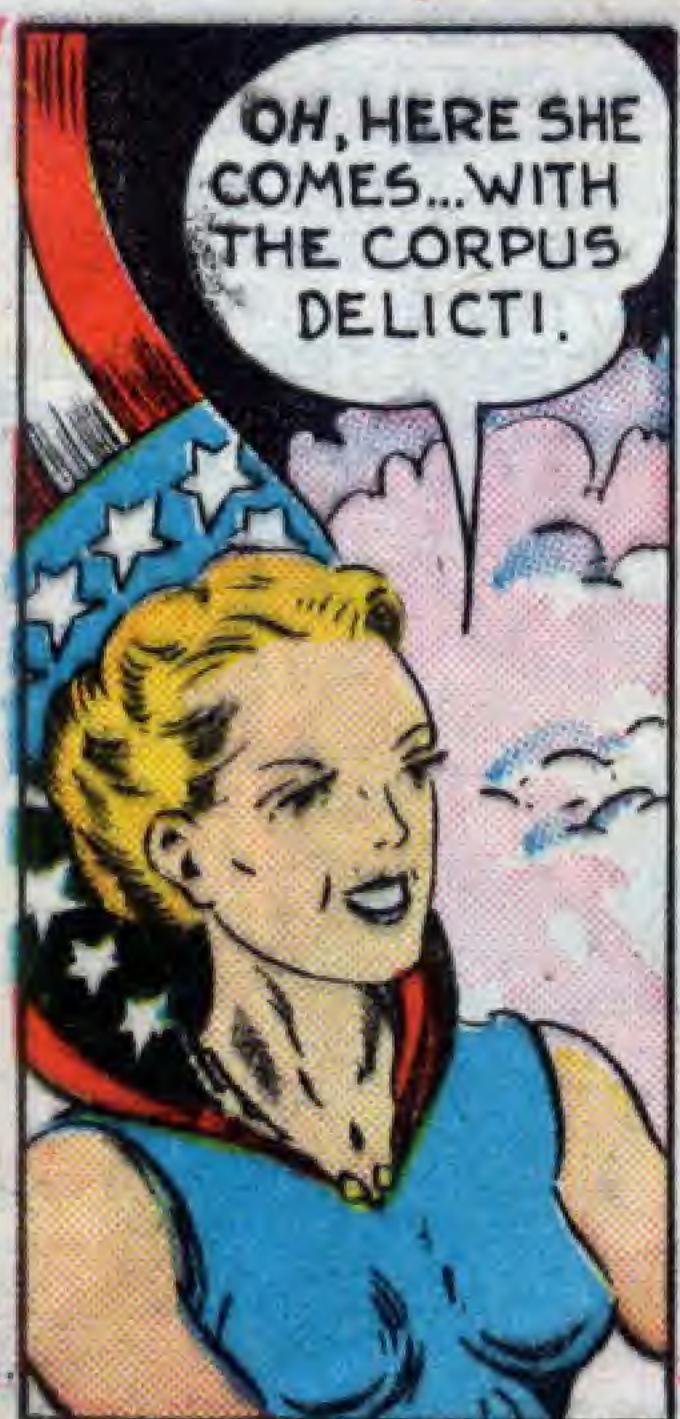






ALL RIGHT, BOYS.  
THE TIME BOMB  
IS SET - HEY!  
WHAT'S THIS?





More of USA, The Spirit Of Old Glory, in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# RUSTY RYAN

and the  
**BOYVILLE  
BRIGADIERS**

by Paul  
Gustavson



WHEN A FOREIGN  
MOVEMENT TRIES TO  
UNDERMINE THE  
YOUTH OF BOYVILLE,  
RUSTY RYAN CREATES  
THE BOYVILLE  
BRIGADIERS...SIX  
STURDY BOYS, PLEDGED  
TO KEEP OUR  
COUNTRY STRICTLY  
AMERICAN.

OUTSIDE A  
BOYVILLE  
DORMITORY  
RUSTY RYAN  
AND HIS  
PAL SMILEY  
ARE  
ATTRACTED  
BY AN  
EXCITED  
MILLING  
CROWD.



REACHING THE CROWD  
THEY FIND TWO DETECTIVES  
HOLDING TOMMY ANDREWS.

WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER,  
MISTER?

THIS BOY IS  
UNDER ARREST  
...FOR  
TREASON!!



YES! LOOK  
WHAT HE'S  
BEEN PASSING  
OUT TO THE REST  
OF YOU KIDS  
HERE... AND  
HE CLAIMS  
WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW  
WHAT THEY  
WERE ABOUT!





THAT NIGHT THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE REAR OF THE TOWN JAIL...



A MAN WITH A DARK BEARD AND GLASSES PAID FOR IT! HE WAS NICE TO ME AND ASKED ME TO PASS OUT THOSE PAPERS IN THE SCHOOL... BUT I WASN'T TO LOOK AT THEM!



DON'T BE ALARMED, SON.. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU! PUTTING YOUNG BOYS IN JAIL.. I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THIS COUNTRY.. BUT WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME!

NOW, TELL MY LAWYER EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!

AFTER TOMMY TELLS HIS STORY

SIMPLE.. NO CASE AT ALL! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN AN HOUR!

DON'T THANK US, SON.. WE ONLY REPRESENT THE AMERICAN FREEDOM CLUB! HERE, READ THIS BOOK WHILE WE'RE GETTING THE WRIT!

GEE.. THANKS!



IT'S WORKING LIKE A CHARM, DUTCH! THIS KID WILL BE THE START OF OUR BREAKING INTO BOYVILLE AND TEACHING THOSE KIDS OUR WAY OF THINKING!



HUH? YOU SAY YOU RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE.. .. AND YET YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!

YES.. WHY?

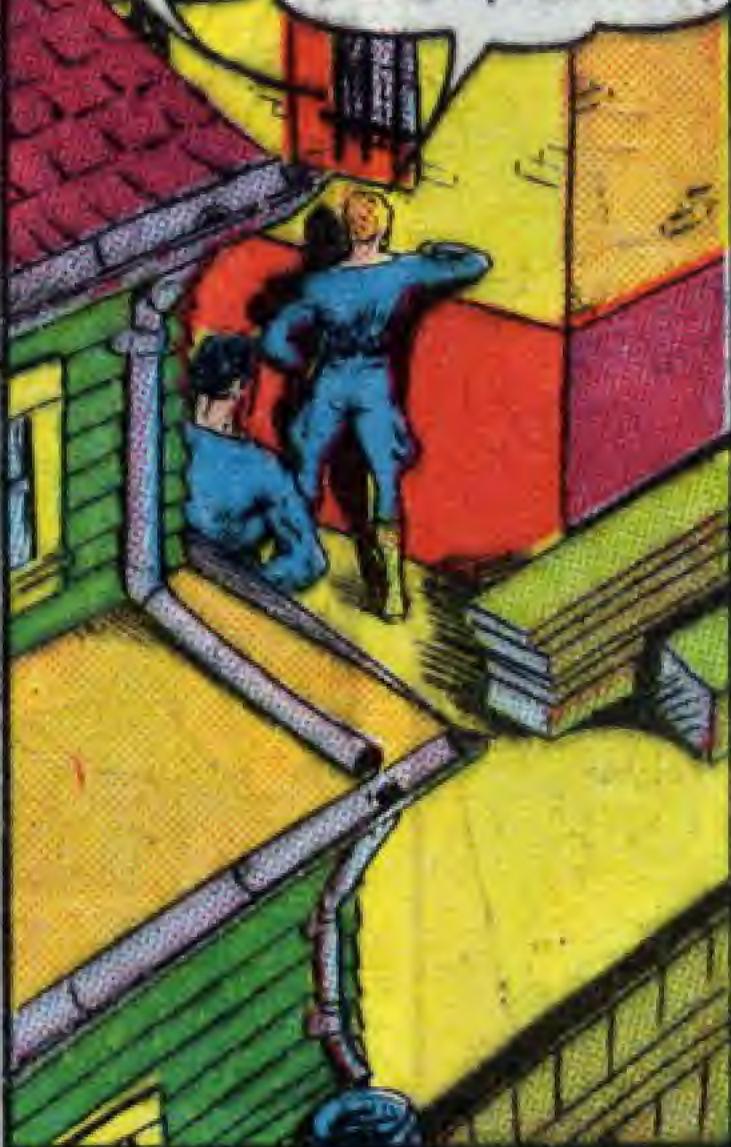


NOTHING.. BUT READING THIS BOOK GIVES ME AN IDEA!



MEANWHILE...

DID YOU HEAR WHAT IT SMELLS THEY SAID, TO ME! LET RUSTY? ME SEE THAT BOOK, TOMMY!



H-M-M-M! THAT FAT MAN THIS IS A NICE GUY! FUNNY.. BUT I SEEM TO PLACE HIS VOICE SOMEHOW.. BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!



C'MON, FELLAS.. WE'VE A LOT OF WORK TO DO!

OH, OH.. HERE WE GO!

RUSTY! MY BOOK!



OH.. THEY'RE GONE! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO??



SOME TIME LATER, THE TWO MEN RETURN WITH A WRIT AND TOMMY IS RELEASED..

IT SURE IS RIGHT NICE OF YOU FELLAS TO GET TOMMY OUT!

THINK NOTHING OF IT!

I DIDN'T LIKE KEEPING HIM LOCKED UP, BUT, Y'KNOW I HAVE MY ORDERS.. I'D AS SOON... WHAT TH'... ???

WHEN THEY REACH THE OFFICE.

H'YA SHERIFF!

RUSTY! AND THE BRIGADIERS!! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE???

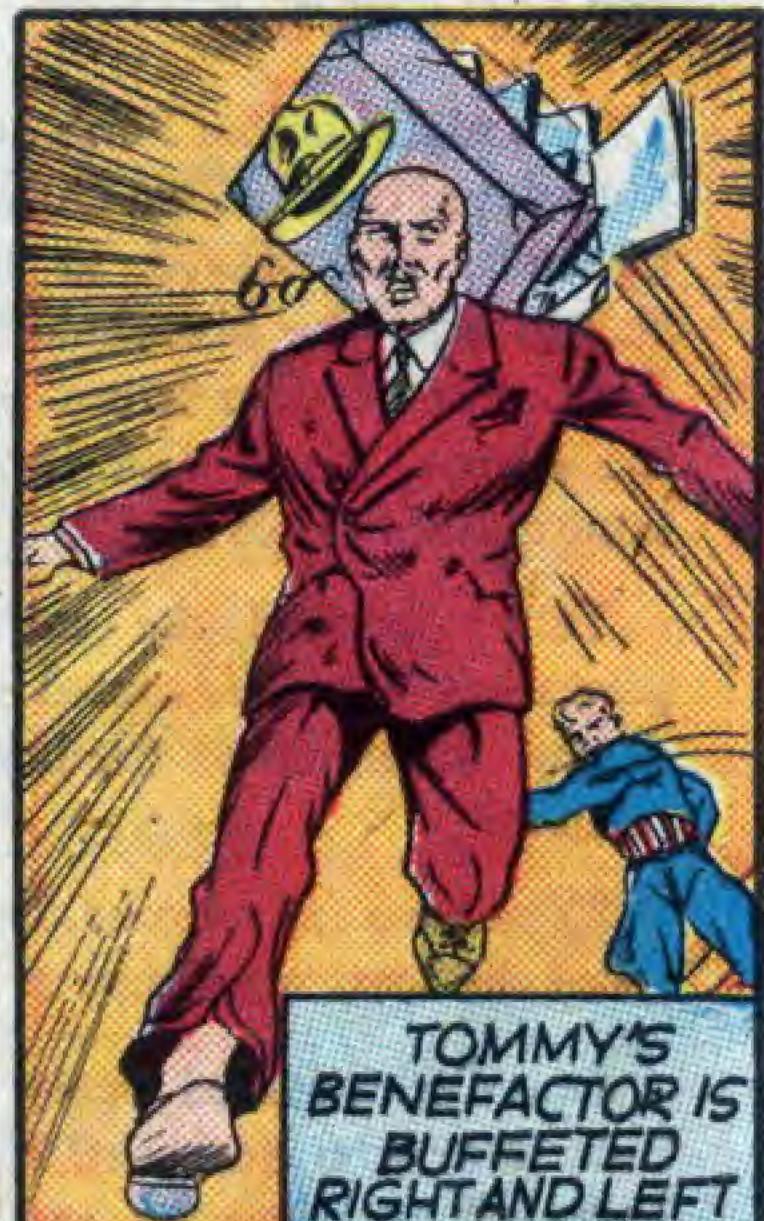
HMM....?? THOSE KIDS HAVE OUR BAGS! I DON'T LIKE THIS!

WE WERE LOOKING FOR THE MAN WITH THE DARK BEARD AND GLASSES THAT GOT TOMMY INTO THIS MESS.. AND WE FOUND "PART OF HIM" AT THE HOTEL!

I'VE HEARD OF THESE BRIGADIERS.. THEY'RE POISON.. AND NO DOPES!

THIS IS GETTIN' TOO HOT FOR ME!

AND HERE'S THE REST OF HIM SHERIFF!



HE DIDN'T WANT TO GO ANYPLACE!

NOW, SHERIFF... WHEN WE PUT THE DARK BEARD ON THIS BIRD...

WELL I'LL BE... IT'S HIM.. WITH A FALSE BEARD!!

IS THAT THE MAN, TOMMY?

THAT'S HIM ALRIGHT!

THE BOOK HE GAVE YOU.. IT'S REALLY THOSE PAMPHLETS HE HAD YOU PASS OUT... ONLY IT'S DRESSED UP WITH FANCY WORDS TO COVER IT'S REAL MEANING!



# THE DEATH that CRAWLED

BY  
ROBERT M. HYATT

Lying in the darkness, Don Carlos Romera listened intently. A palm frond rustled in the light breeze blowing off Guanacabo Gulf. Fear clutched Don Carlos' whole being. And for good reason: Last night, Pim, his trusted valet, had got up to take a drink. His scream had shivered through the quiet house, bringing a dozen or more mestizos on the run.

They had found old Pim lying on his face on the floor of his bedroom. He had died in a few minutes, unable to tell what had happened. There were no marks of violence on his body.

Two nights before Pim's death, Maria, the beloved cook in Don Carlos' rambling hacienda, had started to the kitchen shortly after the household was asleep. A moment later her scream tore through the silence. Maria died in exactly the same manner as old Pim.

Terror gripped the entire Romera plantation. What had caused these strange deaths? Who was at the bottom of the mystery?

"You have any enemies, Don Carlos?" asked the local magistrate of Santa Ana.

Don Carlos smiled wanly. "And what man lives who does not? Of course, I know of no particular enemies of the house of Romero."

"Is not your plantation the largest in this region?" asked the official.

"In all of Cuba," replied the don proudly, "there is no larger . . . and since you mention it, there is one who perhaps would gladly see me out of business. That one is Don Diego, up on the Salado river. Yet a countryman—" The don shook his head.

The night after the magistrate's visit, Don Carlos, remembering that he hadn't locked the French doors leading to his room, rose to lock them. His mortal cry again brought the household running. Don Carlos was dead when they found him.

It was purely by chance that the schooner *Panda* had anchored in Guan-

acabo Gulf a few days before Don Carlos' death. Perry Scott had come to Cuba for no particular purpose; it had just happened that he was on no assignment at the time.

Selden, Perry's first mate, brought the news to Perry first. Selden had been to Nombre for a few hours, shooting color films, when he heard the story of the uncanny deaths occurring at Don Carlos' plantation.

"Sounds mighty interesting," observed Perry. "Awfully interesting. Haven't they been able to find any reason for the killings? Might be poison."

"No," said Selden. "They performed autopsies on all three victims."

Perry nodded. "Like to take a run out there and snoop around a bit? I was never on a sugar plantation."

Selden grimmed. "I'd like to see anything stop you from running out there, Perry. I know you too well. When do we start?"

Perry liked Juan Romero instantly. But there was little hope in the young Spaniard's eyes when he said to Perry: "I am most grateful for your interest, senor, but I fear it will avail us nothing. I've had detectives here from Habana and Santiago. They went away baffled."

Perry smiled. "I'm not making rash promises, Don Juan. I have some time, and I'd like to work on the case. I've had some little experience as an amateur detective."

"Buena!" said Juan. "My house is yours, amigo. Every person on this plantation is at your service."

Perry wished he could make a minute inspection of the victims. But that was impossible; they had been buried. A visit to the doctor at Santa Ana availed him nothing. There had been no traces of poison, no mark upon the skin of any of the dead.

The magistrate could tell little more. Don Diego was a man of excellent repute. Before coming to Cuba some ten years

back, he had lived in India, the head of a Barcelona exporting firm. His record was clean in both countries.

Perry and Selden visited the Don Diego plantation that same night. Everything looked peaceful on the huge estate, but that told them nothing. The fact remained that Don Diego had tried to buy out Don Carlos on several occasions. They had parted friends each time.

Juan Romero offered them any room in the house upon their return that night. Perry chose Don Carlos' own room. When they were alone at last, Perry turned to Selden.

"Something funny about this," he said. "They post a flock of mestizo guards around the house at night, yet death gets in somehow. There's a nigger in the woodpile."

"You mean," offered Selden, "that someone in the house—"

"Exactly. There's someone in here working for Don Diego—if he happens to be the crook."

Nothing transpired that night out of the ordinary. Early the next morning Perry drove to the wharf and boarded his schooner. Going to the ship's laboratory, he opened a cupboard and took out several small boxes. These he put in his pocket and a few minutes later he was speeding back to the plantation.

With Juan's permission, he rigged up several banks of electric floodlights at the four corners of the house, with a master switch in a small empty shed not far away. Next, he planted his small boxes in various spots around the house.

Juan and half a dozen mestizos witnessed these proceedings with astonishment. "You Americans!" smiled Juan. "What is in those little boxes, senor?"

Perry said, grinning, "If I told you, you'd probably laugh me off the place. I'll wait and see if we have any luck . . . it's an old Japanese trick."

That evening, Perry searched the house thoroughly. He was rewarded at last. In a room occupied by a young nephew of Don Juan's he found a small bowl of milk under the bed, hidden from view by the overhanging spread.

"Ah-hah! Just as I thought! I think our little friend Don Diego is back of this, after all; and it's a cinch that someone in the house is helping him."

Perry made Juan's nephew change

rooms—just in case he slipped up on overhauling the killer. The change was made without the servants' knowledge.

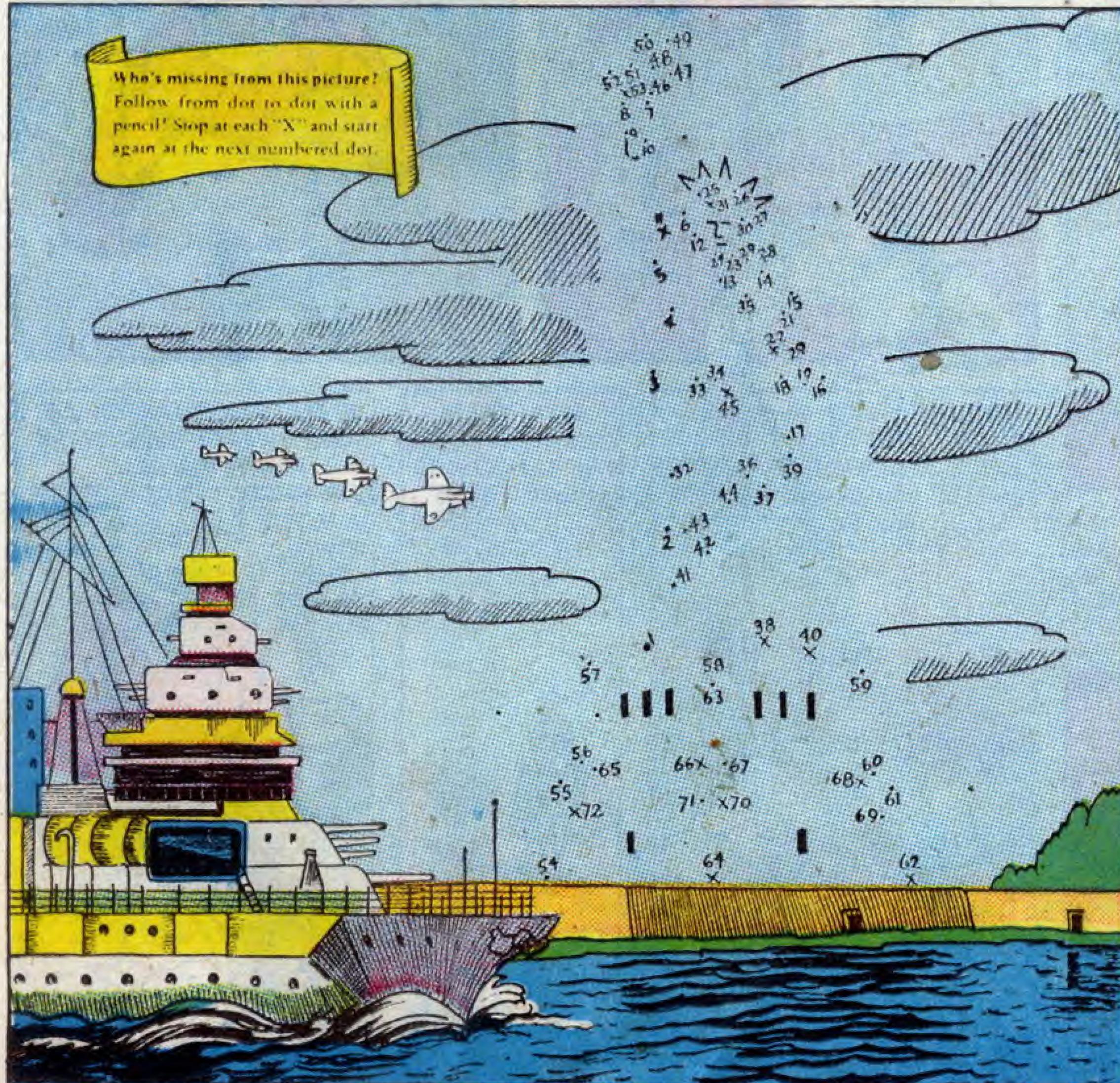
About midnight, when everyone had retired, Perry sneaked outside and took up his position in the vacant shed.

Crickets chirped merrily from every quarter, and an early moon rose majestically in the east. The hours passed. About two in the morning, the crickets suddenly stopped chirping. It was the signal Perry was waiting for. He threw in the switch and the entire grounds were lighted brilliantly. At his orders, the spacious lawns had been clipped close the day before; now the flat green expanse lay like an emerald carpet. Anything on that lawn would be visible a long ways off.

Perry saw nothing from his angle, so he hurried around a corner of the house. Ah! There it was, crossing the lawn sinuously. When he was ten feet from it, Perry blasted away with his shotgun. The roar of the gun brought Juan and several others out of the house.

"What is it, señor?" demanded Juan.

"Your killer. A cobra, if I'm not mistaken."



"But I don't understand. A cobra—"

"This one evidently came from India," said Perry. "Doubtless by Don Diego. I suspected it when I found the bowl of milk in your nephew's room."

Don Juan still didn't comprehend. "You mean—"

"It's like this," Perry said. "Cobras can smell milk fifty yards or more away. This one was probably released from its cage at the edge of the lawn, on the side of the house where your nephew was to sleep. At any point it is less than twenty yards across your lawn to the wall."

"But who placed the bowl of milk?" Juan asked incredulously.

"Someone in your house is a traitor, in Don Diego's pay. He placed the milk, probably having no idea what for."

At this point one of the servants cried out and pointed. A man was running from the house, heading for the highway. Perry shouted and brought the gun up. The man halted and a dozen mestizos piled upon him. He was a recent addition to Don Carlos' retinue. It was an easy matter to make him talk: He definitely incriminated Don Diego.

"Of course," Perry stated, "Don Diego

always wanted your father's plantation, and took this method of frightening you into a sale, after everything else failed. I know, now, why you didn't discover any marks on the victims: the bite of a cobra leaves infinitesimal holes in the skin, which close entirely soon after they strike."

Don Juan still looked baffled. "But those little boxes—" he began.

Perry laughed. "Oh, those. Well, I brought those Japanese crickets from Japan. They're excellent chirpers. They are also fine watchdogs. Every Japanese house has its crickets. Whenever they stop chirping at night, the household knows that someone is prowling around the place. I used them for the same purpose. Had we kept the lights on, we'd never have trapped our killer."

Juan Romero held out his hand. "You Americans! You're—magicians! And may the good God bless you!"

**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT IN  
SEA KILLER  
IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
FEATURE COMICS  
ON SALE JULY 25<sup>TH</sup>**

**Be sure your  
new bike has this  
famous brake!**

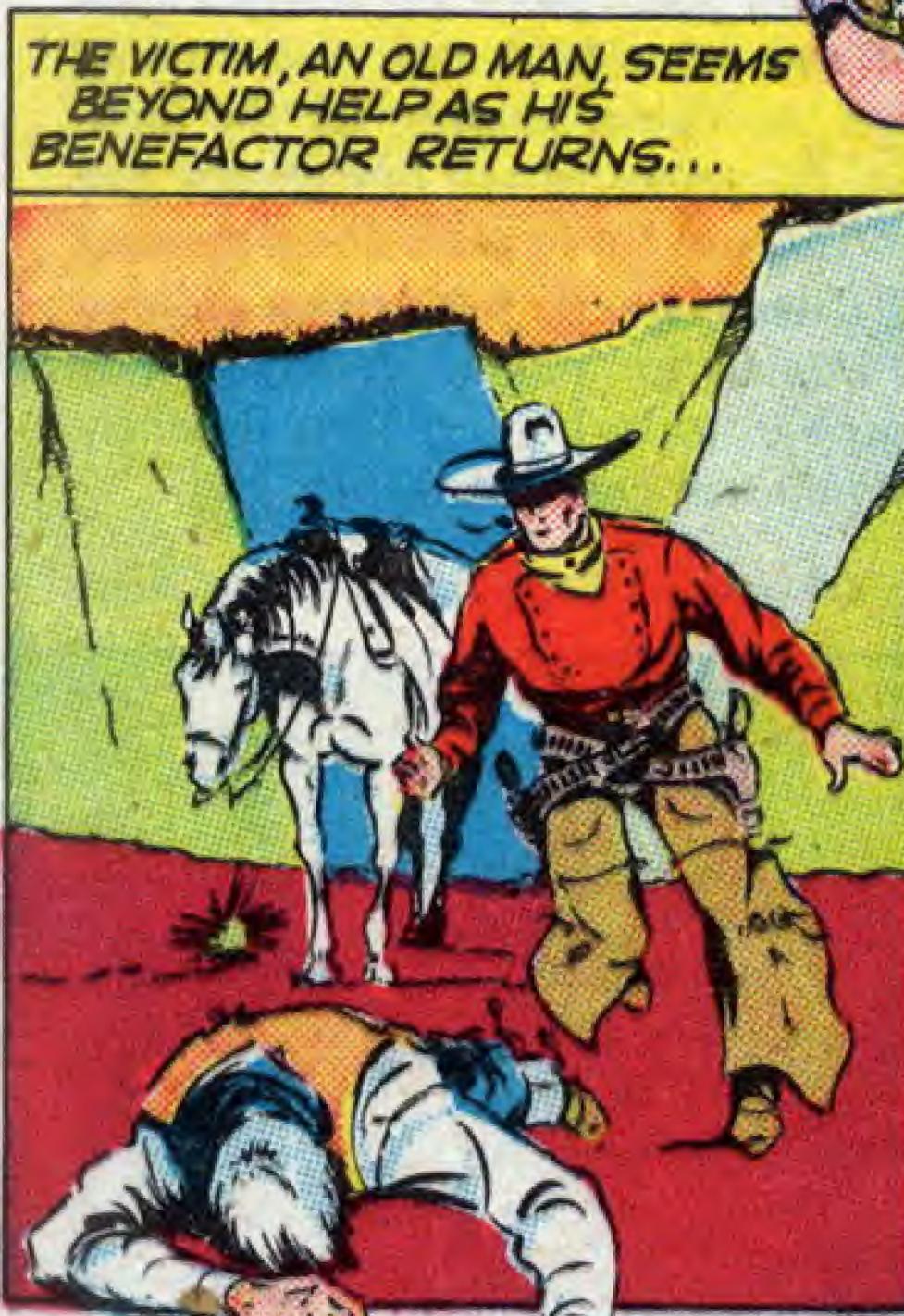
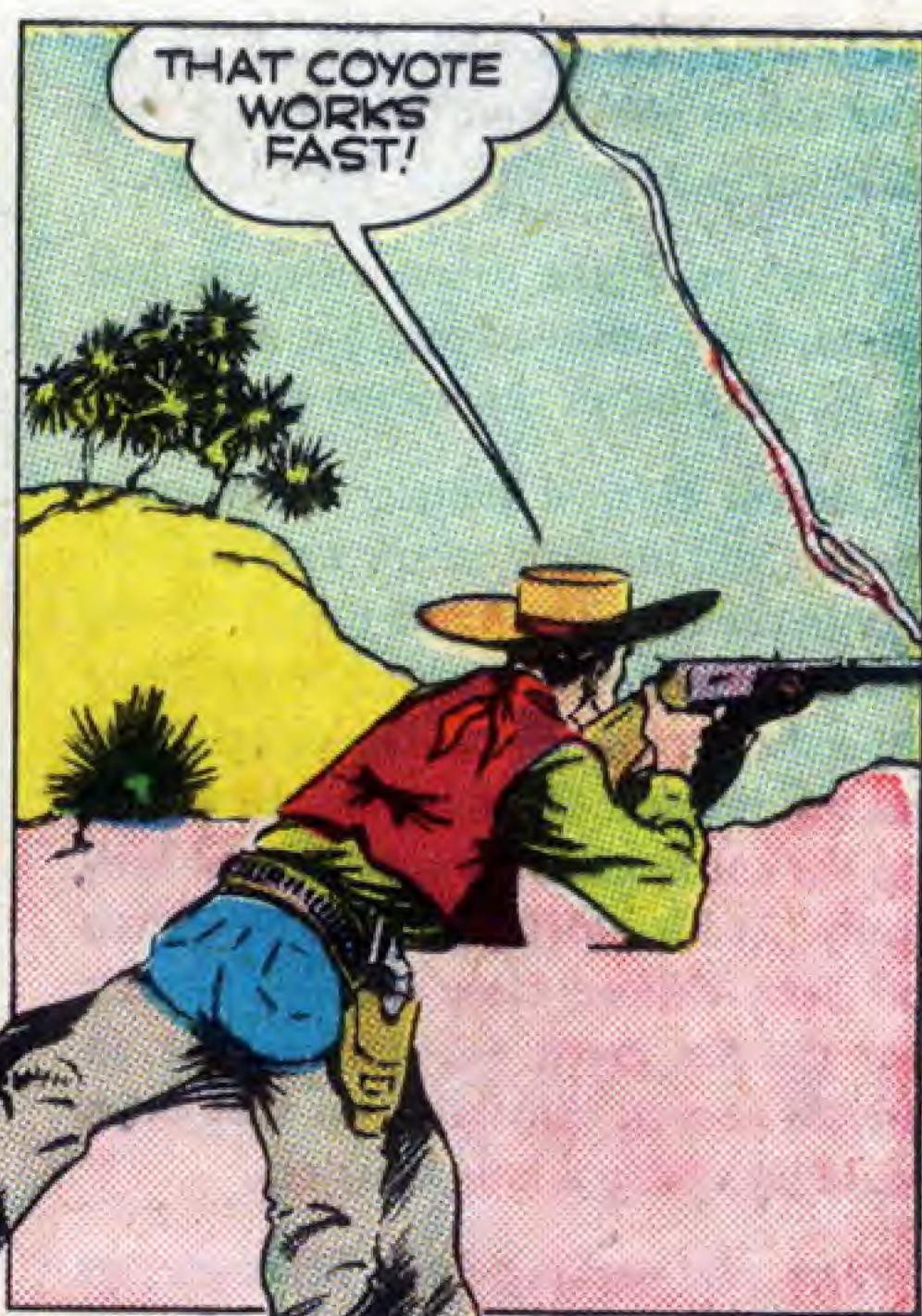
BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

**MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE**



# THE FARGO KID

A PRODUCT OF THE WEST  
OF TODAY, TIM TURNER BETTER  
KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID IS THE  
LAW'S STOUTEST ALLY... HE HEARS  
A GUN BARK... A VICTIM FALLS... FARGO  
KID SHOOTS AT THE FLEEING ASSAILANT



LATER..NOW IN TOWN THE KID IS SURROUNDED BY MEN WHO INTENTLY LISTEN TO THIS ACCOUNT OF THE HOLDUP MURDER....

AND THE SNAKE GOT AWAY FAST WHEN HE SAW ME...



THE OLD RANCHER'S DAUGHTER RUNS TOWARD THE GROUP...

MY DAD!! IT WAS MY DAD, WASN'T IT?



SHE IS WATCHED BY THE BEADY EYES OF THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE RANCH MORTGAGE



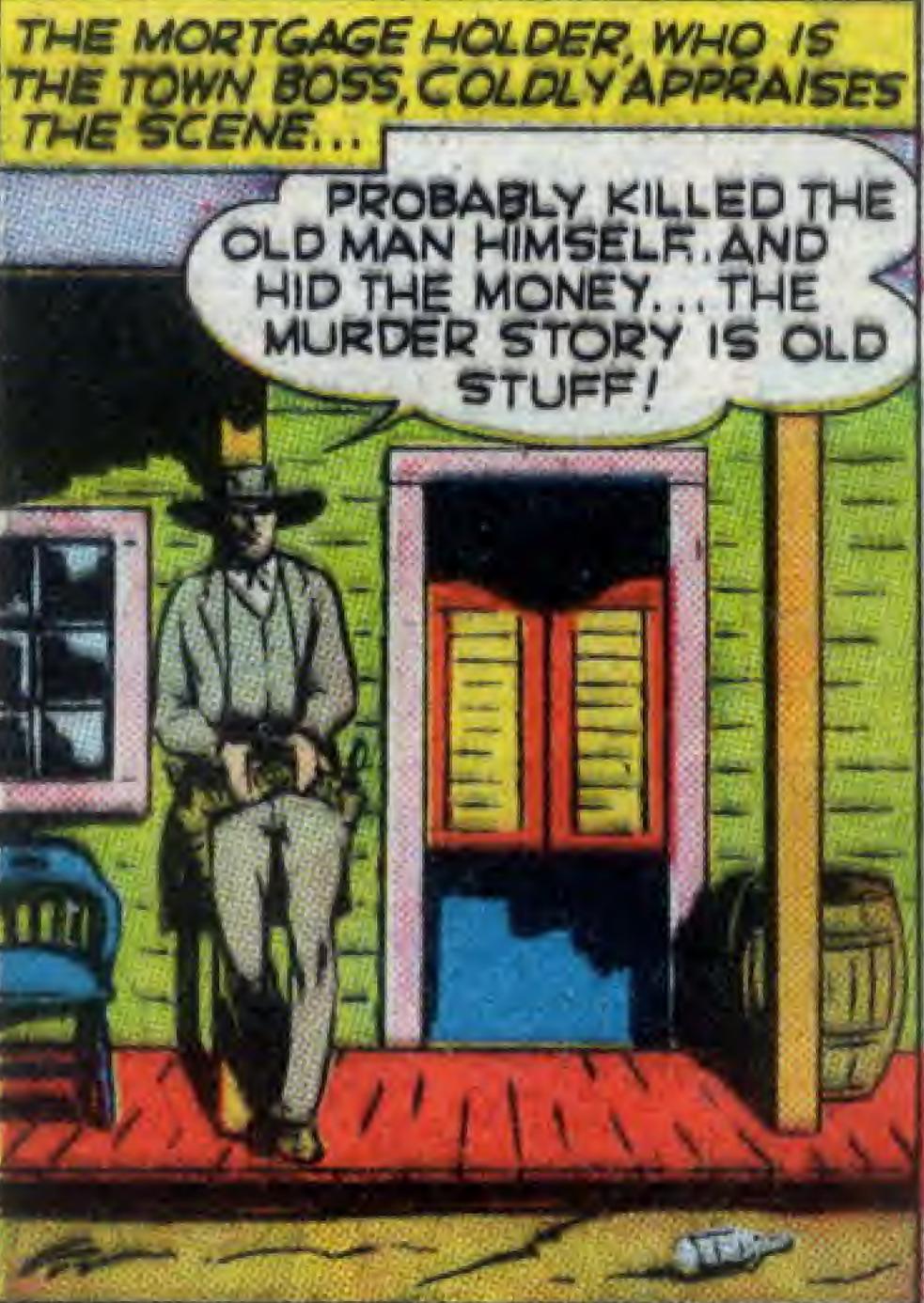
TELL ME..PLEASE TELL ME!! WHO DID IT.. OH-H-H.. DID MY DAD....??

QUIET NOW... GET HOLD OF YOURSELF... I'LL HELP YOU....



THE MORTGAGE HOLDER, WHO IS THE TOWN BOSS, COLDLY APPRAISES THE SCENE...

PROBABLY KILLED THE OLD MAN HIMSELF, AND HID THE MONEY... THE MURDER STORY IS OLD STUFF!



SOON THE BOSS'S HENCHMEN TAKE UP THE CRY OF SUSPICION AIMED AT THE FARGO KID....



AN HONEST BUT STUPID SHERIFF IS FORCED INTO ACTION...

FARGO, YORE UNDER ARREST!!



BUT THE KID IS FAST ON THE DRAW!!

NO I'M NOT SHERIFF!! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!!



BUT A GUN BUTT, USED FROM BEHIND, SENDS FARGO KID SPRAWLING INTO THE DUST...



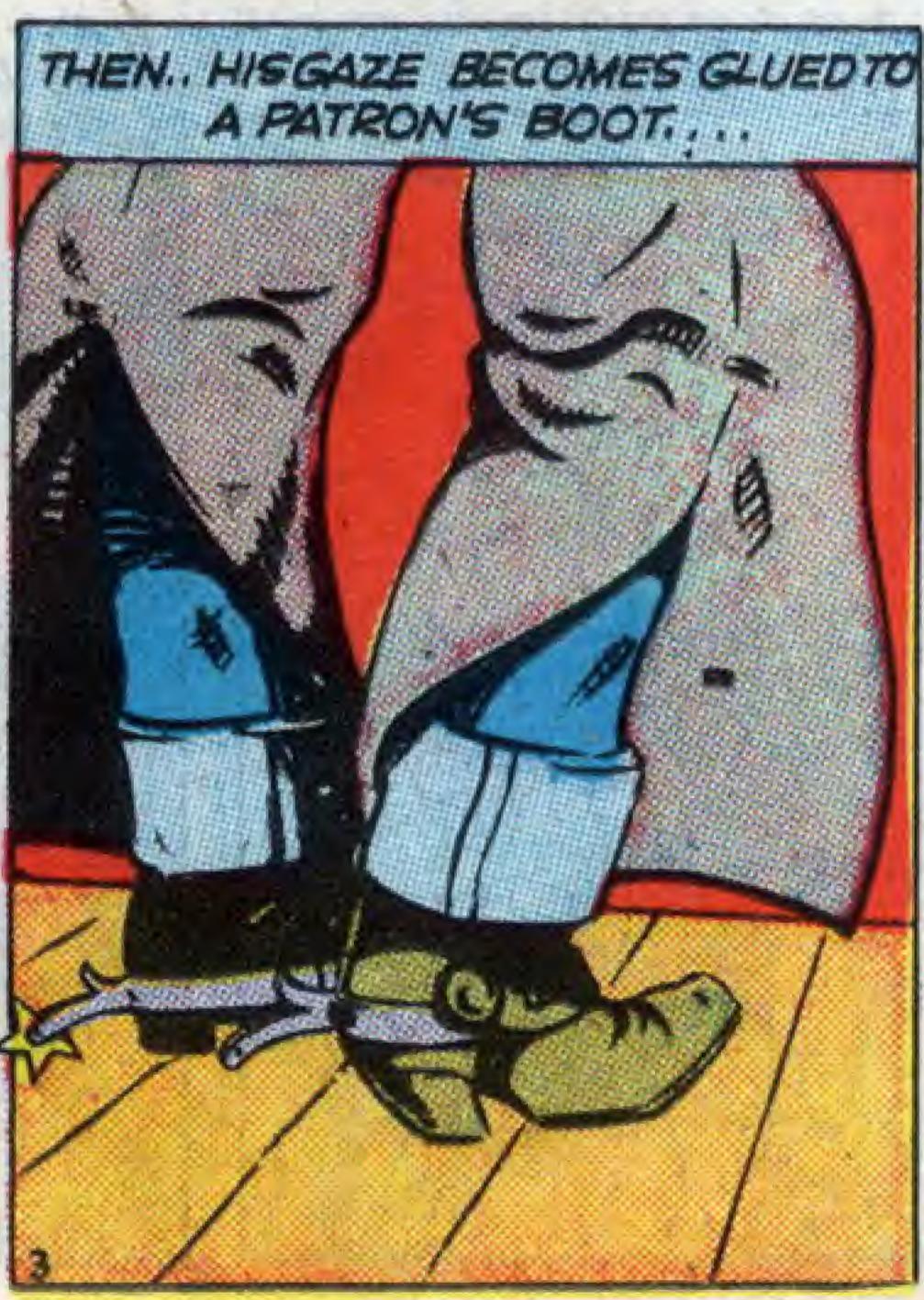
UNCONSCIOUS, HE'S CARRIED OFF TO JAIL...



THE SUN IS SINKING BELOW THE HILLS WHEN HE GROGGILY COMES TO.

I'M IN A PRETTY SPOT NOW!!





THE MAN WHO LACKS THE BOOT-ROWEL LEERS AS THE FARGO KID COOLY BRUSHES HIM AT THE BAR....



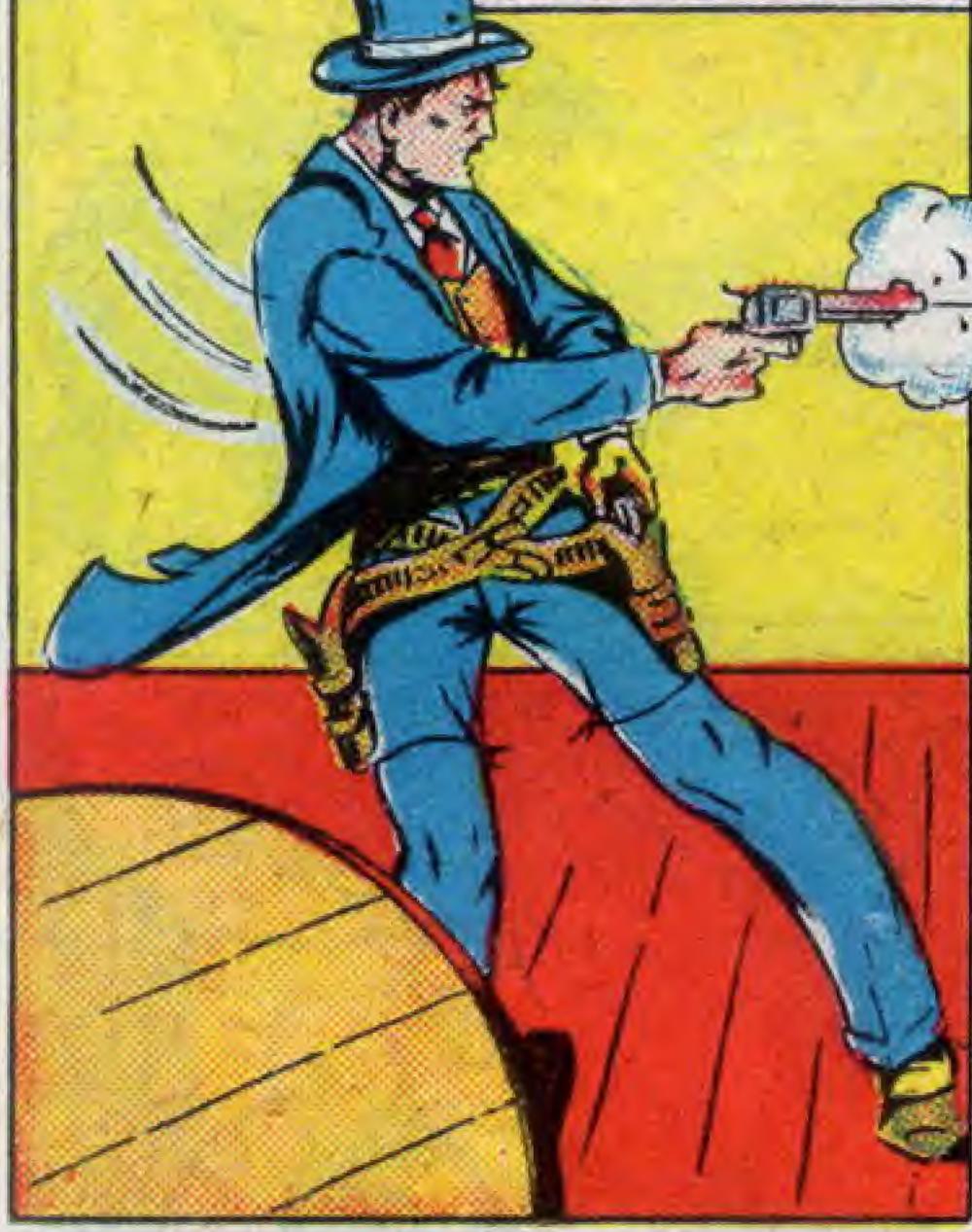
A HALF HOUR LATER.. THE KID'S FRIENDLY MANNER HAS LOOSENERED THE MAN'S TONGUE.. HE THAWS OUT.. THEN....



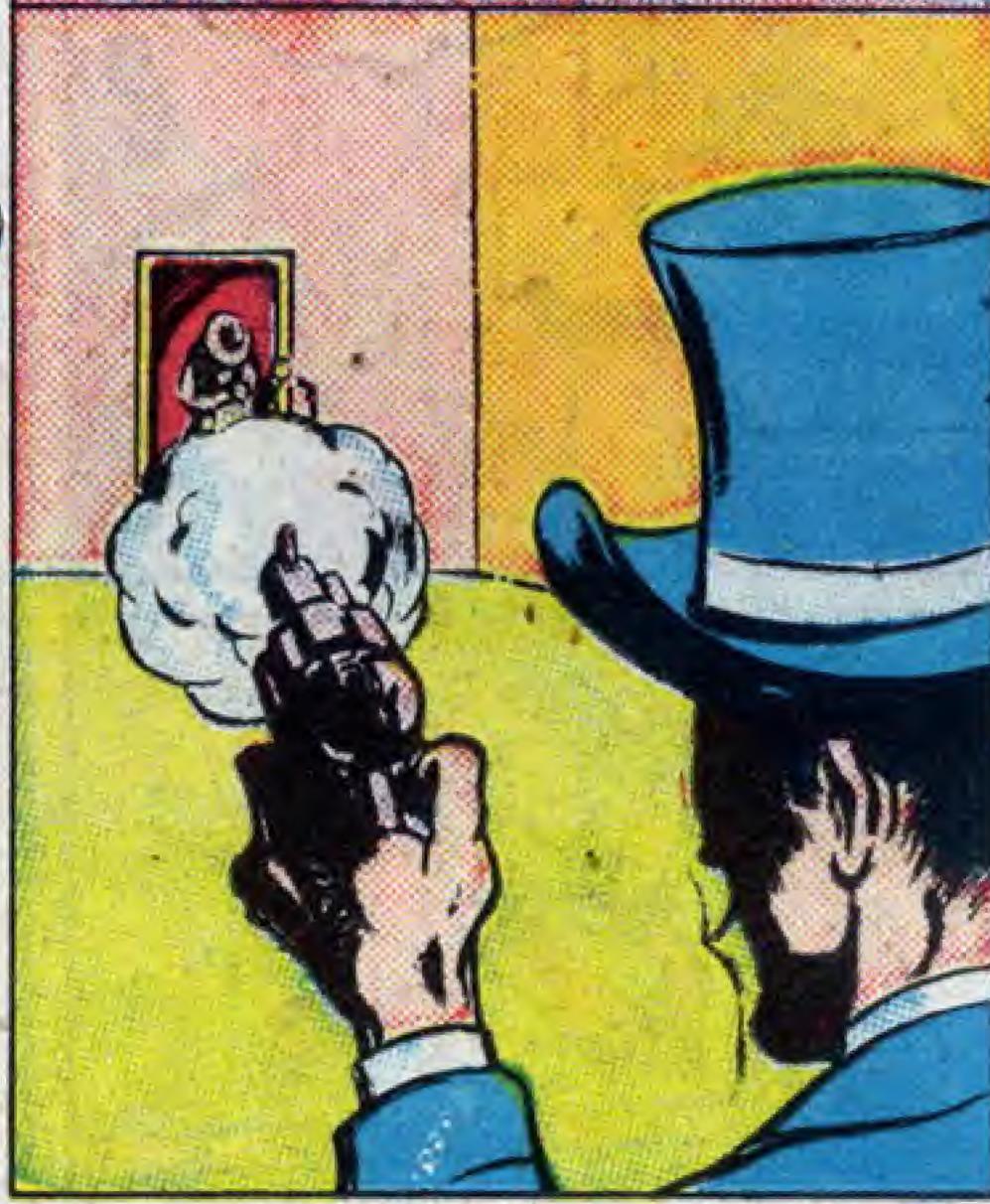
THEY PLAY ONLY A FEW MINUTES.. WHEN SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENS BEHIND THE FARGO KID.. THE TOWN BOSS STALKS IN WITH DRAWN GUNS...



BUT IN A FLASH THE KID UPTURNS THE TABLE, AND...



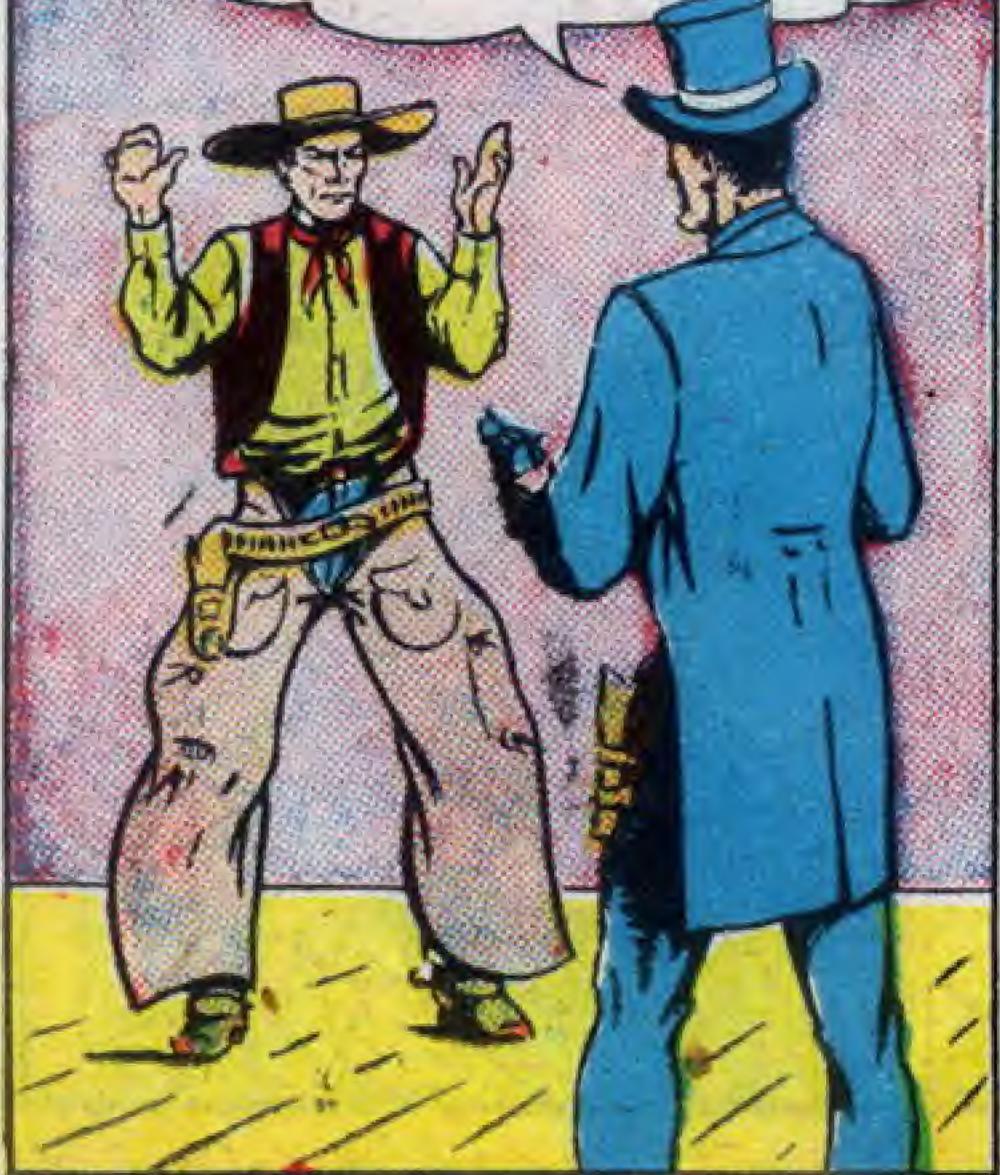
...AS HE WHEELS AROUND HIS RIGHT SHOT MISSES, BUT HIS LEFT GUN DROPS THE BOSS...



JOLTED TO THE FLOOR BY THE TIPPED TABLE, THE OTHER MAN IS FROZEN BY SURPRISE, AND WHEN HE IS LATE DRAWING HIS GUN..



THAT MISSING BOOT-ROWEL WHICH YOU LOST AT THE MURDER SCENE SETTLES YOU!

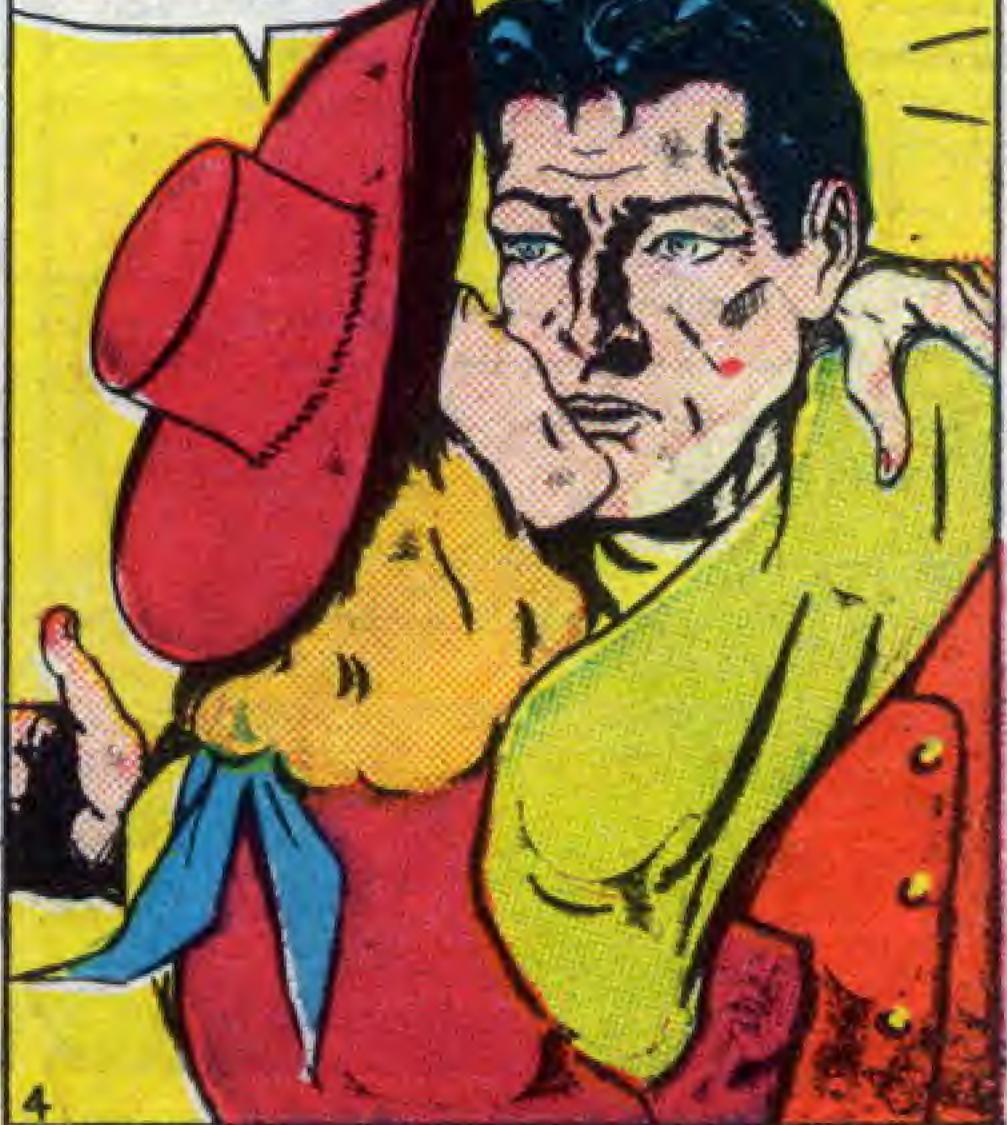


LATER..  
YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL FARGO KID !!

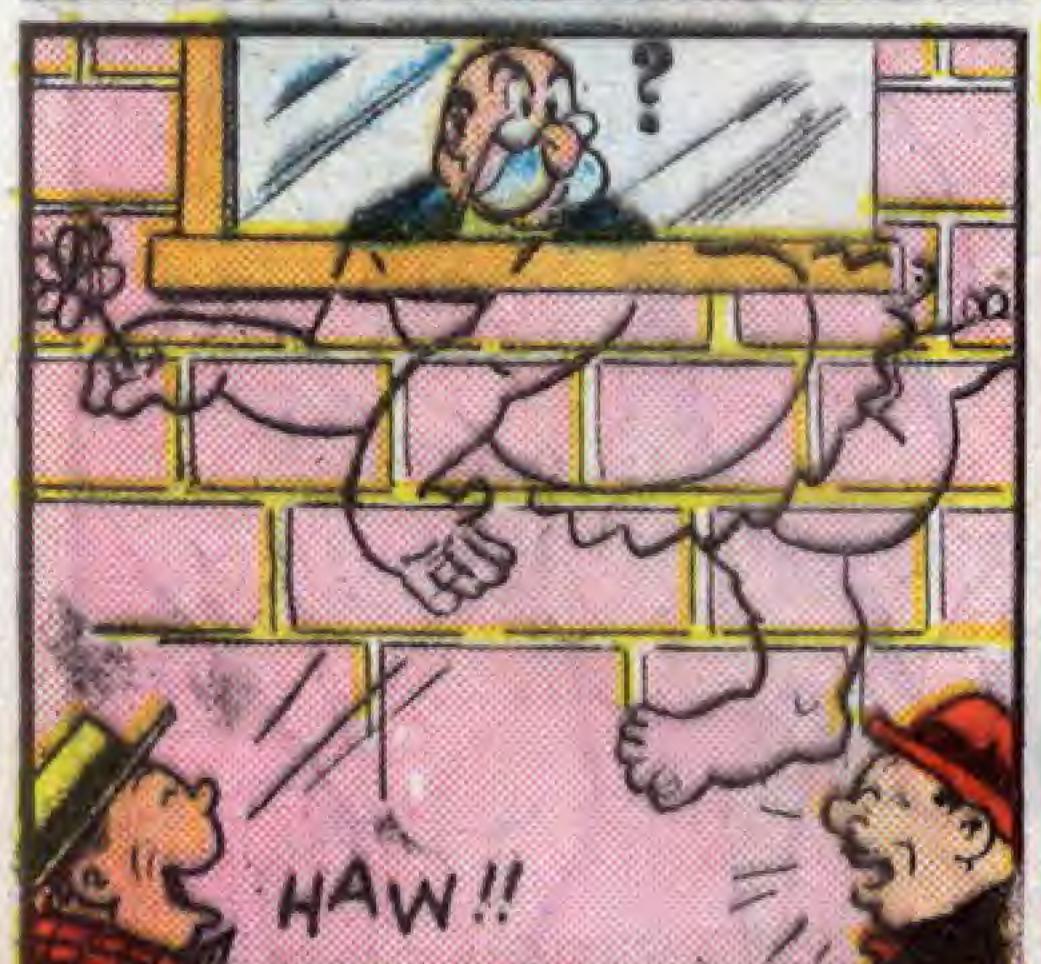
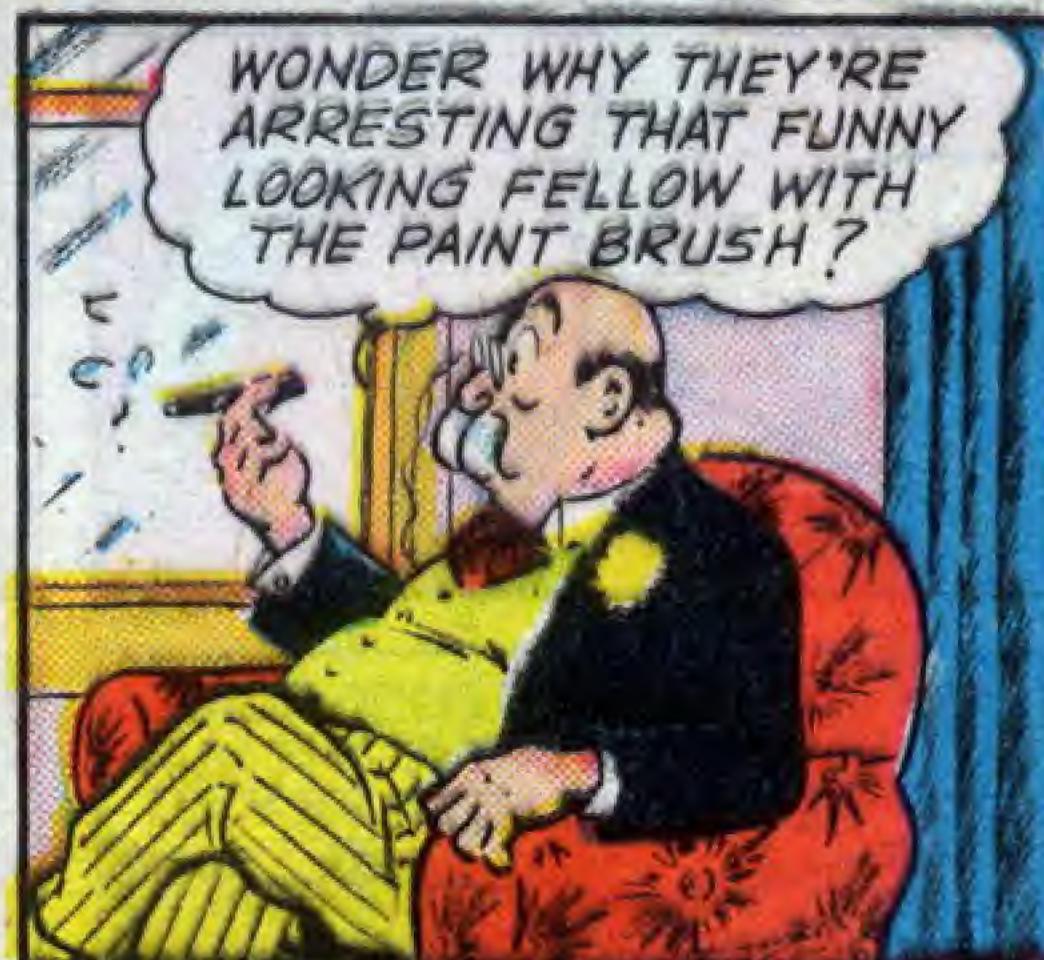
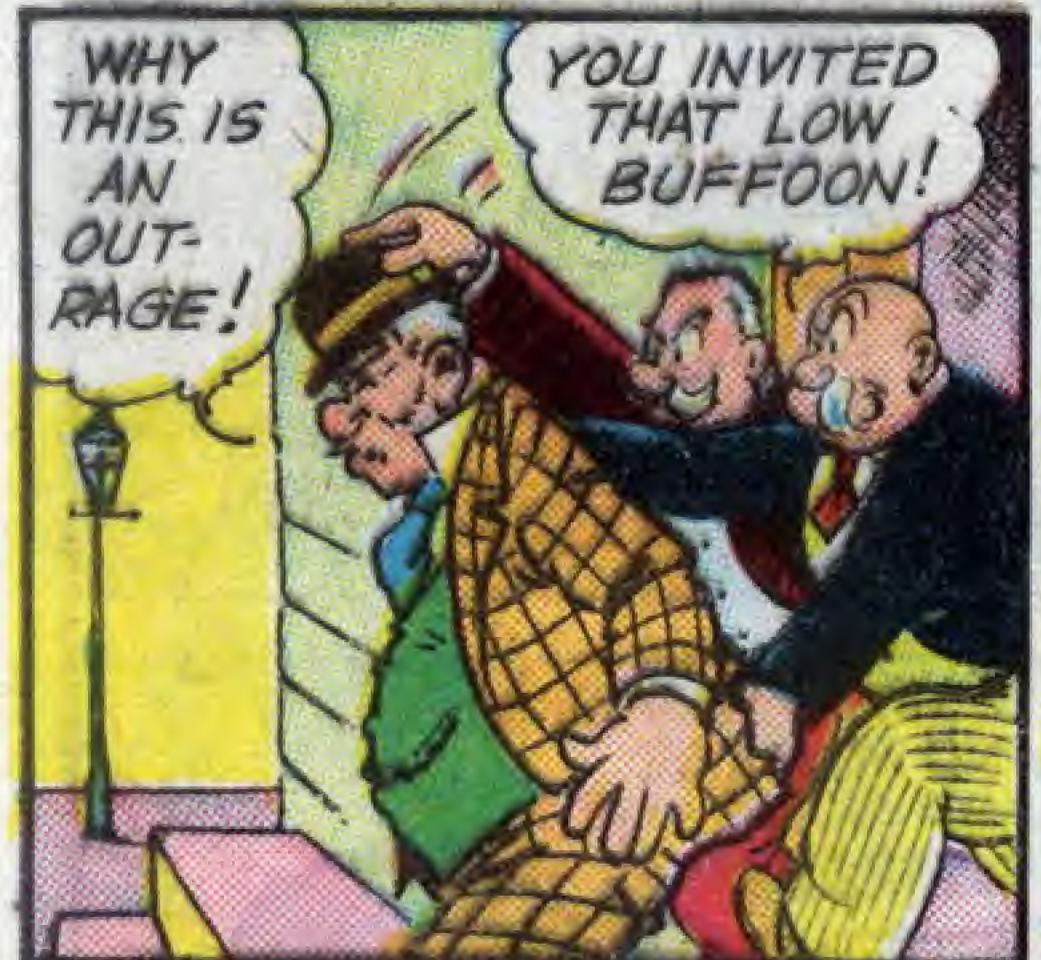
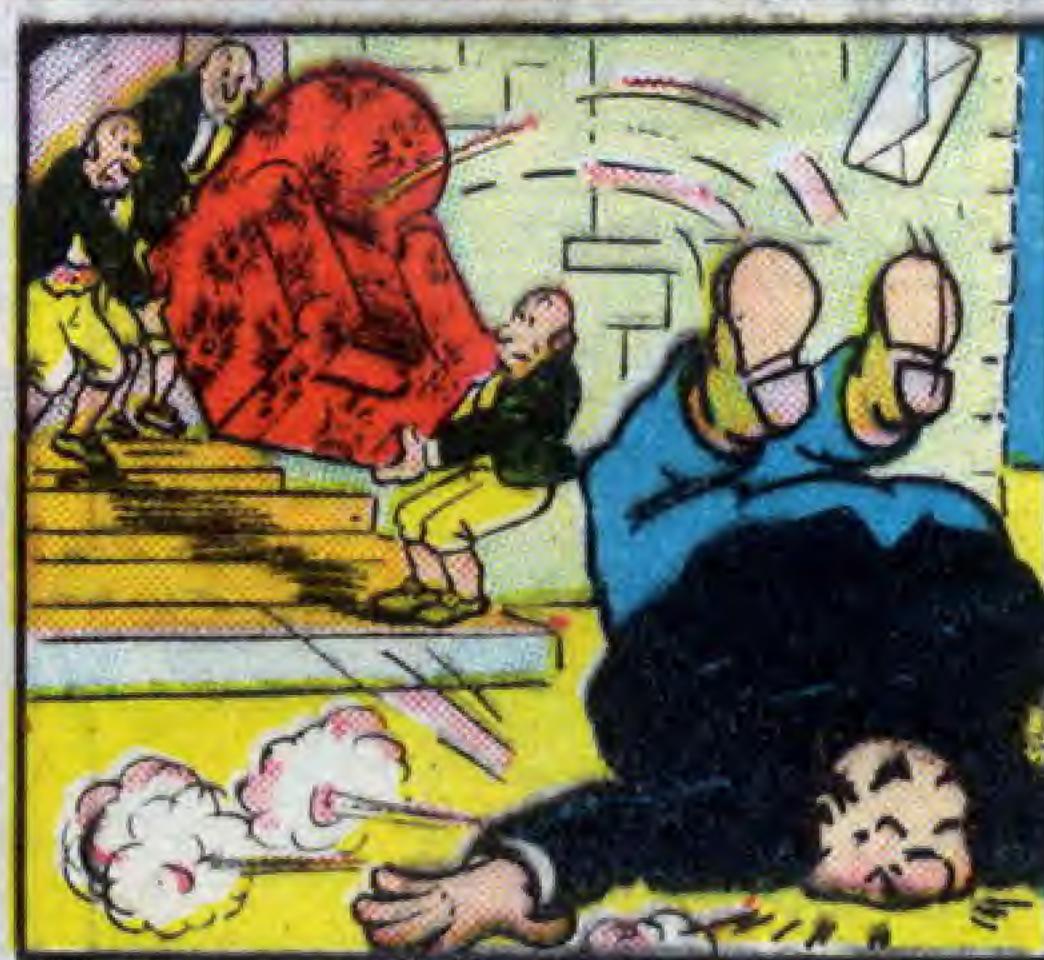
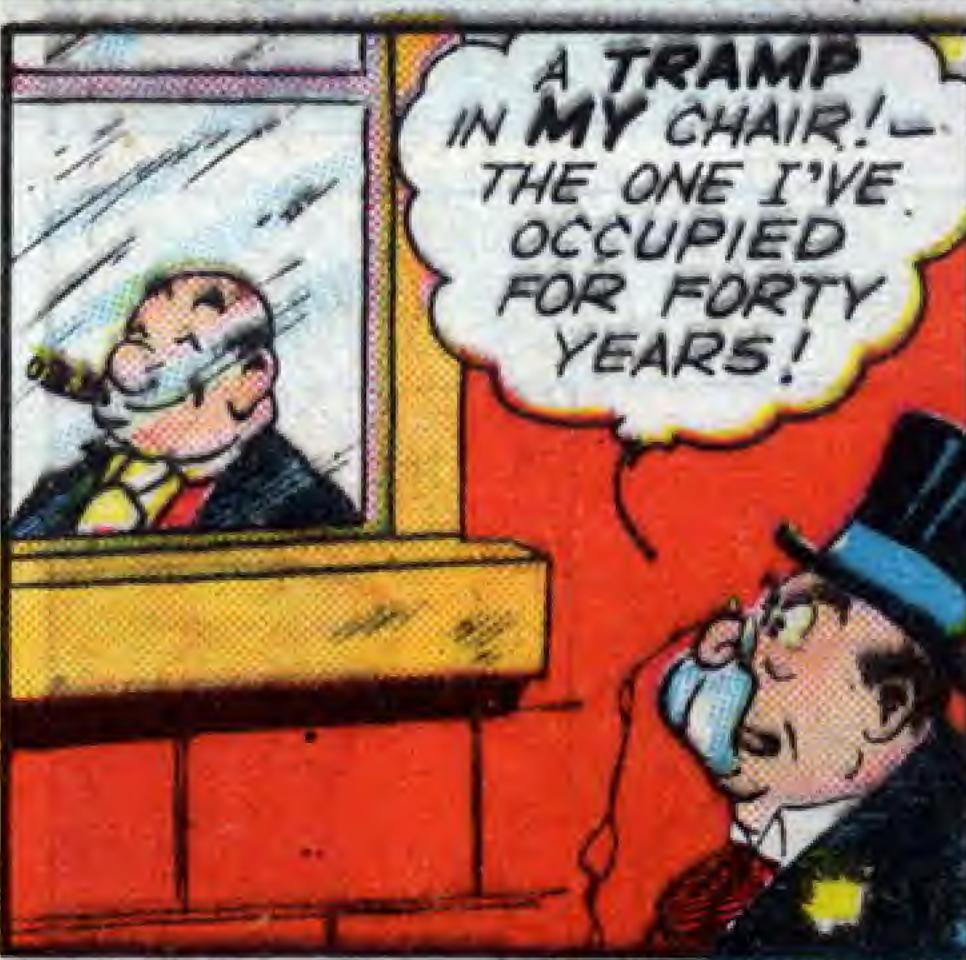
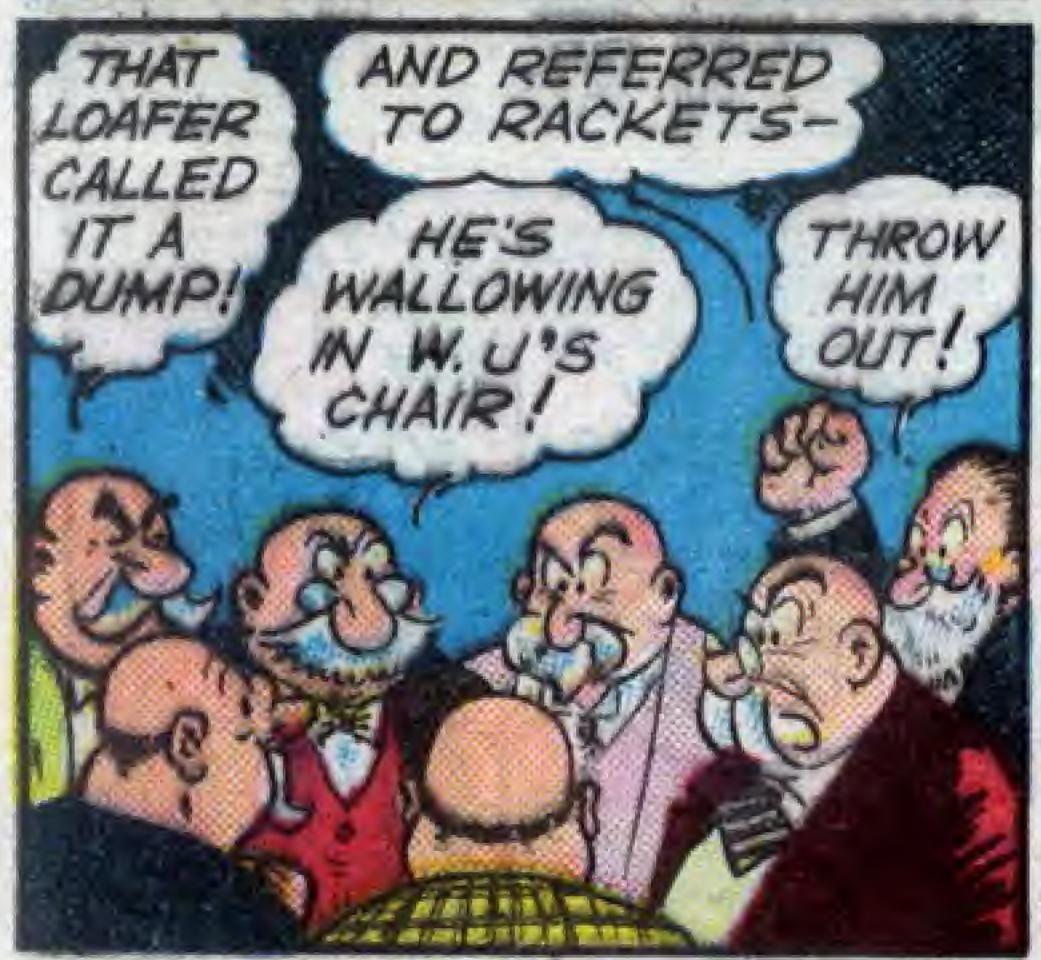
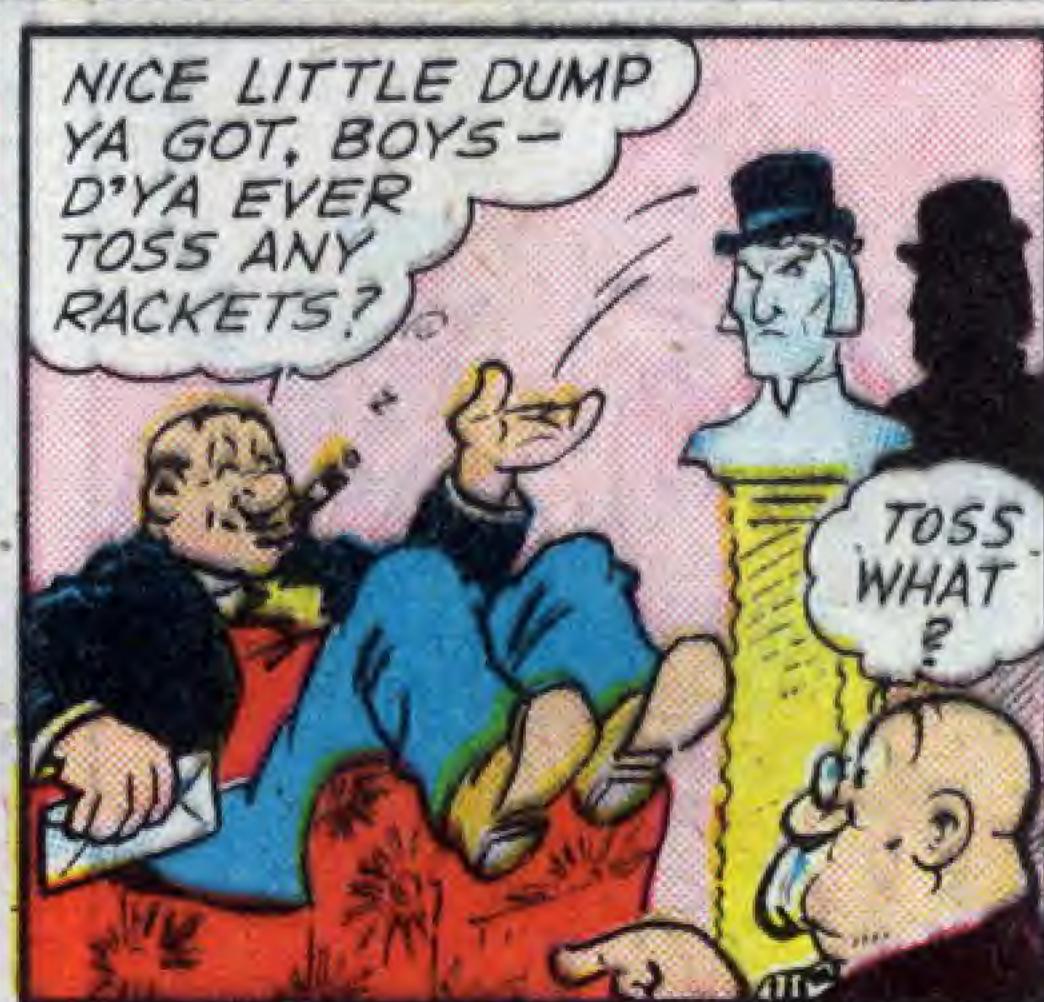
WELL, THAT CROOKED TOWN BOSS AND HIS TRIGGER-MAN HAVE PAID FOR YOUR DAD'S MURDER.



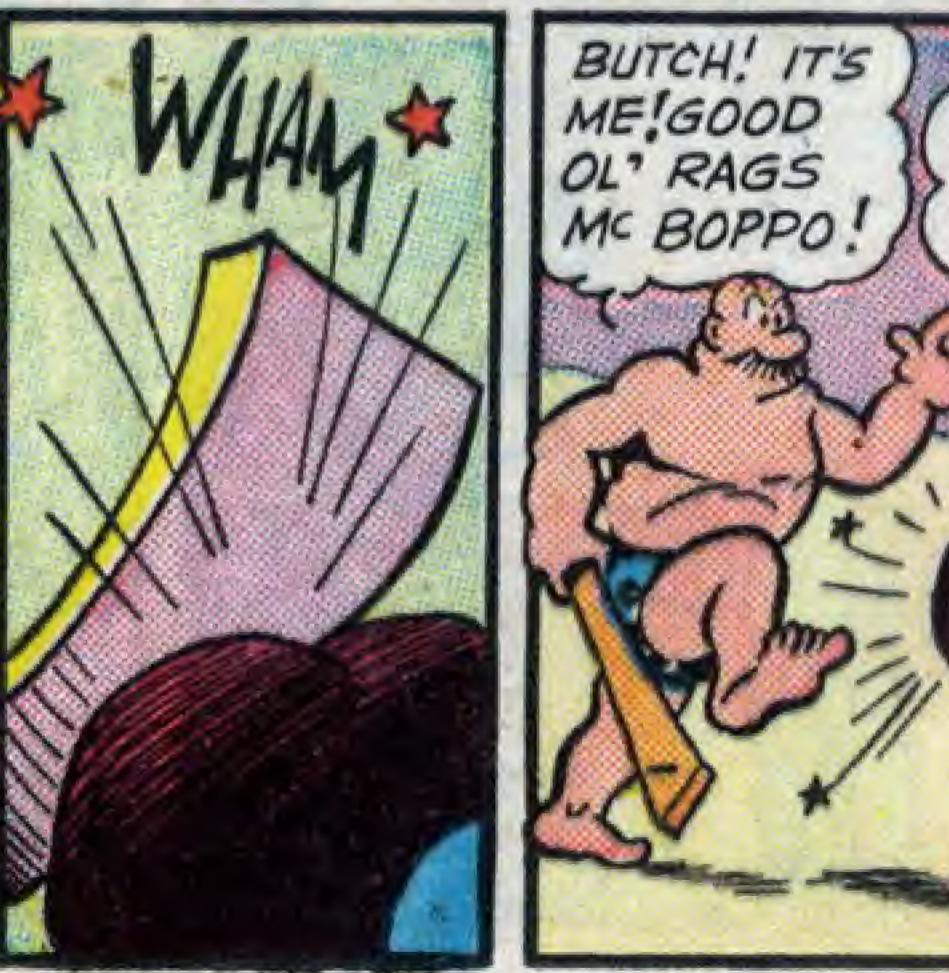
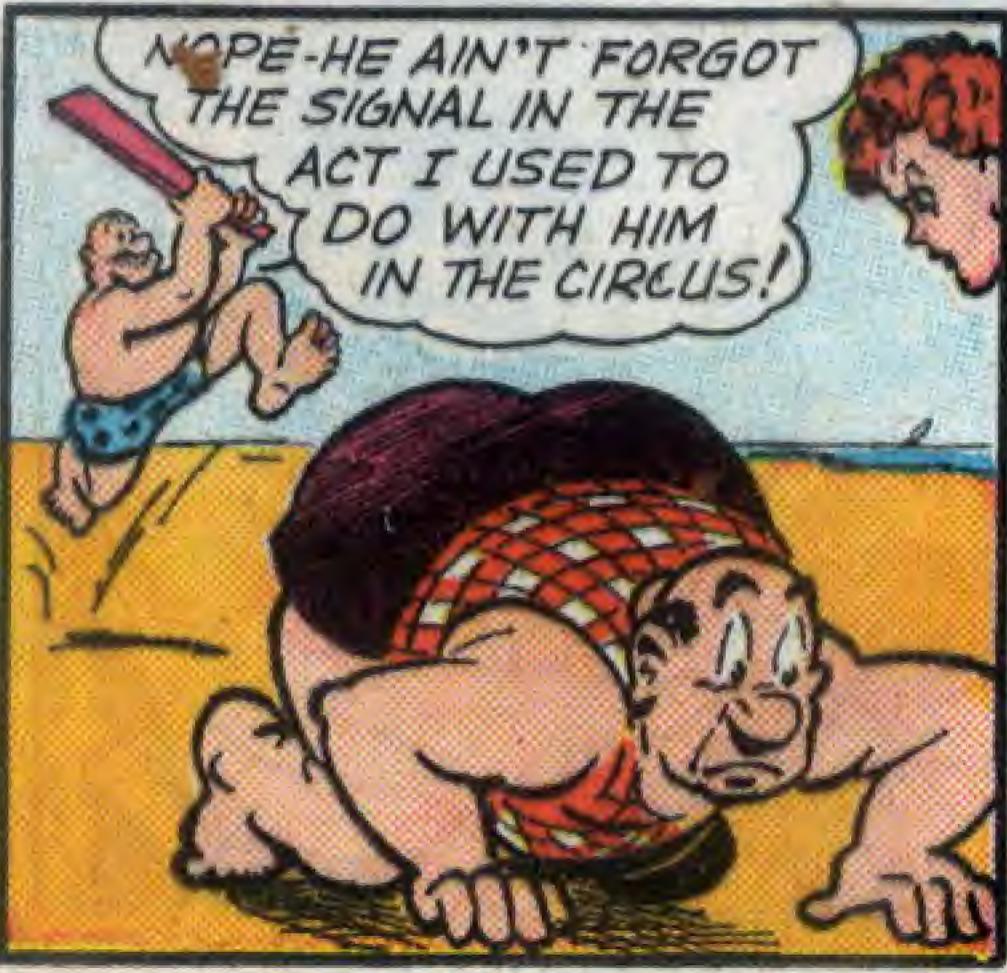
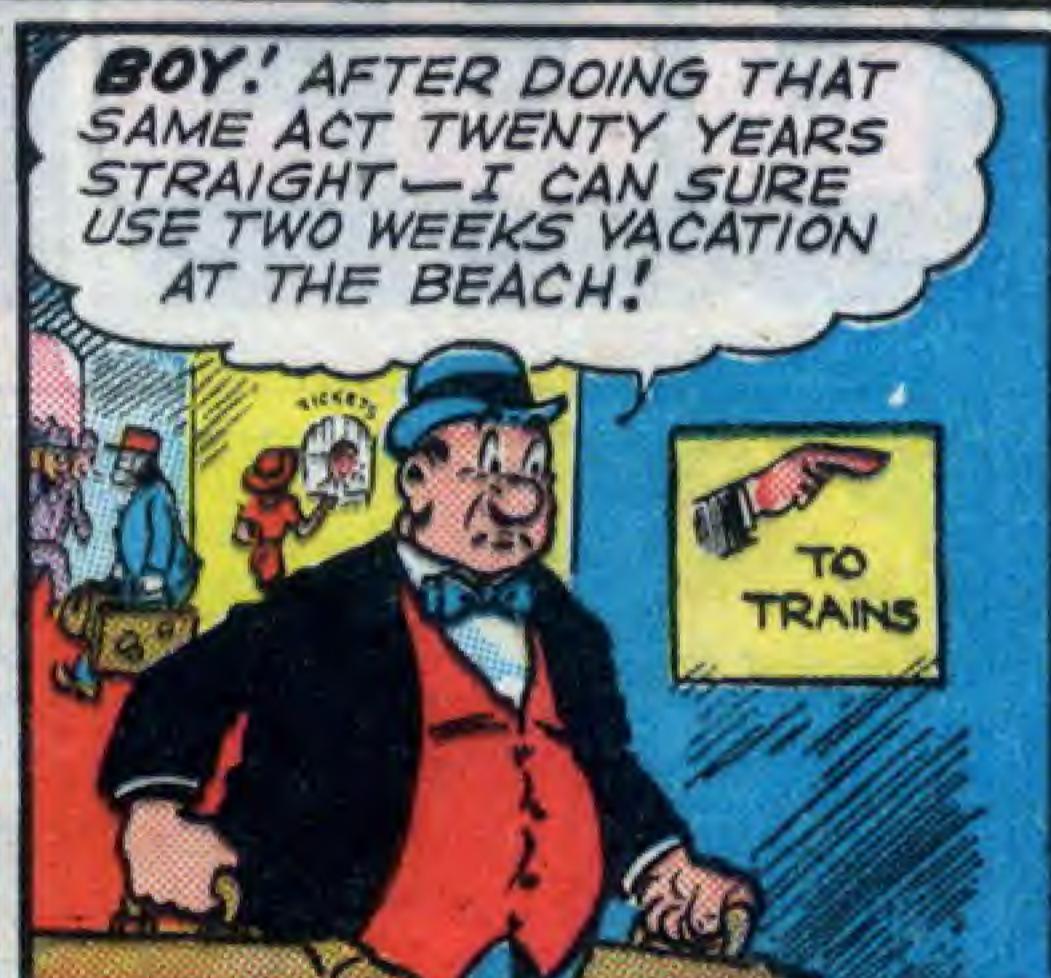
YES.. THEY'VE PAID.. AND NOW I'LL ADD SOME INTEREST!



# BIG TOP



# BIG TOP

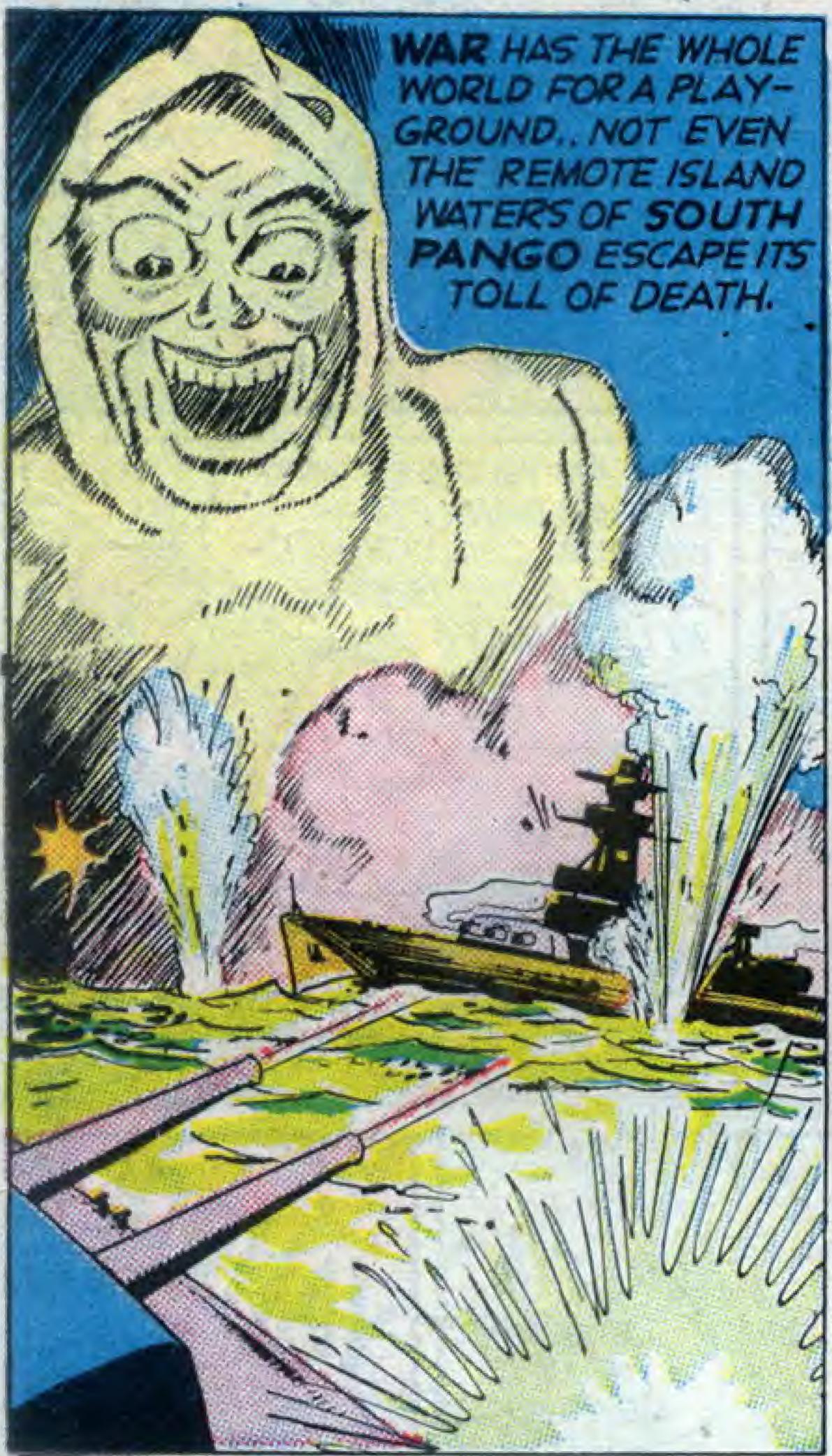


Follow Big Top in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 25th.

# DUSTY DANE

by

VERNON HENKEL



WAR HAS THE WHOLE WORLD FOR A PLAY-GROUND.. NOT EVEN THE REMOTE ISLAND WATERS OF SOUTH PANGO ESCAPE ITS TOLL OF DEATH.

DAMAGED IN A RUNNING FIGHT, THE CRUISER LANGSDORFF TAKES REFUGE IN THE ISLAND



ON PANGO ISLAND ARE THOSE TWO BOLD ADVENTURERS, DUSTY DANE AND HIS PAL BIG MIKE CARDIGAN



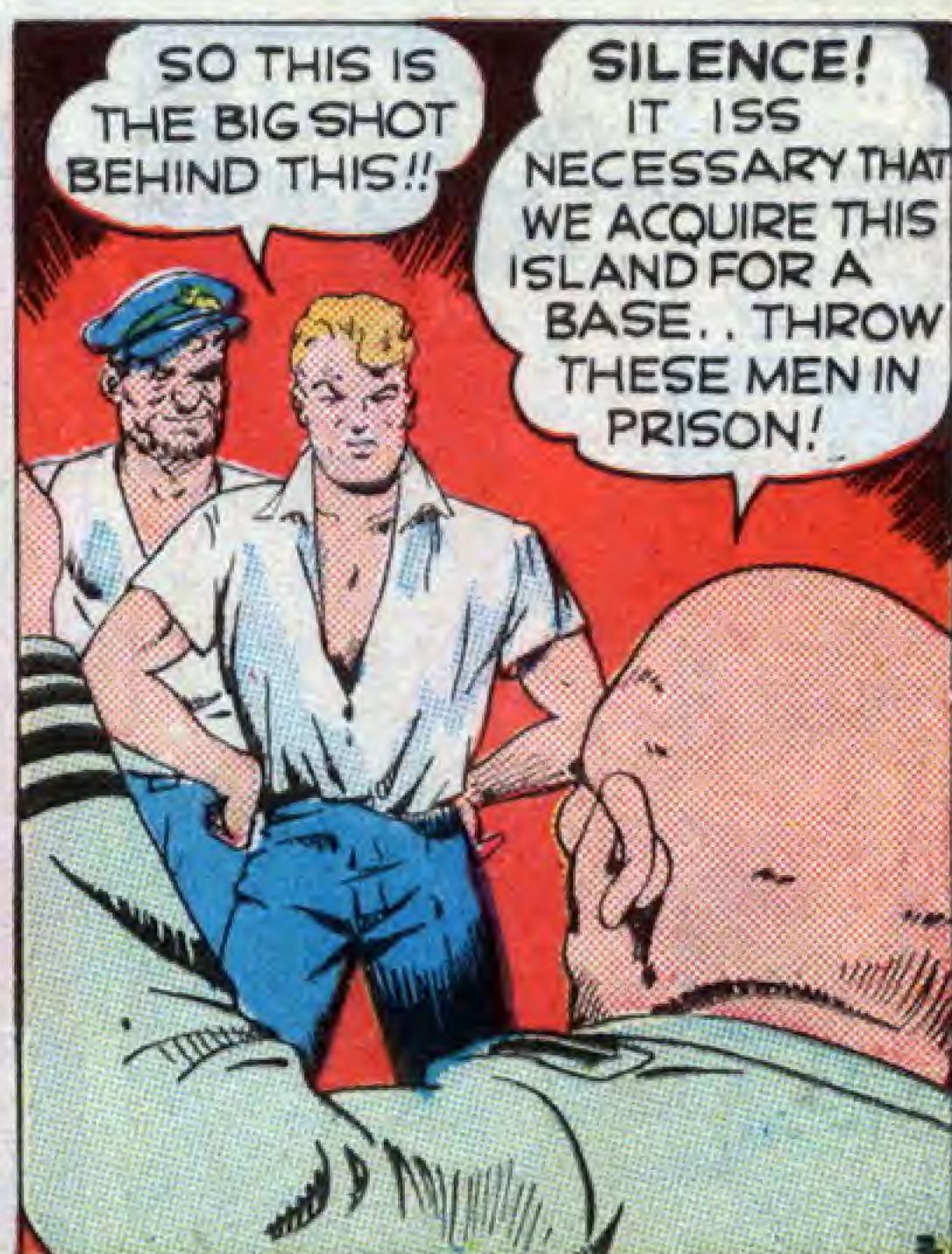
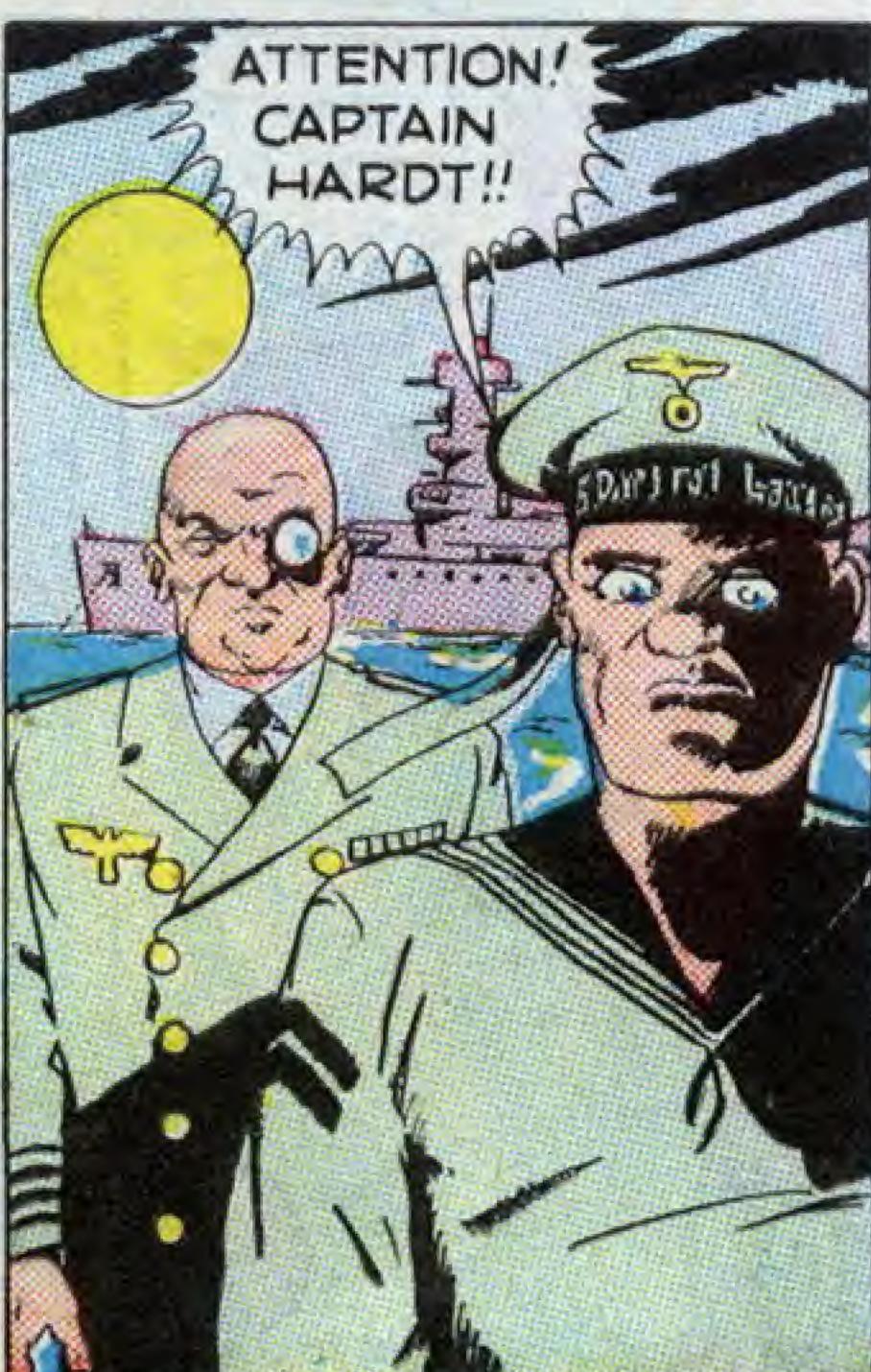
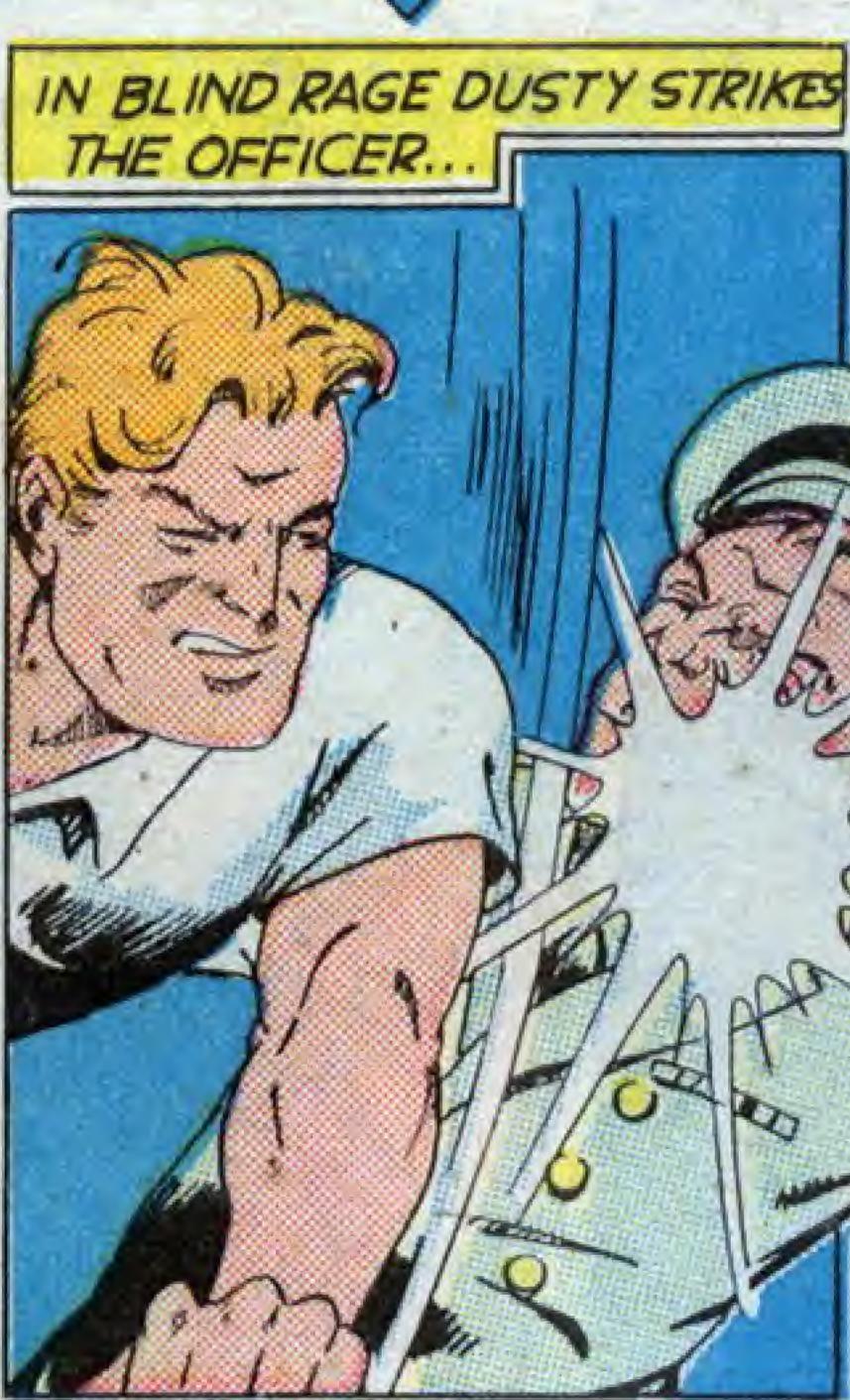
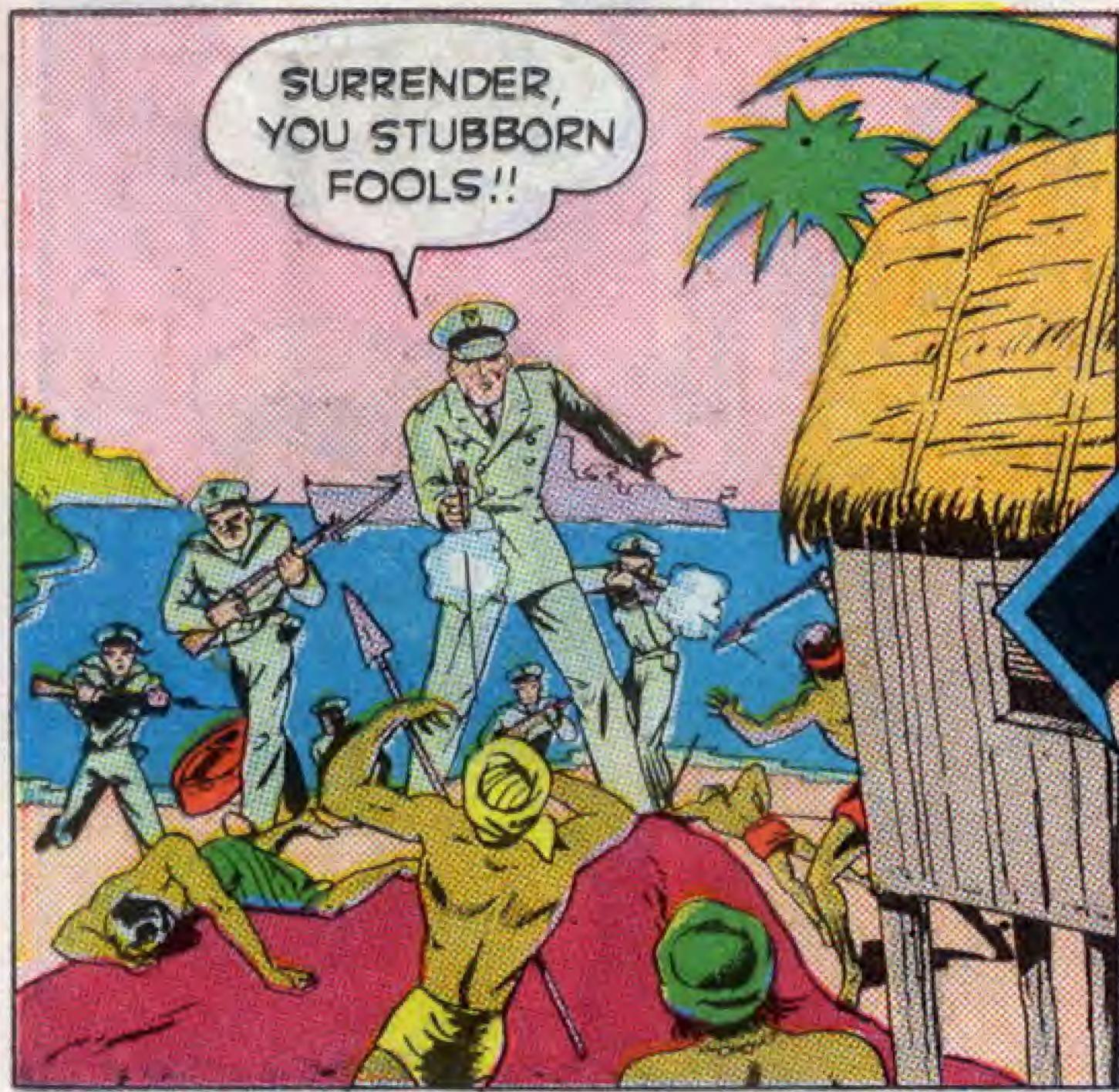
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

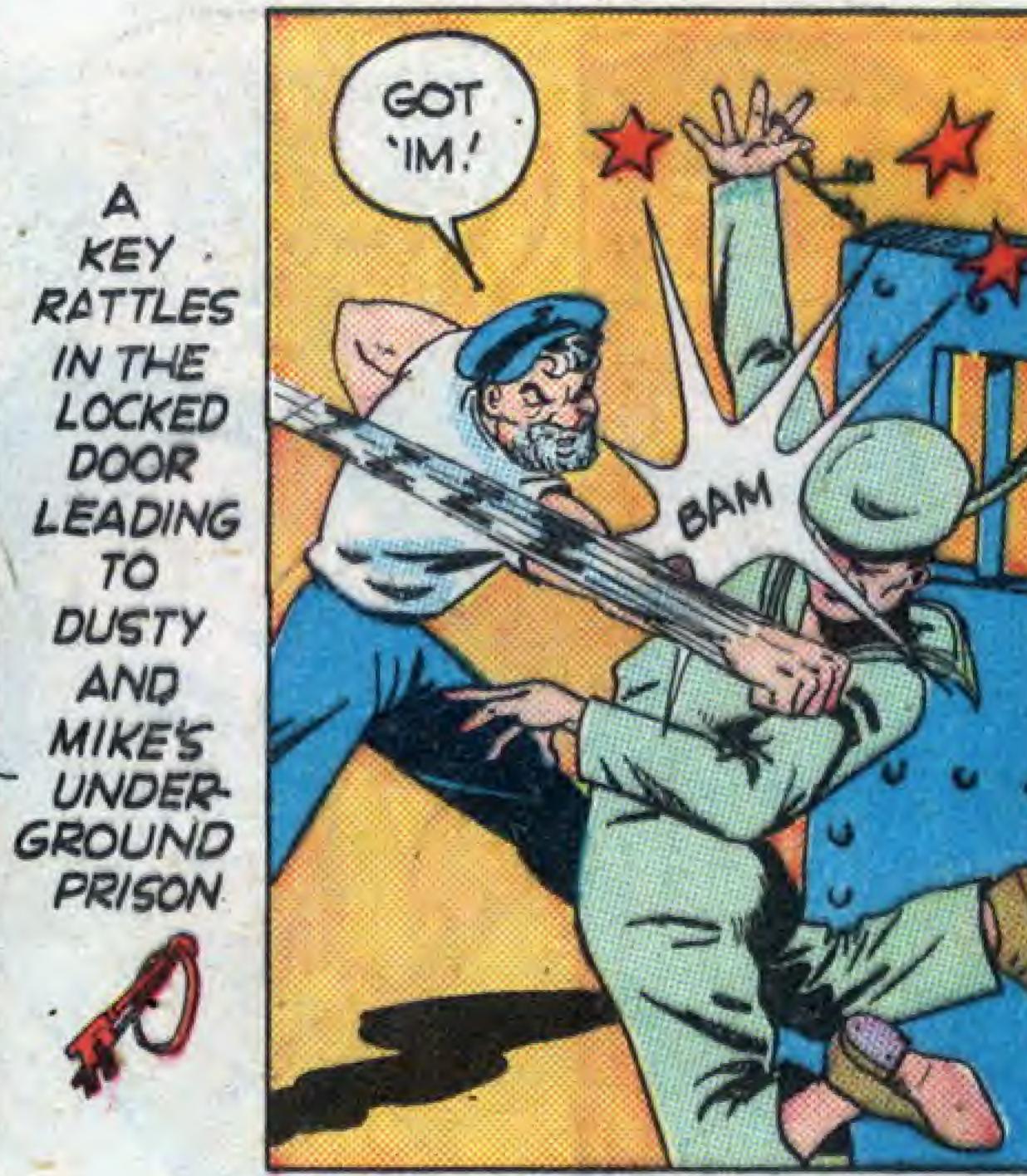
MALA'S ISLAND INVADED.. WHITE MEN.. US FIGHT!!

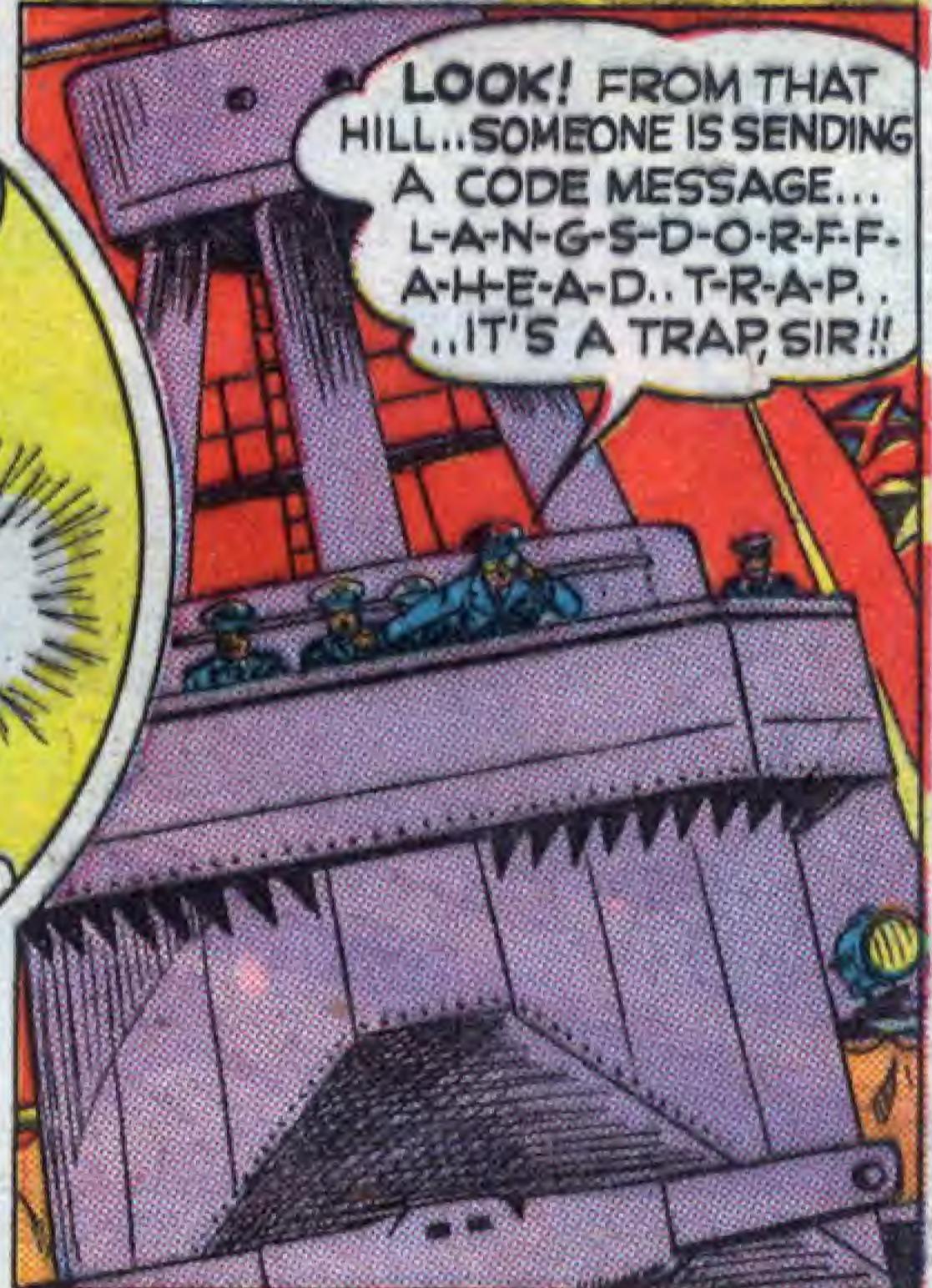


A LANDING FORCE MEETS THE RESISTANCE WITH A SAVAGE ATTACK..









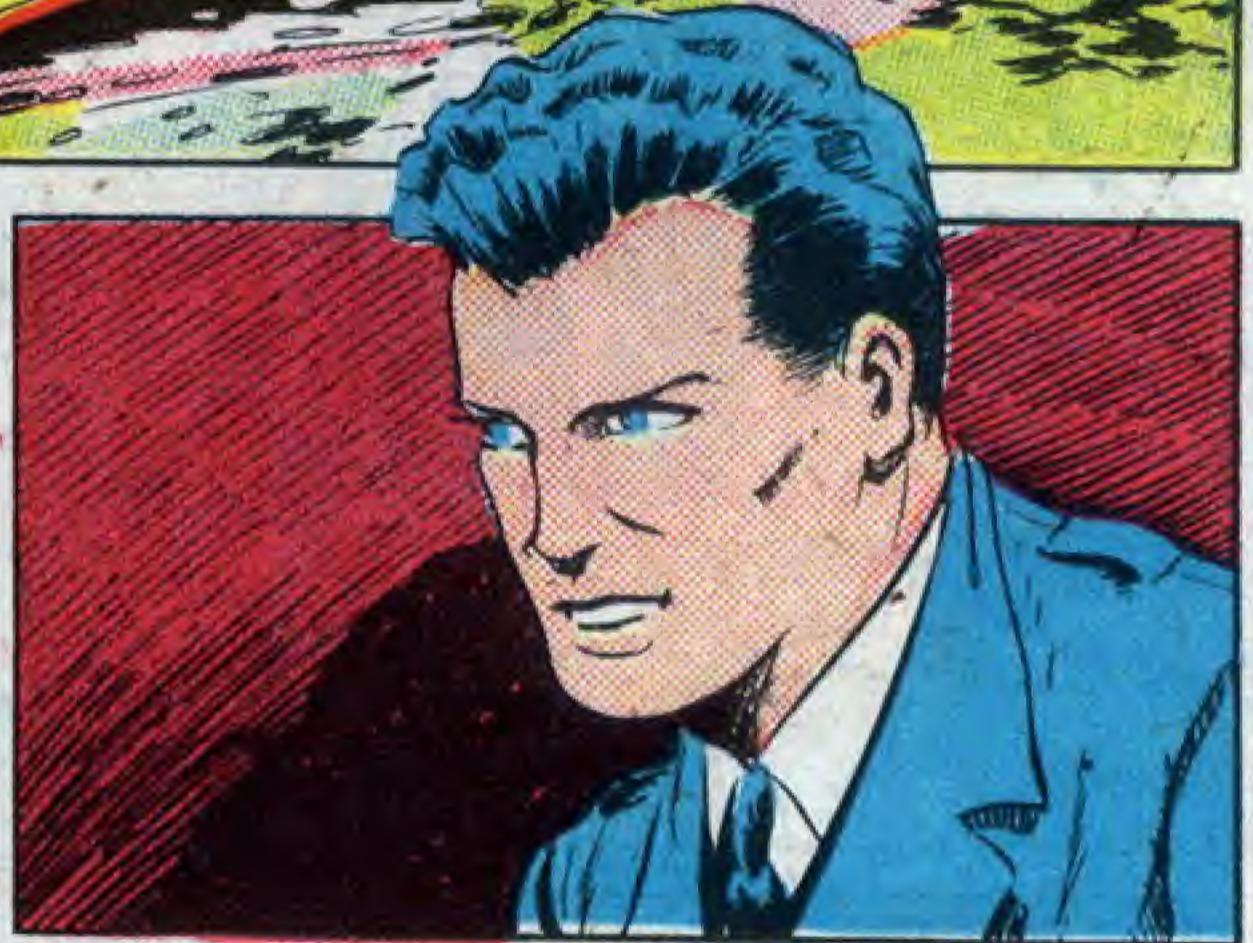
# SPIN SHAW

of the  
NAVAL  
AIR  
CORPS

By REX SMITH



ACE PILOT OF THE U.S. FLEET, SPIN SHAW IS SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON WHERE HE IS QUICKLY ASSIGNED TO A SECRET MISSION.



OUTSIDE THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING, SPIN PICKS UP AN AIRCRAFT DESIGNER.



I HOPE WE'RE NOT BEING OBSERVED, SPIN.

WHY? WHAT HAPPENS IF WE ARE?

SPIN SHOOTS AWAY FROM THE CURB, HEADING FOR THE POTOMAC.

BECAUSE THESE PLANE ENGINE SPECIFICATIONS MUST REACH DETROIT BY NOON TODAY!



DON'T WORRY, MR. GREY.. I'LL GET 'EM THERE SAFELY!

BUT FROM A SHADY DOORWAY, GLARING EYES WATCH.

PRETTY SMART? BUT WE WILL GET THOSE PAPERS BEFORE THEY REACH THERE!



IN A FEW MINUTES, SPIN REACHES THE SEAPLANE FLOAT.

LET NOTHING BUT DEATH STOP YOU!

I'LL MAKE DETROIT ALL RIGHT. SO LONG, MR. GREY.

THE SWIFT SHIP ROARS OFF.

AND ROCKETS OVER THE MOUNTAINS AT 300 M.P.H.

SWELL DAY FOR A SKY RIDE.. AND NO TROUBLE IN SIGHT YET?

OK., MEN, CAST OFF THE LINES.

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT, TWO SLEEK PLANES DIVE ON HIM.

ATTACKED FROM A BLIND SPOT, THE NAVY RACER IS A PERFECT TARGET.

HOLY SMOKE! MACHINE GUNS ON PRIVATE PLANES AND MY FUEL TANK'S LEAKING.. IF I DON'T FIND A LAKE, I'LL HAVE TO CRACK UP!

MOTOR SPUTTERING, SPIN GLIDES OVER A LOW HILL. A LAKE RIPPLES BELOW.

MY PONTOONS MOST LIKELY ARE FULL OF HOLES BUT I CAN COME DOWN OKAY.

THE MYSTERY PLANES SWOOP DOWN ON A LAKESIDE FIELD.

AIR GURGLES FROM THE PONTOONS AS SPIN LEAPS OUT.

HOOK YOUR SAFETY BELT, VON. THE GOB HIT THE LAKE!

LUCKY I STUFFED THE PAPERS IN MY COAT. THESE BABIES MEAN BUSINESS.. OH, OH! HERE COMES A SPEED-BOAT!

A SWIFT CRAFT SKIMS ACROSS THE LAKE...



THEY SLIP ALONGSIDE SPIN'S BADLY LISTING PLANE.



A FLYING LEAP SHOOTS SPIN TOWARD THE FOREDECK.



SPIN LASHES OUT FURIOUSLY.



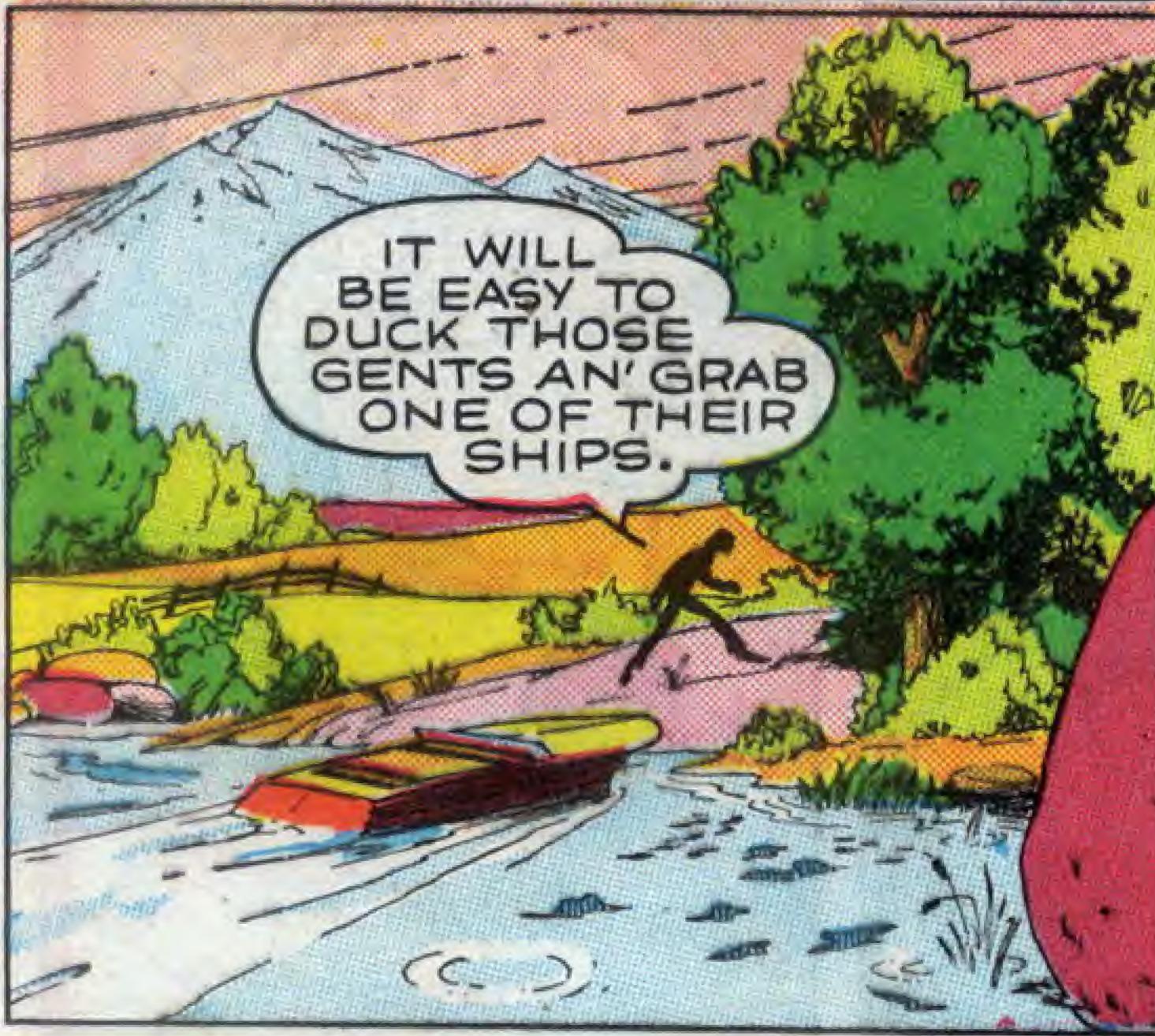
SPIN'S FIST FLIES FASTER THAN THE THUG'S KNIFE.



BUT THE MEN WHO FORCED SPIN DOWN, LIE IN WAIT.



AT TOP SPEED, THE BOAT RUNS ASHORE AND SPIN LEAPS QUICKLY UP THE BANK.



BUT A SUDDEN ATTACK FROM THE BRUSH THREATENS SPIN'S PLAN.



SPIN KNOCKS DOWN ONE WITH A RIGHT HOOK THEN TOSSES A HARD LEFT.



OWAH? YA BUSTED ME NOSE? I'LL KILL YA FER THAT?



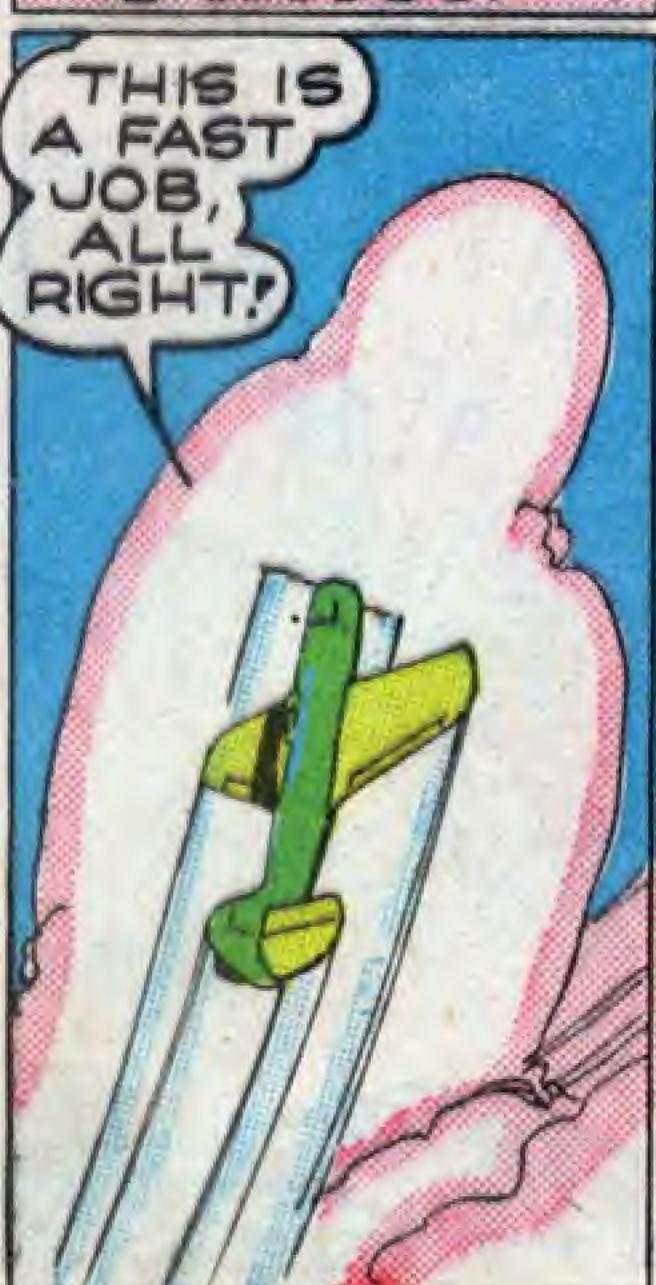
ALL YOU'LL KILL IS TIME... GETTING OVER A BROKEN JAW?



HE LEAVES HIS VICTIMS TO SLEEP OFF HIS PUNCHES.



A MINUTE LATER SPIN IS ZOOMING THE PLANE INTO THE CLOUDS.



BUT WHEN HE CASTS A LOOK BELOW.



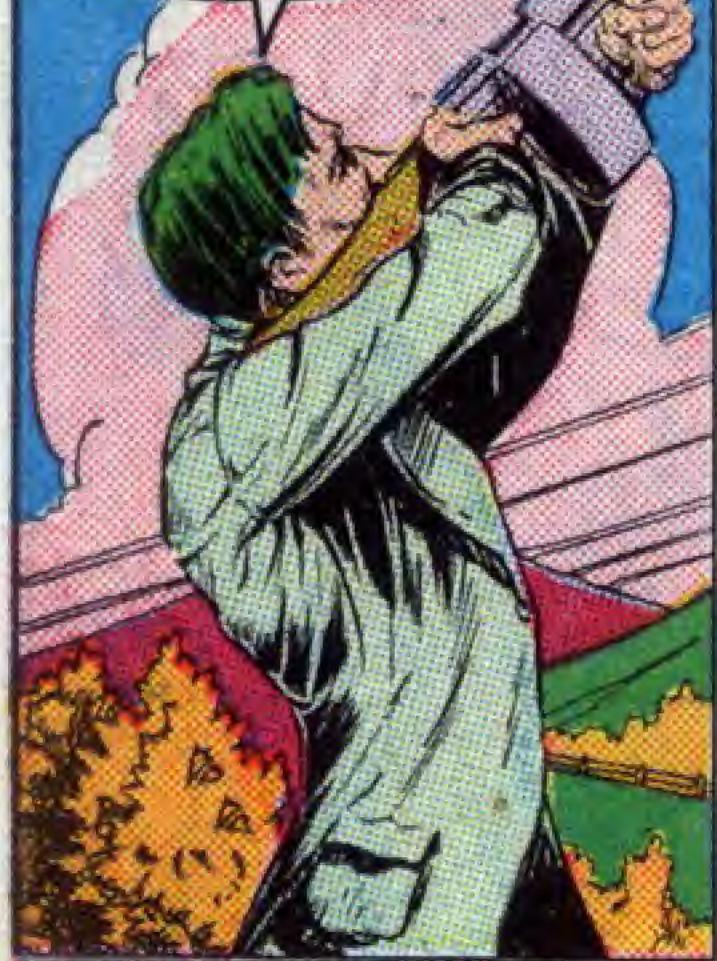
SPIN FLIPS OVER AND STREAKS DOWNWARD.



HEY! THOSE MUGS ARE UP AND RUNNING TOWARD THE OTHER SHIP. I'VE GOT TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

BUT BULLETS SOON WHISTLE AT SPIN FROM BELOW.

HE'S IN MY SIGHTS BUT WHAT TH?



A BULLET HITS THE GRENADE IN MIDAIR.

AW NUTS? THAT GRENADE WILL MISS 'EM.

THIS IS GONNA BE HIS FINISH.



BEFORE SPIN CAN DROP ANOTHER, THE MEN TAKE OFF IN A SECOND SHIP.

SPIN HAS LEVELED OFF AT TOP SPEED.

I'VE GOT A HEAD START. WHEN I GET TO DETROIT, I'LL TEACH THOSE BUMS SOME TRICKS!



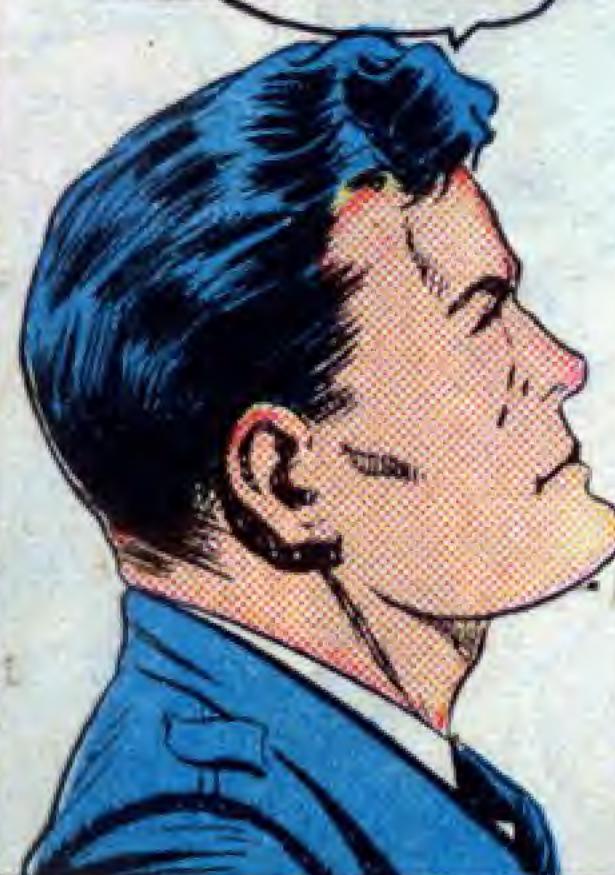
BUT THE MEN SOON OVERTAKE SPIN AND DIVE WITH GUNS BLAZING.

HE HASN'T A CHANCE NOW!

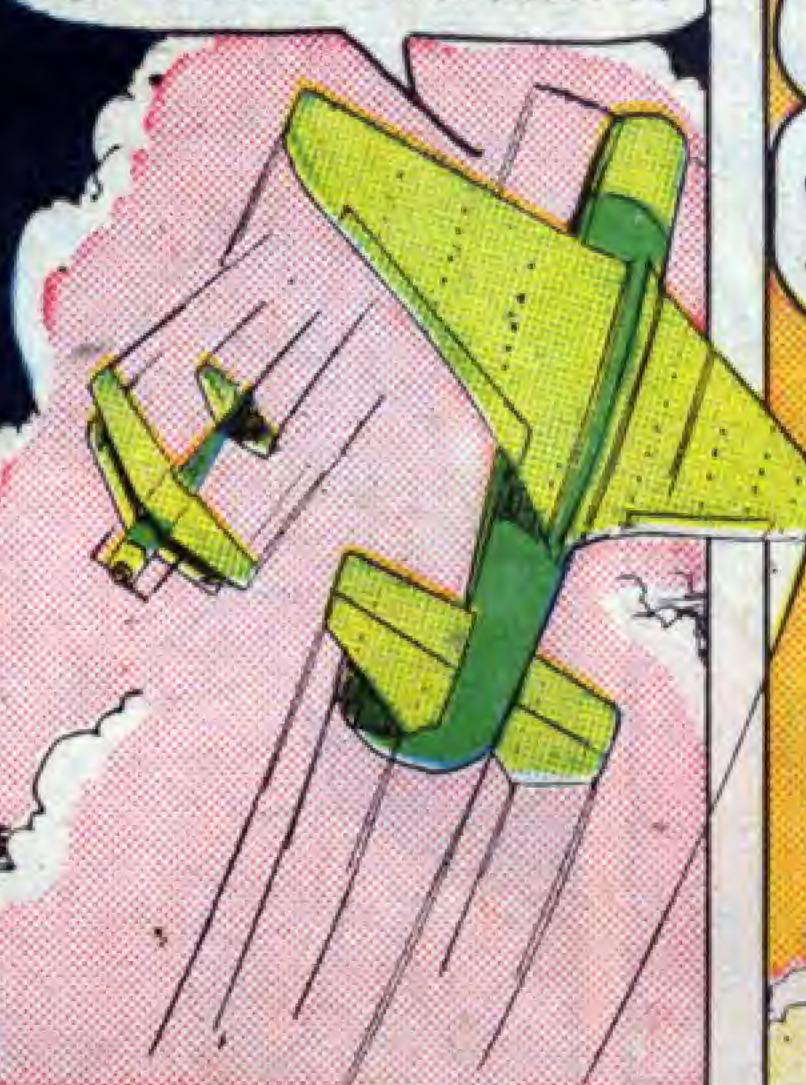


SPIN LOOPS AND TWISTS TO AVOID THEIR DEADLY HAIL.

WHY DID I PICK THIS PLANE WHEN THE OTHER HAS MOUNTED GUNS?



THE BEST I CAN DO IS STUNT AROUND 'EM TILL THEY'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION.



ENGINES ROARING, THE PLANES PLAY A GRIM GAME OF TAG.

THOSE BIRDS COULD SELL THE PAPERS I'M CARRYING FOR A MILLION. NO WONDER THEY ARE AFTER ME!

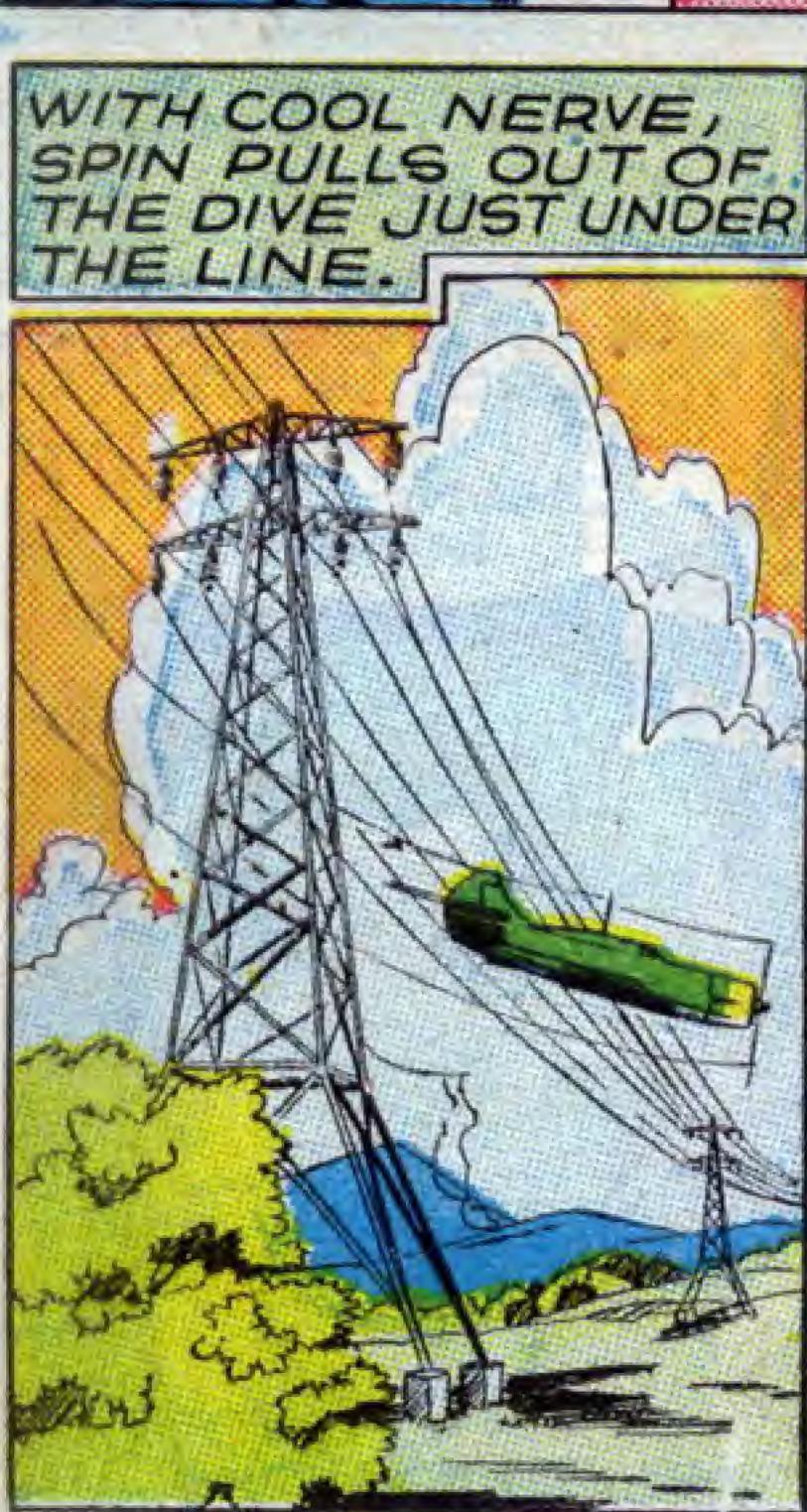


BINGO! JUST THE TRICK! HIGH TENSION WIRES DOWN THERE!

WITH COOL NERVE, SPIN PULLS OUT OF THE DIVE JUST UNDER THE LINE.



BUT THE PILOT ON HIS TAIL STRIKES THE POWER WIRES..

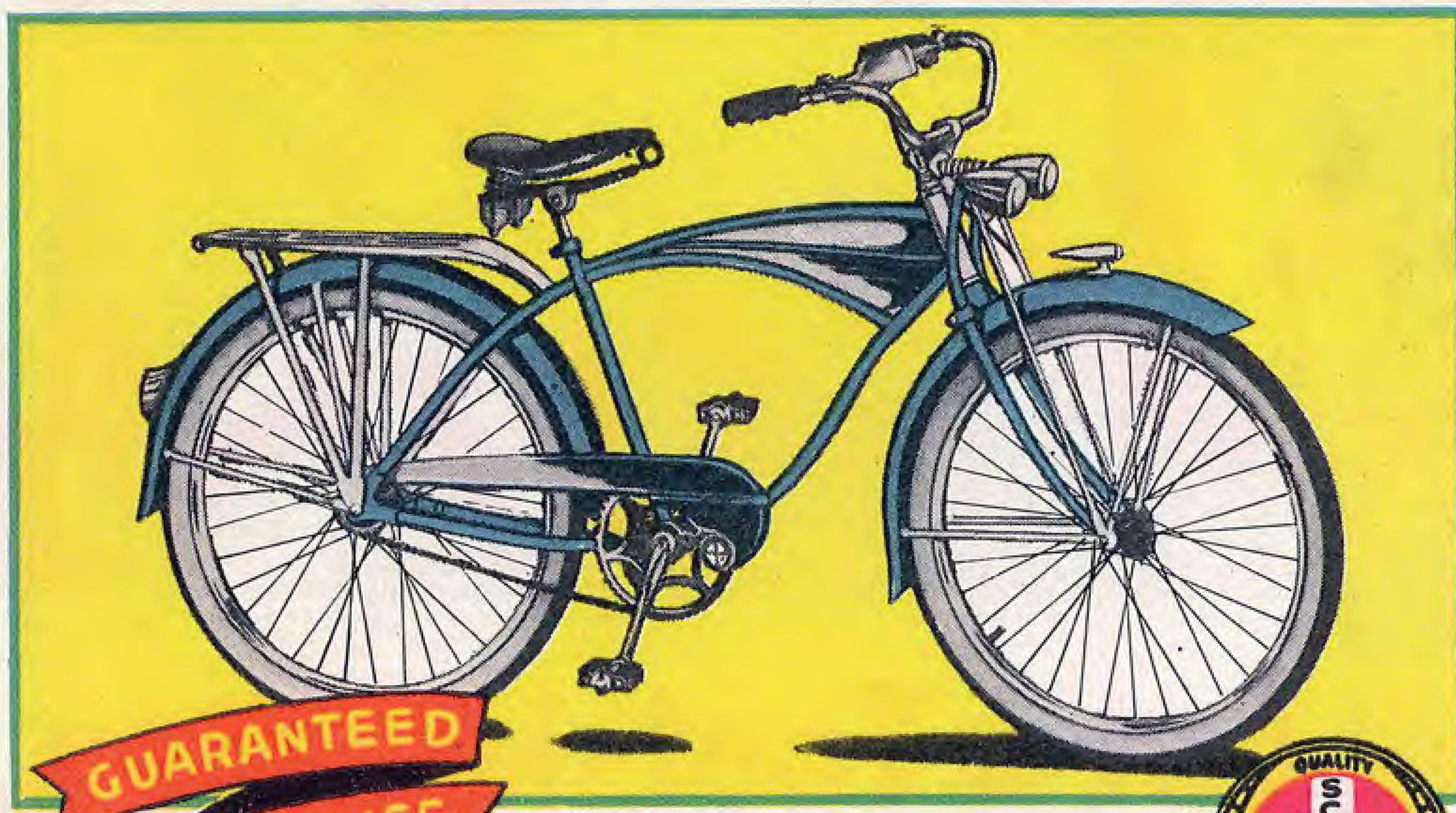


ELECTROCUTION IN MIDAIR.. THOSE HEELS DESERVED IT. NOW I'LL JUST JOG ALONG TO DETROIT IN TIME FOR LUNCH!



Spin Shaw appears each and every month in **FEATURE COMICS**.

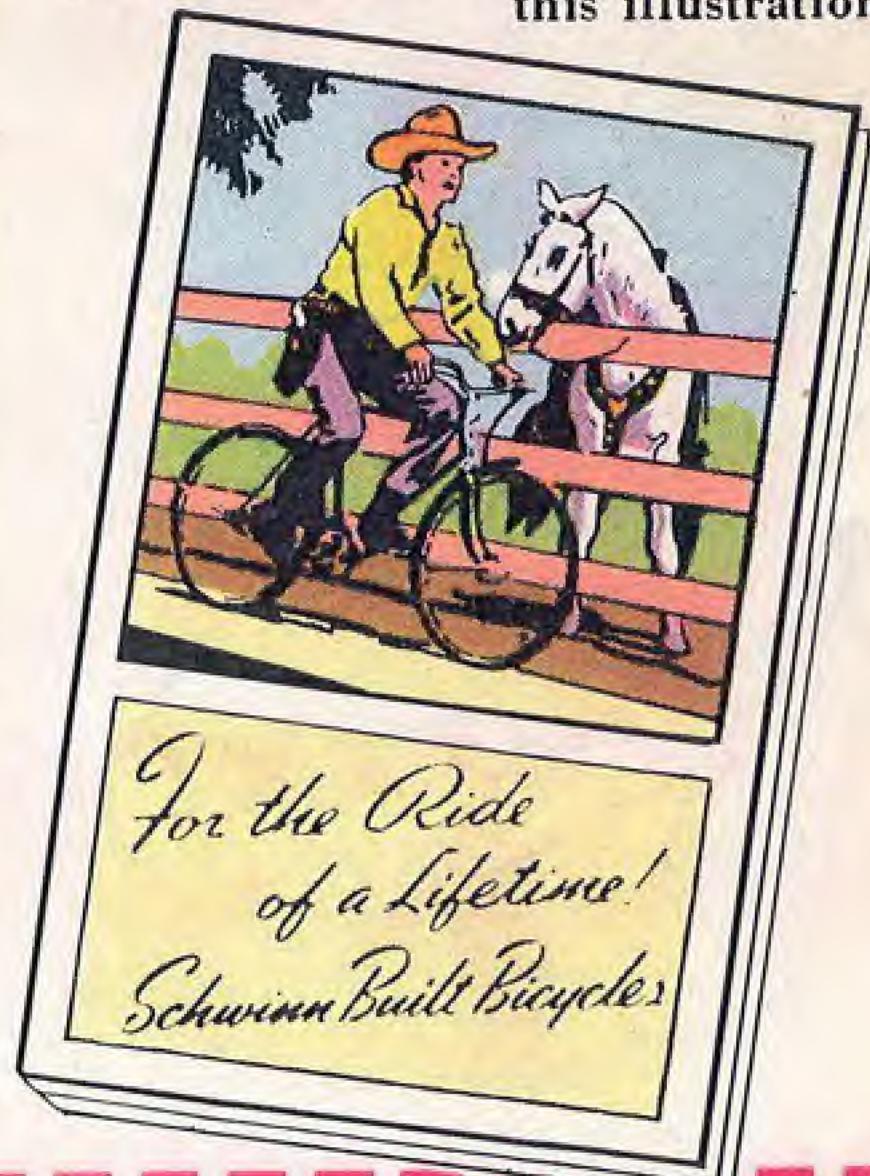
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# FREE!

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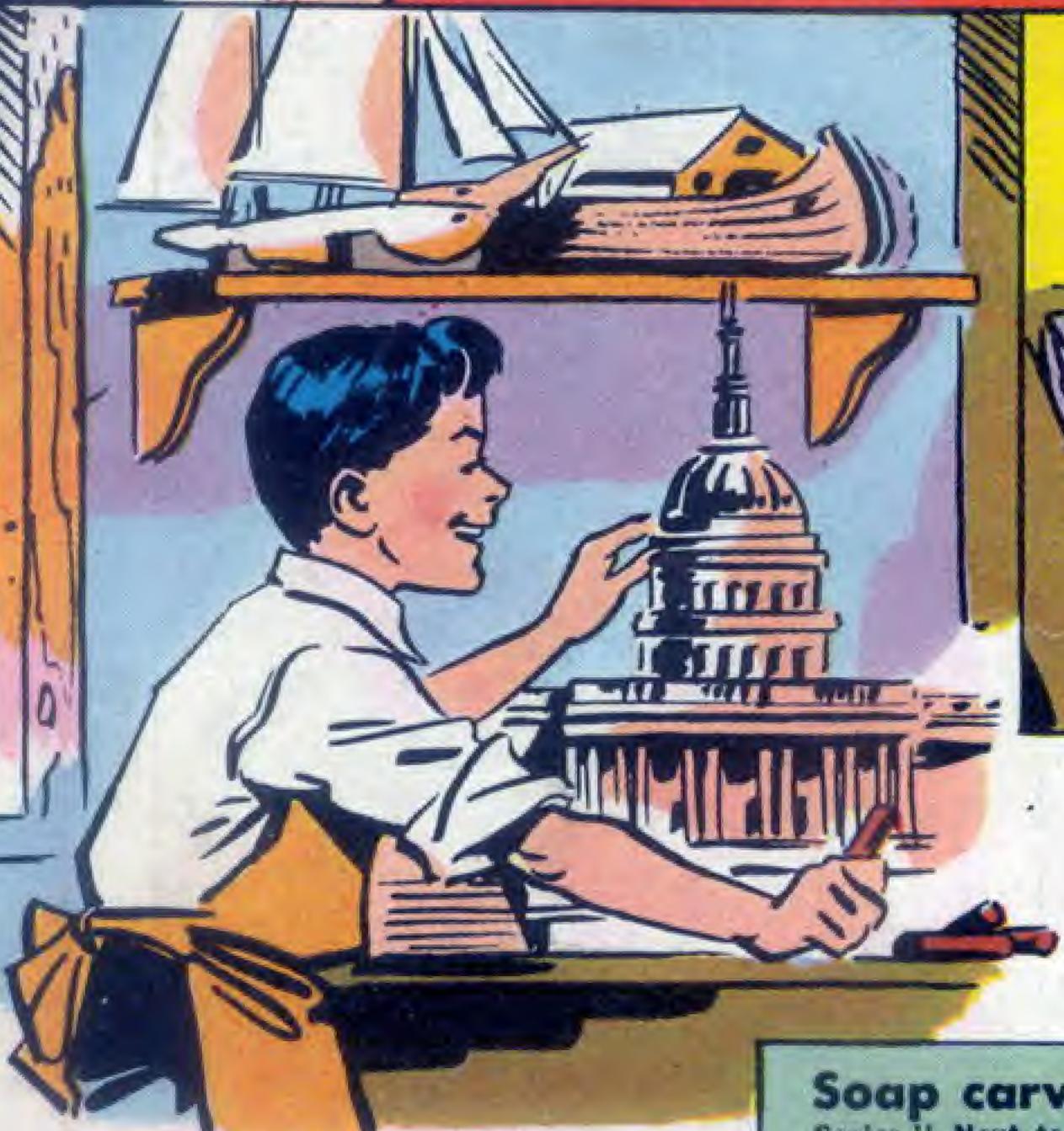
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# Schwinn-Built Bicycles

# THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

THEY'RE WINNERS! WHAT DO YOU DO?



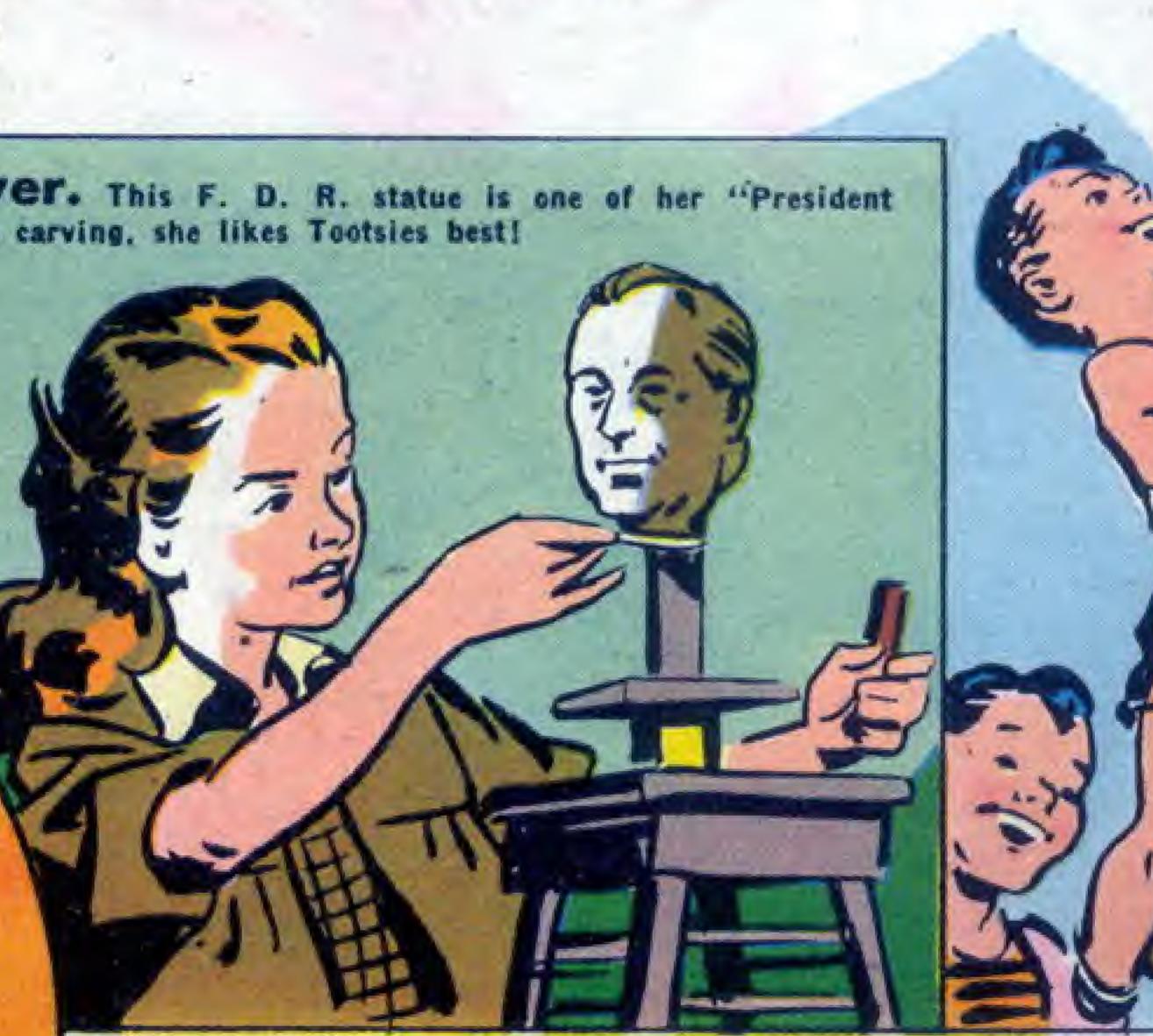
**Tooth-pick architect.** So far he has made a miniature White House—a two-masted schooner—and Noah's Ark. Plenty of Tootsies help keep him going!



**Doll clothes designer.** Costumes from every country in the world are in her design collection. Alert? Sure—she's a Tootsie girl!



**Stamp collector.** Started when he was 6. Now he has 4,241 different stamps. Does he eat Tootsies? You bet. He's smart!



**Soap carver.** This F. D. R. statue is one of her "President Series." Next to carving, she likes Tootsies best!



**Another Tarzan**  
Only 5 years old and climbs a 20 foot rope in 20 seconds. This peppy youngster is a Tootsie fan too!



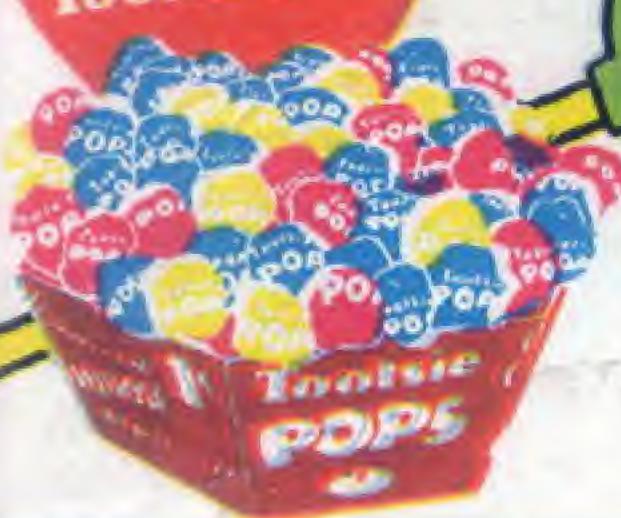
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